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## YULE-TIDE IN THE OLD TOWN

BY JACOB A. RIIS

WITH PICTURES BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

I DO not know how the forty years I have been away have dealt with "Jule-nissen," the Christmas elf of my childhood in far-off Denmark. He was pretty old then, gray and bent, and there were signs that his time was nearly over. So it may be that they have laid him away. I shall find out when I go over there next time. When I was a boy we never sat down to our Christmas Eve dinner until a bowl of rice and milk had been taken up to the attic, where he lived with the martin and its young, and kept an eye upon the house—saw that everything ran smoothly. I never met him myself, but I know the house cat must have done so. No doubt they were well acquainted; for when in the morning I went in for the bowl, there it was, quite dry and licked clean, and the cat purring in the corner. So, being there all night, she must have seen and likely talked with him.

I suspect, as I said, that they have not treated my Nisse fairly in these matter-of-fact days that have come upon us, not altogether for our own good, I fear. I am

not even certain that they were quite serious about him then, though to my mind that was very unreasonable. But then there is nothing so unreasonable to a child as the cold reason of the grown-ups. However, if they have "gone back on" him, I know where to find him yet. Only last Christmas when I talked of him to the tenement-house mothers in my Henry Street Neighborhood House, New York, —all of them from the ever-faithful isle, —I saw their eyes light up with the glad smile of recognition, and half a dozen called out excitedly: "The little people! the leprecaun, ye mean. We know him well," and they were not more pleased than I to find that we had an old friend in common. For the Nisse, or the leprecaun, call him whichever you like, was a friend indeed to those who loved kindness and peace. If there was a house in which contention ruled, either he would have nothing to do with it, like the stork that built its nest on the roof, or else he paid the tenants back in their own coin, playing all kinds of tricks upon them and making it very uncom-

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fortable. I suppose it was this trait that gave people, when they began to reason so much about things, the notion that he was really the wraith, as it were, of their own disposition, which was not so at all. I remember the story told of one man who quarreled with everybody, and in consequence had a very troublesome Nisse in the house that so disgusted him that he made up his mind to move away; which he did. But as the load of furniture was going down the street, with its owner hugging himself in glee at the thought that he had stolen a march on the Nisse, the little fellow poked his head out of the load and nodded to him: "We are moving to-day." At which naturally he flew into a great rage. But, then, that was just a story.

The Nisse was of the family, as you see,—very much of it,—and certainly not to be classed with the cattle. Yet they were his special concern; he kept them quiet, saw to it, when the stableman forgot, that they were properly bedded and cleaned and fed. He was very well known to the hands about the farm, and they said that he looked just like a little old man, all in gray and with a pointed red night-cap and long gray beard. He was always civilly treated, as indeed he deserved to be, but Christmas was his great holiday, when he became part of it, indeed, and was made much of. So, for that matter, was everything that lived under the husbandman's roof, or within reach of it. Even the sparrows that burrowed in the straw-thatch and did it no good were not forgotten. A sheaf of rye was set out in the snow for them on the Holy Eve, so that on that night at least they should have shelter and warmth unchallenged, and plenty to eat. At all other times we were permitted to raid their nests and help ourselves to a sparrow roast, which was by long odds the greatest treat we had. Thirty or forty of them, dug out by the light of the stable-lantern and stuffed into Ane's long stocking, which we had borrowed for a game-bag, made a meal for the whole family, each sparrow a fat mouthful. Ane was the cook, and I am very certain that her pot-roast of sparrow would pass muster at any Fifth Avenue restaurant as the finest dish of reed-birds that ever was. However, at Christmas their sheaf was their

sanctuary, and no one as much as squinted at them. Only last winter when Christmas found me stranded in a little Michigan town, wandering disconsolate about the streets I came across such a sheaf raised on a pole in a dooryard, and I knew at once that one of my people lived in that house and kept Yule in the old way. So I felt as if I were not quite a stranger.

All the animals knew perfectly well that the holiday had come, and kept it in their way. In the midnight hour on the Holy Eve the cattle stood up in their stalls and bowed out of respect and reverence for him who was laid in a manger when there was no room in the inn. Hans, our neighbor's man, had seen it and told me, and every Christmas Eve I meant fully to go and be there when it happened; but always long before that I had been led away to bed, a very sleepy boy with all my toys hugged tight, and when I woke up, the daylight shone through the frosted window-panes and they were blowing good morning from the church tower: it would be a whole year before another Christmas. So I vowed, with a sigh at having neglected a really sacred observance, that I would be there sure on the next Christmas Eve. But it was always so, every year.

Blowing in the Yule from the grim old tower that had stood eight hundred years against the blasts of the North Sea was one of the customs of the old town that abide, however it fares with the Nisse; that I know. At sun-up, while yet the people were at breakfast, the town band climbed the many steep ladders to the top of the tower, and up there, in fair weather or foul—and sometimes it blew great guns from the wintry sea—they played four old hymns, one to each corner of the compass, so that no one was forgotten. They always began with Luther's sturdy challenge, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," while down below we listened devoutly. There was something both weird and beautiful about those far-away strains in the early morning light of the northern winter, something that was not of earth and that suggested to my child's imagination the angels' songs on far Judean hills. Even now, after all these years, the memory of it does that. It could not have been because the music was so rare, for the band was made up of small store-





Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick.

#### THE "NISSE"

keepers and artisans who thus turned an honest penny on festive occasions. Incongruously enough, I think the official town mourner, who bade people to funerals, was one of them. It was like the burghers' guard, the colonel of which—we thought him at least a general, because of the huge brass sword he trailed when he marched at the head of his men—was the town tailor, a very small but very martial man. But whether or no, it was beautiful. I have never heard music since that so moved me. When the last strain died

away, came the big bells with their deep voices that sang far out over field and heath, and our Yule was fairly under way.

A whole fortnight we kept it. Real Christmas was from Little Christmas Eve, which was the night before the Holy Eve proper, till New Year's. Then there was a week of supplementary festivities before things slipped back into their wonted groove. That was the time of parties and balls. The great ball of the year was on the day after Christmas,—Second Christmas Day we called it,—when all the





Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

#### BLOWING IN THE YULE FROM THE CHURCH TOWER

quality attended at the club-house, where the amtman and the burgomaster, the bishop and the rector of the Latin School, did the honors and received the people. That was the grandest of the town functions. The school ball, late in autumn, was the jolliest, for then the boys invited each the girl he liked best, and the older people were guests and outsiders, so to speak. The Latin School—the Cathedral School, as it was still called—was the oldest institution there next to the church and the bishop, and when it took the stage it was easily first while it lasted. The Yule ball, though it was a rather more formal affair, for all that was neither stiff nor tiresome. Nothing was, in the Old Town; there was too much genuine kindness for that. And then it was the recognized occasion when matches were made by enterprising mamas, or by the young

themselves, and when engagements were declared and discussed as the great news of the day. We heard of all those things afterward and thought a great fuss was being made over nothing much. For when a young couple were declared engaged, that meant that there was no more fun to be got out of them. They were given, after that, to mooning about by themselves and to chasing us children away when we ran across them; until they happily returned to their senses, got married, and became reasonable human beings once more.

When we had been sent to bed, father and mother used to go away in their Sunday very best, and we knew they would not return until two o'clock in the morning, a fact which alone invested the occasion with unwonted gravity, for the Old Town kept early hours. At ten o'clock,



when the watchman droned his sleepy lay,  
absurdly warning the people to

"Be quick and bright,  
Watch fire and light,  
Our clock it has struck ten,"

it was ordinarily tucked in and asleep.  
But that night we lay awake a long time  
listening to the muffled sound of heavy  
wheels in the snow, rolling unceasingly  
past, and trying to picture to ourselves

the grandeur they conveyed. Every carriage in the town was then in use and doing overtime. I think there were as many as four.

When we were not dancing or playing games, we literally ate our way through the two holiday weeks. Pastry by the mile did we eat, and general indigestion brooded over the town when it emerged into the white light of the new year. At any rate, it ought to have done so. It is a prime article of faith with the Danes to



MIXING THE DOUGH FOR THE CHRISTMAS CAKES



this day that for any one to go out of a friend's house, or of anybody's house, in the Christmas season without partaking of its cheer, is to "bear away their Yule," which no one must do on any account. Every house was a bakery from the middle of December until Christmas Eve, and, oh! the quantities of cakes we ate, and such cakes! We were sixteen normally in our home, and mother mixed the dough for her cakes in a veritable horse-trough kept for that exclusive purpose. As much as a sack of flour went in, I guess, and gallons of molasses, and whatever else went to the mixing. For weeks there had been long and anxious speculations as to "what father would do," and gloomy conferences between him and mother over the state of the family pocket-book, which was never plethoric; but at last the joyful message ran through the house from attic to kitchen that the appropriation had been made, "even for citron," which meant throwing all care to the winds. The thrill of it, when we children stood by and saw the generous avalanche going into the trough! What would not come out of it! The whole family turned to and helped make the cakes and cut the "pepper nuts," which were little squares of cake

dough we played cards for and stuffed our pockets with, gnashing them incessantly. Talk about eating between meals: ours was a continuous performance for two solid weeks. The pepper nuts were the real staple of Christmas to us children. We rolled the dough in long strings like slender eels and then cut it a little on the bias. They were good, those nuts, when baked brown. I wish I had some now.

It all stood for the universal desire that in the joyous season everybody be made glad. I know that in the Old Town no one went hungry or cold during the holidays, if indeed any one ever did. Every one gave of what he had, and no one was afraid of pauperizing anybody by his gifts, for they were given gladly and in love, and that makes all the difference—did then and does now. At Christmas it is

perfectly safe to let our scientific principles go and just remember the Lord's command that we love one another. I subscribe to all the scientific principles of giving with perfect loyalty, and try to practise them till Christmas week comes in with its holly and the smell of balsam and fir, and the memories of childhood in the Old Town; then—well, anyway, it's only a little while. New Year's and the long cold winter come soon enough.

Christmas Eve was, of course, the great and blessed time. That was the one night in the year when in the gray old Domkirke services were held by candle-light.

A myriad wax candles twinkled in the gloom, but did not dispel it. It lingered under the great arches where the voice of the venerable minister, the responses of the congregation, and above it all the boyish treble of the choir, billowed and strove, now dreamily with the memories of ages past, now sharply, tossed from angle to corner in the stone-walls, and again in long thunderous echoes sweeping all before it on the triumphant strains of the organ, like a victorious army with banners crowding through the halls of time. So it sounded to me as sleep gently tugged at my eyelids. The air grew heavy

with the smell of evergreens and of burning wax, and as the thunder of war drew farther and farther away, in the shadow of the great pillars stirred the phantoms of mailed knights whose names were hewn in the gravestones there. We youngsters clung to the skirts of mother as we went out and the great doors fell to behind us. And yet those Christmas eves, with mother's gentle eyes forever inseparable from them, and with the glad cries of "Merry Christmas!" ringing all about, have left a touch of sweet peace in my heart which all the years have not effaced, nor ever will.

At home the great dinner of the year was waiting for us: roast goose stuffed with apples and prunes, rice pudding with cinnamon and sugar on it and a great staring butter eye in the middle. That was to lay the groundwork with, and it was



THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF





Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

#### A DANISH CHRISTMAS-TREE

served in deep soup-plates. It was the dish the Nisse came in on, and the cat. On New Year's Eve both these were left out; but to make up for it, an almond was slipped into the "gröd," and whoever found it in his plate got a present. It was no device to make people "fletch," but it served the purpose admirably. At Christmas we had doughnuts after the goose, big and stout and good. How we ever managed it I don't know, but it is a

tradition in the family, and I remember it well, that I once ate thirteen on top of the big dinner. Evidently I was having a good time. Dinner was, if not the chief end of man, at least an item in his make-up, and a big one.

When it had had time to settle and all the kitchen work was done, father took his seat at the end of the long table, with all the household gathered about, the servants included and the baby without fail,



and read the story of the Child,—“And it came to pass in those days,”—while mother hushed the baby. Then we sang together “A Child is born in Bethlehem,” which was the simplest of our hymns and also the one we children loved best, for it told of how in heaven we were to walk to church

On sky-blue carpets, star-bedeckt,

which was a great comfort. Children love beautiful things, and we had few of them. The great and precious treasure in our house was the rag carpet in the spare room, which we were allowed to enter only on festive occasions such as Christmas. It had an orange streak in it which I can see to this day. Whenever I come across one that even remotely suggests it, it gives me a kind of solemn feeling. We had no piano—that was a luxury in those days—and father was not a singer, but he led on bravely with his tremulous bass, and we all joined in, Ane, the cook, and Maria, the housemaid, furtively wiping their eyes with their aprons, for they were good and pious folk and this was their Christmas service. So we sang the ten verses to the end, with their refrain “Halleluia! halleluia!” that always seemed to me to open the very gates of Yule.

And it did, literally; for when the last halleluia! died away, the door of the spare room was flung wide, and there stood the Christmas-tree, all shining lights, and the baby was carried in wide-eyed, to be the first, as was proper; for was not this the Child’s holiday? Unconsciously we all gave way to those who were nearest Him, who had most recently come from His presence and were therefore in closest touch with the spirit of the holiday. So when we joined hands and danced around the tree, father held the baby and we laughed and were happy as the little one crowed his joy and stretched his tiny arms toward the light.

Light and shadow, joy and sorrow, go hand in hand in this world. While we danced and made merry, there was one near for whom Christmas was but grief and loss. Out in the white fields he went from farm to farm, a solitary wanderer, the folk-lore had it, looking for plow or harrow on which to rest his weary limbs. It was the Wandering Jew, to whom this

one hope was given that, if on that night of all in the year he could find some tool used in honest toil over which the sign of the cross had not been made, his wanderings would be at an end and the curse depart from him, to cleave thenceforward to the luckless farmer. He never found what he sought in my time. The thrifty husbandman had been over his field on the eve of the holiday with a watchful eye to his coming. When the bell in the distant church tower struck the midnight hour, belated travelers heard his sorrowful wail as he fled over the heath and vanished.

When Ansgarius preached the White Christ to the vikings of the North, so runs the legend of the Christmas-tree, the Lord sent his three messengers, Faith, Hope, and Love, to help light the first tree. Seeking one that should be high as hope, wide as love, and that bore the sign of the cross on every bough, they chose the balsam fir, which best of all the trees in the forest met the requirements. Perhaps that is a good reason why there clings about the Christmas-tree in my old home that which has preserved it from being swept along in the flood of senseless luxury that has swamped so many things in our money-mad day. At least so it was then. Every time I see a tree studded with electric lights, garlands of tinsel gold festooning every branch, and hung with the hundred costly knickknacks the storekeepers invent year by year “to make trade,” until the tree itself disappears entirely under its burden, I have a feeling that a fraud has been practised on the kindly spirit of Yule. Wax candles are the only real thing for a Christmas-tree, candles of *wax* that mingle their perfume with that of the burning fir, not the by-product of some coal-oil or other abomination. What if the boughs do catch fire? They can be watched, and too many candles are tawdry, anyhow. Also, red apples, oranges, and old-fashioned cornucopias made of colored paper, and made at home, look a hundred times better and fitter in the green; and so do drums and toy trumpets and wald-horns, and a rocking-horse reined up in front that need not have cost forty dollars, or anything like it.

I am thinking of one, or rather two, a little piebald team with a wooden seat be-





Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE "POST-OFFICE"



tween, for which mother certainly did not give over seventy-five cents at the store, that as "Belcher and Mamie"—the name was bestowed on the beasts at sight by Kate, aged three, who bossed the play-room—gave a generation of romping children more happiness than all the expensive railroads and trolley-cars and steam-engines that are considered indispensable to keeping Christmas nowadays. And the Noah's Ark with Noah and his wife and all the animals that went two by two—ah, well, I have n't set out to preach a sermon on extravagance that makes no one happier, but I wish—The legend makes me think of the holly that grew in our Danish woods. We called it "Christ-thorn," for to us it was of that the crown of thorns was made with which the cruel soldiers mocked our Saviour, and the red berries were the drops of blood that fell from his anguished brow. Therefore the holly was a sacred tree, and to this day the woods in which I find it seem to me like the forest where the Christmas roses bloomed in the night when the Lord was born, different from all other woods, and better.

Mistletoe was rare in Denmark. There was known to be but one oak in all the land on which it grew. But that did not discourage the young. We had our kissing games which gave the boys and girls their chance to choose sides, and in the Christmas season they went on right merrily. There was rarely a night that did not bring the children together under some roof or other. They say that kissing goes by favor, but we had not arrived at that point yet, though we had our preferences. In the game of post-office, for instance, he was a bold boy who would dare call out the girl he really liked, to get the letter that was supposed to be awaiting her. You could tell for a dead certainty who was his choice by watching whom he studiously avoided asking for. I have a very vivid recollection of having once really dared with sudden desperation, and of the defiant, flushed face, framed in angry curls, that confronted me in the hall, the painful silence while we each stood looking the other way and heard our playmates tittering behind the closed door—for well they knew—and her indignant stride as she went back to her seat unvisited, with me trailing behind,

feeling like a very sheepish boy, and no doubt looking the part.

The Old Year went out with much such a racket as we make nowadays, but of quite a different kind. We did not blow the New Year in, we "smashed" it in. When it was dark on New Year's Eve, we stole out with all the cracked and damaged crockery of the year that had been hoarded for the purpose and, hieing ourselves to some favorite neighbor's door, broke our pots against it. Then we ran, but not very far or very fast, for it was part of the game that if one was caught at it, he was to be taken in and treated to hot doughnuts. The smashing was a mark of favor, and the citizen who had most pots broken against his door was the most popular man in town. When I was in the Latin School a cranky burgomaster, whose door had been freshly painted, gave orders to the watchmen to stop it, and gave them an unhappy night, for they were hard put to it to find a way it was safe to look, with the streets full of the best citizens in town, and their wives and daughters, sneaking singly by with bulging coats on their way to salute a friend. That was when our mothers, those who were not out smashing in the New Year, came out strong after the fashion of mothers. They baked more doughnuts than ever that night, and beckoned the watchman in to the treat; and there he sat, blissfully deaf while the street rang with the thunderous salvos of our raids; until it was discovered that the burgomaster himself was on post, when there was a sudden rush from kitchen doors and a great scurrying through the streets that grew strangely silent.

The town had its revenge, however. The burgomaster, returning home in the midnight hour, stumbled in his gate over a discarded Christmas-tree hung full of old boots and many black and sooty pots that went down around him with a great smash as he upset it, so that his family came running out in alarm to find him sprawling in the midst of the biggest celebration of all. His dignity suffered a shock which he never quite got over. But it killed the New Year's fun, too. For he was really a good fellow, and then he was the burgomaster and chief of police to boot. I suspect the fact was that the pot-smashing had run its course. Perhaps





Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SMASHING IN THE NEW YEAR"





Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

#### THE CAPTURED WATCHMAN

the supply of pots was giving out; we began to use tinware more about that time. That was the end of it, anyhow.

We boys got square, too, with the watchmen. We knew their habit of stowing themselves away in the stage-coach that stood in the market-place when they had cried the hour at ten o'clock, and we caught them napping there one dark night when we were coming home from a party. The stage had doors that locked on the outside. We slammed them shut and ran the conveyance with them in it, wildly gesticulating from the windows, through the main street of the town, amid the cheers of the citizens whom the racket aroused from their slumbers. We were safe enough. The watchmen were not anxious to catch us, maddened as they were by our prank, and they were careful not to report us either. I chuckled at that exploit more than once when, in years long after, I went the rounds of the midnight streets with Haroun-al-Roosevelt, as they called New York's Police Commissioner, to find his patrolmen sleep-

ing soundly on their posts when they should have been out catching thieves. Human nature—police human nature, anyhow—is not so different, after all, in the Old World and in the New.

With Twelfth-night our Yule came to an end. On that night, if a girl would know her fate, she must go to bed walking backward and throw a shoe over her left shoulder, or hide it under her pillow, I forget which, perhaps both, and say aloud a verse that prayed the Three Holy Kings to show her the man

Whose table I must set,  
Whose bed I must spread,  
Whose name I must bear,  
Whose bride I must be.

The man who appeared to her in her sleep was to be her husband. There was no escape from it, and consequently she did not try. He was her Christmas gift, and she took him for better or for worse. Let us hope that the Nisse played her no scurvy trick, and that it was for better always.



# THE SHADOW-CHILD

BY HARRIET MONROE

*WHY do the wheels go whirring round,  
Mother, mother?  
Oh, mother, are they giants bound,  
And will they growl forever?  
Yes, fiery giants underground,  
Daughter, little daughter,  
Forever turn the wheels around,  
And rumble, grumble ever.*

*Why do I pick the threads all day,  
Mother, mother,  
While sunshine children are at play?  
And must I work forever?  
Yes, shadow-child; the live-long day,  
Daughter, little daughter,  
Your hands must pick the threads away,  
And feel the sunshine never.*

*Why do the birds sing in the sun,  
Mother, mother,  
If all day long I run and run—  
Run with the wheels forever?  
The birds may sing till day is done,  
Daughter, little daughter,  
But with the wheels your feet must run—  
Run with the wheels forever.*

*Why do I feel so tired each night,  
Mother, mother?  
The wheels are always buzzing bright;  
Do they grow sleepy never?  
Oh, baby thing, so soft and white,  
Daughter, little daughter,  
The big wheels grind us in their might,  
And they will grind forever.*

*And is the white thread never spun,  
Mother, mother?  
And is the white cloth never done—  
For you and me done never?  
Oh, yes, our thread will all be spun,  
Daughter, little daughter,  
When we lie down out in the sun,  
And work no more forever.*

*And when will come that happy day,  
Mother, mother?  
Oh, shall we laugh and sing and play  
Out in the sun forever?  
Nay, shadow-child, we'll rest all day,  
Daughter, little daughter,  
Where green grass grows and roses gay,  
There in the sun forever.*



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick



# MR. OPP

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sandy," etc.

Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!  
*Samuel Daniel.*

## I

"I HOPE your passenger has n't missed his train," observed the ferryman to Mr. Jimmy Fallows, who sat on the river bank with the painter of his rickety little naphtha launch held loosely in his hand.

"Mr. Opp?" said Jimmy. "I bet he did. If there is one person in the world that 's got a talent for missing things, it 's Mr. Opp. I never seen him that he had n't just missed gettin' a thousand dollar job, or inventin' a patent, or bein' hurt when he had took out a accident policy. If he did ketch a train, like enough it was goin' the wrong way."

Jimmy had been waiting since nine in the morning, and it was now well past noon. He was a placid gentleman of curvilinear type, short of limb and large of girth. His trousers, of that morose hue termed by the country people "plum," reached to his armpits, and his hat, large and felt and weather-beaten, was only prevented from eclipsing his head by the stubborn resistance of two small, knob-like ears.

"Mr. Opp ain't been back to the Cove for a long while, has he?" asked the ferryman, whose intellectual life depended solely upon the crumbs of information scattered by chance passers-by.

"Goin' on two years," said Mr. Fallows. "Reckon he 's been so busy formin' trusts and buyin' out railways and promotin' things generally that he ain't had any time to come back home. It 's his step-pa's funeral that 's bringin' him now. The only time city folks seem to want to

see their kin folks in the country is when they are dead."

"Ain't that him a-comin' down the bank?" asked the ferryman, shading his eyes with his hands.

Mr. Fallows, with some difficulty, got to his feet.

"Yes, that 's him all right. Hustlin' to beat the band. Wonder if he takes me for a street car."

Coming with important stride down the wharf, and whistling as he came, was a small man of about thirty-five. In one hand he carried a large suit-case, and in the other a new and shining grip. On both were painted, in letters designed to be seen, "D. Webster Opp, Kentucky."

In fact, everything about him was evidently designed to be seen. His new suit of insistent plaid, his magnificent tie sagging with the weight of a colossal scarf-pin, his brown hat, his new tan shoes, all demanded individual and instant attention.

The only insignificant thing about Mr. Opp was himself. His slight, undeveloped body seemed to be in a chronic state of apology for failing properly to set off the glorious raiment wherewith it was clothed. His pock-marked face, wide at the temples, sloped to a small, pointed chin, which, in turn, sloped precipitously into a long, thin neck. It was Mr. Opp's eyes, however, that one saw first, for they were singularly vivid, with an expression that made strangers sometimes pause in the street to ask him if he had spoken to them. Small, pale, and red of rim, they nevertheless held the look of intense hunger—



hunger for the hope or the happiness of the passing moment.

As he came bustling down to the water's-edge he held out a friendly hand to Jimmy Fallows.

"How are you, Jimmy?" he said in a voice freighted with importance. "Hope I have n't kept you waiting long. Several matters of business come up at the last and final moment, and I missed the morning train."

Jimmy, who was pouring gasoline into a tank in the launch, treated the ferryman to a prodigious wink.

"Oh, not more 'n four or five hour," he said, casting side glances of mingled scorn and admiration at Mr. Opp's attire. "It is a good thing it was the funeral you was tryin' to get to instid of the death-bed."

"Oh, that reminds me," said Mr. Opp, suddenly exchanging his air of cheerfulness for one of becoming gravity—"what time is the funeral obsequies going to take place?"

"Whenever we git there," said Jimmy, pushing off the launch and waving his hand to the ferryman. "You 're one of the chief mourners, and I 'm the undertaker; there ain't much danger in us gettin' left."

Mr. Opp deposited his baggage carefully on the seat, and spread his coat across the new grip to keep it from getting splashed.

"How long was Mr. Moore sick?" he asked, fanning himself with his hat.

"Well," said Jimmy, "he was in a dangerous and critical condition for about twenty-one years, accordin' to his own account. I been seein' him durin' that time on a average of four times a day, and last night when I seen him in his coffin it was the first time the old gentleman failed to ask me to give him a drink on account of his poor health."

"Is Ben there?" asked Mr. Opp, studying a time-table, and making a note in his memorandum-book.

"Your brother Ben? Yes; he come this mornin' just before I left. He was cussin' considerable because you was n't there, so 's they could go on and git through. He wants to start back to Misouri to-night."

"Is he out at the house?"

"No; he 's at Your Hotel."

Mr. Opp looked up in surprise, and Jimmy chuckled.

"That there 's the name of my new hotel. Started up sence you went away. Me and old man Tucker been running boardin'-houses side by side all these years. What did he do last summer but go out and git him a sign as big as the side of the house, and git Nick Fenny to paint 'Our Hotel' on it; then he put it up right across the sidewalk, from the gate clean out to the road. I did n't say nothin', but let the boys keep on a-kiddin' me till the next day; then I got me a sign jus' like his, with 'Your Hotel' on it, and put it up crost my sidewalk. He 'd give a pretty if they was both down now; but he won't take his down while mine is up, and I ain't got no notion of taking it down."

"Yes," said Mr. Opp, absently, for his mind was still on the time-table; "I see that there 's an accommodation that departs out of Coreville in the neighborhood of noon to-morrow. It 's a little inconvenient, I 'm afraid, but do you think you could get me back in time to take it?"

"Why, what 's yer hurry?" asked Jimmy, steering for mid-stream. "I thought you 'd come to visit a spell, with all them bags and things."

Mr. Opp carelessly tossed back the sleeve of the coat, to display more fully the name on the suit-case. "Them 's drummers' samples," he said almost reverently—"the finest line of shoes that have ever been put out by any house in the United States, bar none."

"Why, I thought you was in the insurance business," said Jimmy.

"Oh, no; that was last year, just previous to my reporting on a newspaper. This"—and Mr. Opp tried to spread out his hands, but was slightly deterred by the size of his cuffs—"this is the chance I been looking for all my life. It takes brains and a' educated nerve, and a knowledge of the world. I ought to create considerable capital in the next few years. And just as soon as I do"—and Mr. Opp leaned earnestly toward Jimmy, and tapped one finger upon the palm of his other hand—"just as soon as I do, I intend to buy up all the land lying between Turtle Creek and the river. There 's enough oil under that there





Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"DON'T LEAVE ME"



ground to ca'm the troubled waters of the Pacific Ocean. You remember old Mr. Beeker? Well, he told me, ten years ago, that he bored a well for brine over there, and it got so full of black petroleum he had to abandon it. Now, I 'm calculating on forming a stock company,—you and Mr. Tucker, I and old man Hager, and one or two others,—and buying up that ground. Then we 'll sink a test well, get up a derrick and a' engine, and have the thing running in no time. The main thing is a competent manager. You know I 'm thinking seriously of taking it myself? It 's too big a proposition to run any risks with."

"Here, say, wait a minute; how long have you had this here shoe job?" Jimmy caught madly at the first fact in sight to keep him from being swept away by the flood of Mr. Opp's oily possibilities.

"I taken it last week," said Mr. Opp; "had to go all the way to Chicago to get my instructions, and to get fitted out. My territory is a specially important one; four counties, all round Chicago."

"I was in Chicago onced," said Jimmy, his eyes brightening at the memory. "By golly! if the world is as big in every direction as it is in that, she 's a whopper!"

The wind, freshening as they got under way, loosened the canvas overhead, and Mr. Opp rose to buckle it into place. As he half knelt in the bow of the boat, he lifted his face to the cool breeze, and took a deep breath of satisfaction. The prosaic river from Coreyville to the Cove was the highway he knew best in the world. Under the summer sunshine the yellow waters lost their sullen hue, and reflected patches of vivid red and white from the cottages and barns that dotted the distant shore.

"I don't consider there 's any sceneries in the country that 'll even begin to compare with these here," Mr. Opp announced, out of the depths of his wide experience. "Just look at the sunshine pouring forth around the point of the island. It spills through the trees and leaks out over the water just like quicksilver. Now, that 's a good thought! It 's perfectly astounding, you might say surprising, how easy thoughts come to me. I ought to been a writer; lots of folks have said so. Why, there ain't a day of

my life that I don't get a poem in my head."

"Shucks!" observed Jimmy Fallows. "I 'd as lief read figgers on a tow-boat as to read poetry. Old man Gusty used to write poetry, but he could n't git nobody to print it, so he decided to start a newspaper at the Cove and chuck it full of his own poems. He bought a whole printin' outfit, and set it up in Pete Aker's old carpenter shop out there at the edge of town, opposite his home. But 'fore he got his paper started he up and died. Yes, sir; and the only one of his poems that he ever did git in print was the one his wife had cut on his tombstone."

Mr. Opp was not listening. With his head bared and his lips parted he was indulging in his principal weakness. For Mr. Opp, it must be confessed, was given to violent intoxication, not from an extraneous source, but from too liberal draughts of his own imagination. In extenuation, the claims of genius might be urged, for a genius he unquestionably was in that he created something out of nothing. Out of an abnormal childhood, a lonely boyhood, and a failure-haunted manhood, he had managed to achieve an absorbing career. Each successive enterprise had loomed upon his horizon big with possibilities, and before it sank to oblivion, another scheme, portentous, significant, had filled its place. Life was a succession of crises, and through them he saw himself moving, now a shrewd merchant, now a professional man, again an author of note, but oftenest of all a promoter of great enterprises, a financier, and man of affairs.

While he was thus mentally engaged in drilling oil-wells, composing poetry, and selling shoes, Jimmy Fallows was contemplating with fascinated wonder an object that floated from his coat pocket. From a brown-paper parcel, imperfectly wrapped, depended a curl of golden hair, and it bobbed about in the breeze in a manner that reduced Mr. Fallows to a state of abject curiosity.

So intent was Jimmy upon his investigation that he failed to hold his course, and the launch swung around the end of the island with such a sudden jerk that Mr. Opp took an unexpected seat.

As he did so, his hand touched the paper parcel in his pocket, and realizing



that it was untied, he hastily endeavored, by a series of surreptitious manœuvres, to conceal what it contained. Feeling the quizzical eye of his shipmate full upon him, he assumed an air of studied indifference, and stoically ignored the subterranean chuckles and knowing winks in which Mr. Fallows indulged.

Presently, when the situation had become poignant, Mr. Opp observed that he supposed the funeral would take place from the church.

"I reckon so," said Jimmy, reluctantly answering to the call of the conversational rudder. "I told the boys to have a hack there for you and Mr. Ben and Miss Kippy."

"I don't think my sister will be there," said Mr. Opp, with dignity; "she seldom or never leaves the house."

"Reckon Mr. Ben will have to take keer of her now," said Jimmy; "she surely will miss her pa. He never done a lick of work since I knowed him, but he was a nice, quiet old fellow, and he certainly was good to pore Miss Kippy."

"Mr. Moore was a gennelman," said Mr. Opp, and he sighed.

"Ain't she got any kin on his side? No folks except you two half-brothers?"

"That 's all," said Mr. Opp; "just I and Ben."

"Gee! that 's kind of tough on you all, ain't it?"

But the sympathy was untimely, for Mr. Opp's dignity had been touched in a sensitive place.

"Our sister will be well provided for," he said, and the conversation suffered a relapse.

Mr. Opp went back to his time-tables and his new note-book, and for the rest of the trip Jimmy devoted himself to his wheel, with occasional ocular excursions in the direction of Mr. Opp's coat pocket.

## II

LYING in the crook of the river's elbow, with the nearest railroad eighteen miles away, Cove City, familiarly known as the Cove, rested serenely undisturbed by the progress of the world. Once a day, at any time between sundown and midnight, it was roused from its drowsiness by the arrival of the mail-boat, and, shaking itself into temporary wakefulness, sat up

and rubbed its eyes. This animation was, however, of short duration, for before the packet had whistled for the next landing, the Cove had once more settled back into slumber.

Main Street began with a shabby, unpainted school-house, and following dramatic sequence, ended abruptly in the graveyard. Two cross-streets, which had started out with laudable ideas of independence, lost courage at Main Street and sought strength in union; but the experiment was not successful, and a cow-path was the result. The only semblance of frivolity about the town was a few straggling cottages on stilts of varying height as they approached the river; for they seemed ever in the act of holding up their skirts preparatory to wading forth into the water.

On this particular summer afternoon Cove City was less out of crimp than usual. The gathering of loafers that generally decorated the empty boxes piled along the sidewalk was missing. The old vehicles and weary-looking mules which ordinarily formed an irregular fringe along the hitching rail were conspicuously absent. A subdued excitement was in the air, and at the slightest noise feminine heads appeared at windows, and masculine figures appeared in doorways, and comments were exchanged in low tones from one side of the street to the other. For the loss of a citizen, even a poor one, disturbs the surface of affairs, and when the event brings two relatives from a distance, the ripples of excitement increase perceptibly.

Mr. Moore had been a citizen-in-law, as it were, and had never been considered in any other light than poor Mrs. Opp's widower. Mrs. Opp's poor widower might have been a truer way of stating it, but even a town has its parental weaknesses.

For two generations the Opp family had been a source of mystery and romance to the Cove. It stood apart, like the house that held it, poor and shabby, but bearing a baffling atmosphere of gentility, of superiority, and of reserve.

Old women recalled strange tales of the time when Mrs. Opp had come to the Cove as a bride, and how she refused to meet any of the townspeople, and lived alone in the old house on the river-bank,



watching from hour to hour for the wild young husband who clerked on one of the river steamers. They told how she grew thin and white with waiting, and how, when her two boys were small, she made them stand beside her for hours at a time, watching the river and listening for the whistle of his boat. Then the story went that the gay young husband stopped coming altogether, and still she watched and waited, never allowing the boys out of her sight, refusing to send them to school, or to let them play with other children. By and by word was brought that her husband had been killed in a quarrel over cards, and little Mrs. Opp, having nothing now to watch for and to wait for, suddenly became strangely changed.

Old Aunt Tish, the negro servant, was the only person who ever crossed the threshold, and she told of a strange life that went on behind the closely curtained windows, where the sunlight was never allowed to enter, and lamps burned all day long.

"Yas, 'm," she used to say in answer to curious questionings; "hit 's jes like play-actin' all de time. The Missis dress herself up, an' 'tend like she 's a queen or a duke or somethin', an' dat little D. he jes acts out all dem fool things she tells him to, an' he ain't never bein' hisself at all, but jes somebody big and mighty and grand-like."

When the boys were half-grown, a stranger appeared in the Cove, a dapper little man of about fifty in a shabby frock-coat and a shabbier high hat, kind of face and gentle of voice, but with the dignity of conscious superiority. The day of his arrival he called upon Mrs. Opp; the second day he took a preacher with him and married her. Whatever old romance had led to this climax could only be dimly guessed at by the curious townspeople.

For two years Mr. Moore fought for the mind of his old sweetheart as he had long ago fought for her heart. He opened the house to the sunshine, and coaxed the little lady back into the world she had forgotten. The boys were sent to school, the old games and fancies were forbidden. Gradually the color returned to her cheeks, and the light to her eyes.

Then little Kippy was born, and happiness such as seldom comes to one who has tasted the dregs of life came to the

frail little woman in the big four-poster bed. For ten days she held the baby fingers to her heart, and watched the little blossom of a maid unfold.

But one black night, when the rain beat against the panes, and the moan of the river sounded in her ears, she suddenly sat up in bed: she had heard the whistle of *his* boat! Full of dumb terror she crept to the window, and with her face pressed against the glass she waited and watched. The present was swallowed up in the past. She was once more alone, unloved, afraid. Stealthily snatching a cloak, she crept down into the garden, feeling her way through the sodden grass, and the jimpson weed which the rain had beaten down.

And ever since, when children pass the house on their way to school, they peep through the broken fence rails, and point out to one another, in awed tones, the tree under which Miss Kippy's mother killed herself. Then they look half-fearfully at the windows in the hope of catching a glimpse of Miss Kippy herself.

For Kippy had had a long illness in her thirteenth year which left her with the face and mind of a little child, and kindly, shabby Mr. Moore, having made the supreme effort of his life, from this time on ceased to struggle against the weakness that for half a lifetime had beset him, and sought oblivion in innocuous but perpetual libations. The one duty which he recognized was the care of his invalid daughter.

As soon as they were old enough, the boys launched their small craft and set forth to seek their fortunes. Ben, with no cargo on board but his own desires, went west and found a snug and comfortable harbor, while D. Webster, the hope of his mother and the pride of the town, was at thirty-five still putting out to sea, with all sail set, only to find himself again and again aground on the sand-bars of the old familiar Cove.

### III

JIMMY FALLOWS, being the boastful possessor of the fleetest horse in town, was the first to return from the funeral. Extricating himself with some difficulty from the narrow-seated buggy, he held out his hand to Mrs. Fallows. But that impos-



ing lady, evidently offended with her jovial lord, refused his proffered aid, and clambered out over the wheel on the other side.

Mrs. Fallows, whose architectural effects were strictly perpendicular, cast a perpetual shadow of disapproval over the life partner whom it had pleased Providence to bestow upon her. Jimmy was a born satirist; he knew things are not what they seem, and he wickedly rejoiced thereat. To his literal, pious-minded wife he at times seemed the incarnation of wickedness.

Sweeping with dignity beneath the arching sign of Your Hotel, she took her seat upon the porch, and, disposing her sable robes about her, folded her mittened hands, and waited to see the people return from the funeral.

Jimmy, with the uncertain expression of one who is ready to apologize, but cannot remember the offense, hovered about uneasily, casting tempting bits of conversational bait into the silence, but failing to attract so much as a nibble of attention.

"Miss Jemima Fenny was over to the funeral from Birdtown. Miss Jim is one of 'em, ain't she?"

There was no response.

"Had her brother Nick with her. He's just gettin' over typhoid fever; looks about the size and color of a slate pencil. I bet, in spite of Miss Jim's fine clothes, they ain't had a square meal for a month. That 's because she kept him at school so long when he orter been at work. He did git a job in a newspaper office over at Coreyville not long 'fore he was took sick. They tell me he 's as slick as a onion about newspaper work."

Continued silence; but Jimmy boldly cast another fly:

"Last funeral we had was Mrs. Tucker's, was n't it? Old man Tucker was there to-day. Crape band on his hat is climbin' up; it 'll be at high mast ag'in soon."

Dense, nerve-racking silence; but Jimmy made one more effort:

"The Opps are coming back here to-night to talk things over before Ben goes on to Missouri. He counts on ketchin' the night boat. It won't give him much time, will it?"

But Mrs. Fallows, unrelaxed, stared fixedly before her; she had taken refuge

in that most trying of all rejoinders, silence, and the fallible Jimmy, who waxed strong and prospered upon abuse, drooped and languished under this new and cruel form of punishment.

It was not until a buggy stopped at the door, and the Opp brothers descended, that the tension was in any way relieved.

Jimmy greeted them with the joy of an Arctic explorer welcoming a relief party.

"Come right on in here, in the office," he cried hospitably; "your talkin' won't bother me a speck."

But Ben abruptly expressed his desire for more private quarters, and led the way up-stairs.

The low-ceiled room into which he ushered D. Webster was of such a depressing drab that even the green and red bed-quilt failed to disperse the gloom. The sole decoration, classic in its severity, was a large advertisement for a business college, whereon an elk's head grew out of a bow of ribbon, the horns branching and rebranching into a forest of curves and flourishes.

The elder Opp took his seat by the window, and drummed with impatient fingers on the sill. He was small, like his brother, but of a compact, sturdy build. His chin, instead of dwindling to a point, was square and stubborn, and his eyes looked straight ahead at the thing he wanted, and neither saw nor cared for what lay outside. He had been trying ever since leaving the cemetery to bring the conversation down to practical matters, but D. Webster, seizing the first opportunity of impressing himself upon his next of kin, had persisted in indulging in airy and time-destroying flights of fancy.

The truth is that our Mr. Opp was not happy. In his secret heart he felt a bit apologetic before the material success of his elder brother. Hence it was necessary to talk a great deal and to set forth in detail the very important business enterprises upon which he was about to embark.

Presently Ben Opp looked at his watch.

"See here," he interrupted, "that boat may be along at any time. We 'd better come to some decision about the estate."

D. Webster ran his fingers through his hair, which stood in valiant defense of the small bald spot behind it.

"Yes, yes," he said; "business is busi-



ness. I'll have to be off myself the very first thing in the morning. This funeral could n't have come at a more unfortunate time for me. You see, my special territory—"

But Ben saw the danger of another bolt, and checked him:

"How much do you think the old house is worth?"

D. Webster drew forth his shiny notebook and pencil and made elaborate calculations.

"I should say," he said, as one financier to another, "that including of the house and land and contents of same, it would amount to the whole sum total of about two thousand dollars."

"That is about what I figured," said Ben; "now, how much money is in the bank?"

D. Webster produced a formidable packet of letters and papers from his inside pocket, and, after some searching, succeeded in finding a statement, which set forth the fact that the Ripper County Bank held in trust one thousand dollars, to be divided between the children of Mary Opp Moore at the death of her husband, Curtis V. Moore.

"One thousand dollars!" said Ben, looking blankly at his brother, "Why, for heaven's sake, what have Mr. Moore and Kippy been living on all these years?"

D. Webster moved uneasily in his chair. "Oh, they've managed to get along first rate," he said evasively.

His brother looked at him narrowly. "On the interest of a thousand dollars?" He leaned forward, and his face hardened: "See here, have you been putting up cash all this time for that old codger to loaf on? Is that why you have never gotten ahead?"

D. Webster, with hands in his pockets and his feet stretched in front of him, was blinking in furious embarrassment at the large-eyed elk overhead.

"To think," went on Ben, his slow wrath rising, "of your staying here in Kentucky all these years and handing out what you made to that old sponger. I cut loose and made a neat little sum, married, and settled down. And what have you done? Where have you gotten? Anybody that would let himself be imposed upon like that deserves to fail. Now

what do you propose to do about this money?"

Mr. Opp did not propose to do anything. The affront offered his business sagacity was of such a nature that it demanded all his attention. He composed various denunciatory answers with which to annihilate his brother. He hesitated between two courses, whether he should hurl himself upon him in righteous indignation and demand physical satisfaction, or whether he should rise in a calm and manly attitude and wither him with blighting sarcasm. And while the decision was pending, he still sat with his hands in his pockets, and his feet stretched forth, and blinked indignantly at the ornate elk.

"The estate," continued Ben, contempt still in his face, "amounts at most to three thousand dollars, after the house is sold. Part of this, of course, will go to the maintenance of Kippy."

At mention of her name, Mr. Opp's gaze dropped abruptly to his brother's face.

"What about Kippy? She's going to live with you, ain't she?" he asked anxiously.

Ben shook his head emphatically. "She certainly is not. I have n't the slightest idea of burdening myself and family with that feeble-minded girl."

"But see here," said Mr. Opp, his anger vanishing in the face of this new complication, "you don't know Kippy; she's just similar to a little child, quiet and gentle-like. Never give anybody any trouble in her life. Just plays with her dolls and sings to herself all day."

"Exactly," said Ben; "twenty-five years old and still playing with dolls. I saw her yesterday, dressed up in all sorts of foolish toggery, talking to her hands, and laughing. Aunt Tish humors her, and her father humored her, but I'm not going to. I feel sorry for her all right, but I am not going to take her home with me."

D. Webster nervously twisted the large seal ring which he wore on his forefinger. "Then what do you mean," he said hesitatingly—"what do you want to do about it?"

"Why, send her to an asylum, of course. That's where she ought to have been all these years."

Mr. Opp, sitting upon the small of his



back, with one leg wrapped casually about the leg of the chair, stared at him for a moment in consternation, then, gathering himself together, rose and for the first time since we have met him seemed completely to fill his checked ready-made suit.

"Send Kippy to a lunatic asylum!" he said in tones so indignant that they made his chin tremble. "You will do nothing whatever of the kind! Why, all she's ever had in the world was her pa and Aunt Tish and her home; now he's gone, you ain't wanting to take the others away from her too, are you?"

"Well, who is going to take care of her?" demanded Ben angrily.

"I am," announced D. Webster, striking as fine an attitude as ever his illustrious predecessor struck; "you take the money that's in the bank, and leave me the house and Kippy. That'll be her share and mine. I can take care of her; I don't ask favors of nobody. Suppose I do lose my job; I'll get me another. There's a dozen ways I can make a living. There ain't a man in the State that's got more resources than me. I got plans laid now that'll revolutionize—"

"Yes," said Ben, quietly, "you always could do great things."

D. Webster's egotism, inflated to the utmost, burst at this prick, and he suddenly collapsed. Dropping limply into the chair by the table, he held his hand over his mouth to hide his agitation.

"There's—there's one thing," he began, swallowing violently, and winking after each word, "that I—I can't do—and that's to leave a—sister—to die—among strangers."

And then, to his mortification, his head went unexpectedly down upon his arms, and a flood of tears bedimmed the radiance of his twenty-five-cent four-in-hand.

From far down the river came the whistle of the boat, and, in the room below, Jimmy Fallows removed a reluctant ear from the stove-pipe hole.

"Melindy," he said confidentially, entirely forgetting the late frost, "I never see anybody in the world that stood as good a show of gittin' the fool prize as that there D. Opp."

#### IV

THE old Opp House stood high on the river-bank and gazed lonesomely out into

the summer night. It was a shabby, down-at-heel, dejected-looking place, with one side showing faint lights, above and below, but the other side so nailed up and empty and useless that it gave the place the appearance of being paralyzed down one side and of having scarcely enough vitality left to sustain life in the other.

To make matters worse, an old hound howled dismally on the door-step, only stopping occasionally to paw at the iron latch and to whimper for the master whose unsteady footsteps he had followed for thirteen years.

In the front room a shaded lamp, turned low, threw a circle of light on the table and floor, leaving the corners full of vague, uncertain shadows. From the wide, black fireplace a pair of rusty and battered andirons held out empty arms, and on the high stone shelf above the opening, flanked on each side by a stuffed owl, was a tall, square-faced clock, with the hour-hand missing. The minute-hand still went on its useless round, and behind it, on the face of the clock, a tiny schooner with all sail set rocked with the swinging of the pendulum.

The loud ticking of the clock, and the lamentations of the hound without, were not the only sounds that disturbed the night. Before the empty fireplace, in a high-backed, cane-bottomed chair, slept an old negress, with head bowed, moaning and muttering as she slept. She was bent and ashen with age, and her brown skin sagged in long wrinkles from her face and hands. On her forehead, reaching from brow to faded turban, was a hideous testimony to some ancient conflict. A large, irregular hole, over which the flesh had grown, pulsed as sentiently and imperatively as a naked, living heart.

A shutter slammed sharply somewhere in the house above, and something stirred fearfully in the shadow of the room. It was a small figure that crouched against the wall, listening and watching with the furtive terror of a newly captured coyote—the slight figure of a woman dressed as a child, with short gingham dress, and heelless slippers, and a bright ribbon holding back the limp, flaxen hair from her strange, pinched face.

Again and again her wide, frightened eyes sought the steps leading to the room above, and sometimes she would lean for-



ward and whisper in agonized expectancy, "Daddy?" Then when no answer came, she would shudder back against the wall, cold and shaking and full of dumb terrors.

Suddenly the hound's howling changed to a sharp bark, and the old negress stirred and stretched herself.

"What ails dat air dog?" she mumbled, going to the window, and shading her eyes with her hand. "You 'd 'low to hear him tell it he done heared old master coming up de road."

That somebody was coming was evident from the continued excitement of the hound, and when the gate slammed and a man's voice sounded in the darkness, Aunt Tish opened the door, throwing a long, dim patch of light out across the narrow porch and over the big, round stepping-stones beyond.

Into the light came Mr. Opp, staggering under the load of his baggage, his coat over his arm, his collar off, thoroughly spent with the events of the day.

"Lord 'a' mercy!" said Aunt Tish, "if hit ain't Mr. D.! I done give you up long ago. I certainly is glad you come. Miss Kippy 's jes carrying on like ever'-thing. She ain't been to baid for two nights, an' I can't do nothin' 't all wif her."

Mr. Opp deposited his things in a corner, and, tired as he was, assumed an air of authority. It was evident that a man was needed, a person of firmness, of decision.

"I 'll see that she goes to bed at once," he said resolutely. "Where is she at?"

"She 's behind de door," said Aunt Tish; "she 's be'n so skeered ever sence her paw died I can't do nothin' wif her."

"Kippy," said Mr. Opp, sternly, "come out here this minute."

But there was no response. Going to the corner where his coat lay, he took from the pocket a brown-paper parcel.

"Say, Kippy," he said in a greatly mollified tone, "I wish you would come on out here and see me. You remember brother D., don't you? You ought to see what I brought you all the way from the city. It 's got blue eyes."

At this the small, grotesque figure, distrustful, suspicious, ready to take flight at a word, ventured slowly forth. So slight she was, and so frail, and so softly she moved, it was almost as if the wind blew

her toward him. Every thought that came into her brain was instantly reflected in her hypersensitive face, and as she stood before him nervously plucking her fingers, fear and joy struggled for supremacy. Suddenly with a low cry she snatched the doll from him and clasped it to her heart.

Meanwhile Aunt Tish had spread a cloth on the table and set forth some cold corn dodger, a pitcher of foaming butter-milk, and a plate of cold corned beef. The milk was in a battered pewter pitcher, but the dish that held the corn bread was of heavy silver, with intricate chasings about the rim.

Mr. Opp, with his head propped on his hand, ate wearily. He had been up since four o'clock that morning, and to-morrow he must be up at daybreak if he was to keep his engagements to supply the dealers with the greatest line of shoes ever put upon the market. Between now and then he must decide many things: Kippy must be planned for, the house gone over, and arrangements made for the future. Being behind the scenes, as it were, and having no spectator to impress, he allowed himself to sink into an attitude of extreme dejection. And Mr. Opp, shorn of the dignity of his heavily padded coat, and his imposing collar and tie, and with even his pompadour limp upon his forehead, failed entirely to give a good imitation of himself.

As he sat thus, with one hand hanging limply over the back of the chair, he felt something touch it softly, dumbly, as a dog might. Looking down, he discovered Miss Kippy sitting on the floor, close behind him, watching him with furtive eyes. In one arm she cradled the new doll, and in the other she held his coat.

Mr. Opp patted her cheek: "Whatever are you doing with my coat?" he asked.

Miss Kippy held it behind her, and nodded her head wisely: "Keeping it so you can't go away," she whispered. "I 'll hold it tight all night. To-morrow I 'll hide it."

"But I 'm a business man," said Mr. Opp, unconsciously straightening his shoulders. "A great deal of responsibility depends on me. I 've got to be off early in the morning; but I 'm coming back to see you real often—every now and then."

Miss Kippy's whole attitude changed.



She caught his hand and clung to it, and the terror came back to her eyes.

"You must n't go," she whispered, her body quivering with excitement. "It 'll get me if you do. Daddy kept It away, and you can keep It away; but Aunt Tish can't: she 's afraid of It, too! She goes to sleep, and then It reaches at me through the window. It comes down the chimney, there—where you see the brick 's loose. Don't leave me, D. Hush, don't you hear It?"

Her voice had risen to hysteria, and she clung to him, cold and shaken by the fear that possessed her.

Mr. Opp put a quieting arm about her. "Why, see here, Kippy," he said, "did n't you know It was afraid of me? Look how strong I am! I could kill It with my little finger."

"Could you?" asked Miss Kippy, fearfully.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Opp. "Don't you ever be scared of anything whatsoever when Brother D. 's round. I 'm going to take care of you from now on."

"This me is bad," announced Miss Kippy; "the other me is good. Her name is Oxety; she has one blue eye and one brown."

"Well, Oxety must go to bed now," said Mr. Opp; "it must be getting awful late."

But Miss Kippy shook her head. "You might go 'way," she said.

Finding that he could not persuade her, Mr. Opp resorted to strategy: "I 'll tell you what let 's me and you do. Let 's put your slippers on your hands."

This proposition met with instant approval. It appealed to Miss Kippy as a brilliant suggestion. She assisted in unbuttoning the single straps and watched with glee as they were fastened about her wrists.

"Now," said Mr. Opp, with assumed enthusiasm, "we 'll make the slippers walk you up-stairs, and after Aunt Tish undresses you, they shall walk you to bed. Won't that be fun?"

Miss Kippy's fancy was so tickled by this suggestion that she put it into practice at once, and went gaily forth up the steps on all fours. At the turn she stopped, and looked at him wistfully:

"You 'll come up before I go to sleep?" she begged; "Daddy did."

Half an hour later Aunt Tish came down the narrow stairway: "She done gone to baid now, laughin' an' happy ag'in," she said; "she never did have dem spells when her paw was round, an' sometimes dat chile jes as clear in her mind as you an' me is."

"What is it she 's afraid of?" asked Mr. Opp.

Aunt Tish leaned toward him across the table, and the light of the lamp fell full upon her black, bead-like eyes, and her sunken jaws, and on the great palpitating scar.

"De ghosties," she whispered; "dey been worriting dat chile ever chance dey git. I hear 'em! Dey wait till I take a nap of sleep, den dey comes sneakin' in to pester her. She says dey ain't but one, but I hears heaps ob 'em, some ob 'em so little dey kin climb onder de crack in de door."

"Look a-here, Aunt Tish," said Mr. Opp, sternly, "don't you ever talk a word of this foolishness to her again. Not one word, do you hear?"

"Yas, sir; dat 's what Mr. Moore allays said, an' I *don't* talk to her 'bout hit, I don't haf to. She done knows I know. I been livin' heah goin' on forty years, sence 'fore you was borned, an' you can't fool me, chile; no, sir, dat you can't."

"Well, you must go to bed now," said Mr. Opp, looking up at the clock and seeing that it was half-past something though he did not know what.

"I never goes to baid when I stays here," announced Aunt Tish; "I sets up in de kitchen an' sleeps. I 's skeered dat chile run away; she 'low she gwine to some day. Her paw ketched her oncet gittin' in a boat down on de river-bank. She ain't gwine, while I 's here, no sir-ee! I never leaves her in de daytime an' her paw never leaves her at night, dat is, when he 's livin'."

After she had gone, Mr. Opp ascended the stairway, and entered the room above. A candle sputtered on the table, and in its light he saw the wide, four-poster bed that had been his mother's, and in it the frail figure of little Miss Kippy. Her hair lay loose upon the pillow, and on her sleeping face, appealing in its helplessness, was a smile of perfect peace. The new doll lay on the table beside the candle, but clasped tightly in her arms was the coat of many checks.



For a moment Mr. Opp stood watching her, then he drew his shirt-sleeve quickly across his eyes. As he turned to descend, his new shoes creaked painfully and, after he had carefully removed them, he tiptoed down, passed through the sitting-room and out upon the porch, where he sank down on the step and dropped his head on his arms.

The night was very still, save for the croaking of a bullfrog, and the incessant scraping of a cedar-tree against the corner of the roof. From across the river, faint sparks of light shone out from cabin windows, and, below, a moving light now and then told of a passing scow. Once a steamboat slipped weirdly out of the darkness, sparkling with lights, and sending up faint sounds of music; but before the waves from the wheel had ceased to splash on the bank below, she was swallowed up in the darkness, leaving lonesomeness again.

Mr. Opp sat staring out into the night, outwardly calm, but inwardly engaged in a mortal duel. The aggressive Mr. Opp of the gorgeous raiment and the seal ring, the important man of business, the am-

bitious financier, was in deadly combat with the insignificant Mr. Opp, he of the shirt-sleeves and the wilted pompadour, the delicate, sensitive, futile Mr. Opp who was incapable of everything but the laying down of his life for the sake of another.

A dull line of light hovered on the horizon, and gradually the woods on the opposite shore took shape, then the big river itself, gray and shimmering, with streaks on the water where a snag broke the swift current.

"Mr. D.," he heard Aunt Tish calling up the back stairs, "you better git out of baïd; hit 's sun-up."

He rose stiffly and started back to the kitchen. As he passed through the front room, his eyes fell upon his new suit-case full of the treasured drummers' samples. Stooping down, he traced the large black letters with his finger and sighed deeply.

Then he got up resolutely and marched to the kitchen door.

"Aunt Tish," he said with authority, "you need n't mind about hurrying breakfast. I find there 's very important business will keep me here in the Cove for the present."

(To be continued)

## LAUS DEO

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

THESE miracles I know  
 To make my heart delight:—  
 Dawn with her rose aglow  
 Down-stepping from the night;  
 Dusk with her stars and shadow bars,  
 And moon, a lily white!

These mysteries unfold  
 My happiness to bring:—  
 Autumn with magic gold;  
 Summer with song and wing;  
 Winter with death; and then the breath  
 And blossom face of Spring!

Oh, joy it is to live,  
 To know, to hear, to see!  
 God has so much to give  
 And gives to gladden me:—  
 Music and mirth and love on Earth,  
 And Heaven yet to be!



# A CHRISTMAS AT MOUNT VERNON

BY GAILLARD HUNT

ON the morning of December 18, 1783, Martha Washington sat in her cheerful bedroom, or "The Chamber," as every one at Mount Vernon called it. She had breakfasted at seven o'clock, and for an hour afterward sat alone, occupied with her religious devotions; then she unlocked her door, and there came in a seamstress, who seated herself with some sewing, followed by a negro woman with a lot of cotton cloth to cut out for clothes for the negroes, and a little colored girl who was there to receive a lesson in sewing from her mistress. Mrs. Washington's relatives who were staying in the house came in and talked with her; servants were coming and going all the time, for she was the head of a household in which there were nearly a score of them. Eleanor Parke Custis, her daughter-in-law, sat with her, and the latter's two children, Eleanor Parke, who was four years old, and George Washington Parke, who was a little tot of two, played about the room. Mrs. Washington regarded these children as her own, and the General had adopted them. She regarded their mother, who was the widow of her son, as a daughter, and this daughter was "a most tempting widow, independent of the jointure land," as one of her friends said. She was not yet twenty-five years old, having married Jack Custis when she was only fifteen, and during Mrs. Washington's absence with the army at Newburgh that autumn she fell in love with Dr. David Stuart of Maryland, and was soon to marry him. Mrs. Washington had given her consent, and the General never opposed a marriage on principle; being convinced, as he said when this marriage was first suggested to him, that after a woman obtains her own consent, she will be indifferent to that of others. The approaching marriage was

the most important topic then discussed at Mount Vernon save one, which on this day absorbed the attention of everybody. The General was coming home—coming home to stay, and Mrs. Washington was to drive over to Annapolis to meet him and bring him back in time for Christmas.

Martha Washington was then fifty-one years old, and called herself an old woman; and so she was in experience of life, if not in years, for she formally entered society at Williamsburg when she was fifteen years old, was married to Colonel Daniel Parke Custis when she was seventeen, and was a widow when she was twenty-five. During the seven years of her married life she had four children, two of whom died in infancy, and the other two when they had just reached manhood and womanhood. Less than a year after Colonel Custis's death she had met Colonel George Washington, who was only three months her senior, and a year later they were married. She was richer than he, but he was a man of wealth in his own right; they belonged to the same aristocratic circle in Virginia, and both believed it to be unbecoming a Virginian of that class to marry out of it. Life was fair to her when she moved to Mount Vernon, and the tragedies through which she had lived when she was hardly more than a girl had mellowed and formed her character. She had always been a handsome woman, and now she was still handsomer, for age had made her face calm and benignant, with some of the same quiet dignity which characterized her husband's countenance. She was short and plump, with a double chin, gray hair made white by powder, regular features, hazel eyes, and a smooth, light complexion. She was dressed this morning very plainly, but with scrupulous



neatness, and wore an apron, while from her belt there hung a goodly bunch of keys.

On this December day the whole house was alive with servants making preparations for the home-coming of the General. He had left there nearly nine years before, and during the intervening years had had only two hurried glimpses of the place. Late one September night in 1781 he had arrived, accompanied by several officers, and hurried away the next day, being engaged in the campaign in the South; and after the surrender of Cornwallis he had come again, with a great retinue of officers, and remained for a few days until he went North for the closing years of his command.

During all this eventful time Mrs. Washington's home had been at Mount Vernon, not solitary, however, for some of her relatives were always with her, but unhappy because of her separation from her "old man," as she familiarly called her husband. She was with him in camp on several occasions, but never for more than a few months at a time.

I am afraid the modern woman of advanced ideas cannot approve of her. She went North to join the troops when they were in a safe place for the winter and when her husband told her to come; she went South again when the campaign opened in the spring. She heard many cannon-shots in the distance, but she had no ambition to share her husband's dangers, if he did not wish it. She was a loyal patriot, and hated the British. She held, in fact, the same views as her husband, and held them because he held them. She thought he was the greatest man in the world,—as, indeed, he was,—and that the life of the wife of a Virginia planter was the best life a woman could lead. She lost no sleep in studying the problems which were vexing philosophers and statesmen, but went comfortably to bed at night, thinking of the last invoice of clothes arrived from England, or what she would have for dinner on the following day. Her character was high, her intelligence sound, and her temper masterful. Nobody at Mount Vernon disputed her sway, nobody laughed at her, and everybody held her judgment in respect; yet she never made a bright or witty remark, and hardly ever read a book, except

her Bible and a few books of religious devotion. She knew all about the management of a large household, could play upon the spinnet or harpsichord, and could work in worsteds in all sorts of stitches, but of book education she had very little. How could she have much, when she was counted a woman at the age of fifteen, and had charge of a household and husband at seventeen? She was fully as well educated as other ladies of her day, and although in writing she sent her love to "all enquiring friends" and hoped "billy's recovery would be a lasting wone," she was none the less a lady and an ornament to society.

As she went to sleep on the night of December 18, 1783, she was thinking of the journey to Annapolis which was to begin the next day, of the clothes she was to wear, of the people she was to meet, of the ceremonies she was to see, and of the adored man she was to join once more, and from whom there were henceforth to be no long separations.

When she climbed into the big coach early on the following morning, with the four fine bay horses to draw it, and the black coachman and footman on the box in the Washington livery of white trimmed with scarlet, she became "Lady" Washington. The title had been spontaneously bestowed upon her by the people of Philadelphia when she visited that town on her way to headquarters after her husband had been made Commander-in-Chief, and it adhered to her ever afterward. It was unsuited to the new order of things, but it must be remembered that Americans had then had no experience in social life except as subjects of a monarch; so when they wished to honor the wife of their first citizen, the way that naturally occurred to them was to give her a title of nobility. Therefore, in spite of the incongruousness of the title, they called her Lady Washington and treated her as if she were a duchess.

While she made a sort of royal progress from the South, the General was coming down from New York after it had been evacuated by the British, greeted on the way with manifestations of loyalty and devotion greater than the best-loved monarchs commonly receive. On December 4, he bade his officers farewell in the famous scene at Fraunce's Tavern, and he was



now coming to Annapolis to resign his military command and become once more a Virginia planter. He and Mrs. Washington met at Annapolis on December 21, and the formal resignation took place the following day. Mrs. Washington was present in the gallery at the back of Congress Hall, surrounded by a group of ladies, and there were not more than twenty members of Congress present. The ceremonies had been carefully arranged by a committee of Congress.

At noon the Congress assembled and sat covered, awaiting Washington's coming. Presently the messenger announced his approach, when the secretary of Congress, Charles Thomson, left his station beside the president's chair and met Washington at the door of the hall, and announced him to the Congress. He was attended by his aides, and all were in full uniform. The secretary then conducted him to a chair, and he sat down, an aide standing at each side of his chair. Silence was then commanded by the secretary, when the president of Congress, General Thomas Mifflin, rose and informed General Washington that the Congress was prepared to hear any communication he had to make. He rose, bowed to the president and members, and they acknowledged his salutations by removing their hats without bowing. He then delivered a brief address, resigning his command, and handed his commission to the secretary. He remained standing while the president made a complimentary reply, a copy of which was at once handed him by the secretary. He then bowed again to the Congress, the members again uncovered, and he withdrew.

The night before there had been a ball in his honor, and there he had distinguished himself by dancing no fewer than sixty times. The dances were not elaborate, and he walked through them, but he honored every lady in the company by leading her out. At the ball given two years before in Fredericksburg to celebrate the surrender at Yorktown he had danced through an entire minuet with Mrs. Willis and afterward had stood up for the contre-dance, executing all the steps, and that was the last time he ever danced the steps; but the soberer kind of dancing he kept up till as late as 1795.

On the afternoon of the day on which

he resigned his command he and Mrs. Washington started for home, accompanied by his aides, Colonels David Humphreys, William Stephens Smith, and Walker, and his black body-servant, Billy Lee. They passed the night at an inn at Queen Anne, and at dawn the next day set out for Georgetown, where they crossed the Potomac and drove on seven miles farther to Alexandria, arriving in time for an early dinner. Many admirers had greeted them along the route, and at Alexandria they met friends whom they had known all their lives. They left them as soon as they could and drove on to Mount Vernon, arriving just before dark. The weather was as mild and balmy as the Indian summer, and their greeting warmed their hearts. Billy had ridden ahead to tell the people they were coming, and soon after they got in the Mount Vernon woods they came to the cottage where Thomas Bishop and his daughter lived. Bishop was an old mulatto who had been valet and orderly to General Braddock; and when Braddock lay dying of his wounds after the battle of Fort Duquesne he had bequeathed Bishop and his favorite horse to Washington. Bishop was old and infirm, having been a pensioner at Mount Vernon for some years. He had been too old to take the field during the Revolution, and as his military experience had been with British regulars, he never fully overcame the contempt for provincial troops which his English master had taught him. He carefully preserved his British uniform to wear on occasions of ceremony, and he had it on now to welcome his American master; so that almost the first sight which greeted the eyes of the victorious commander of the army of the new republic when he came home was the uniform of the old king. After an exchange of lordly courtesies with Bishop, the coach rolled on to the mansion-house, and there, in the road and around the steps, was a mob of negroes shouting for joy, the more privileged ones pressing forward to shake hands, all laughing and making a noise, while standing in the doorway were several guests whom Mrs. Washington had invited to spend Christmas with them.

The General was now the most famous man in all the world, and Martha must





A CHRISTMAS DINNER AT MOUNT VERNON  
FROM A PAINTING FOR THE CENTURY BY OLIVER KEMP







bear the burdens which fall upon a famous man's wife; but both of them had entirely miscalculated their future. Being retired to private life, they hoped and expected that they could return to the simple mode of living which they had enjoyed before the Revolution. He was to be, as he now called himself, "farmer Washington," engaged in the congenial task of improving and managing his vast landed estate; she was to settle into the regular routine of her household duties. Surrounded by their relatives and friends of long standing, they were to grow old quietly, unmolested by the attentions and distractions of the outside world. Hardly were they returned with these hopes, when it was made evident that they were mere Castles in Spain, for seldom did a day pass without the arrival of visitors of distinction, strangers to the General and his wife, who came to pay their respects to the great man. Of course these strangers were entertained hospitably, were always invited to dinner, and often were guests for several days. Washington told his mother that his house had become no better than "a well resorted tavern," and a day when the family dined alone was so unusual that it was put down as an occasion to be remembered.

As he stepped from his coach on this beautiful Christmas Eve, the people who crowded about him saw that he still wore the uniform of the general of the army; but when he went to bed that night he took it off for the last time, and carefully laid it away, putting with it the sword with the green hilt and leathern scabbard which he had carried during nearly the whole war. Nor did he ever wear the uniform or carry the sword again, and when he appeared at breakfast on Christmas morning he wore the plain costume of a country gentleman.

But while the thunder of the guns and the shouting of the captains never again sounded in his ears, he heard on this night of his return a fusillade of firearms which must have caused him to wonder whether peace and home were not, after all, an unreal fancy, the reality being the camp and war. This firing was, however, only a way the negroes had chosen of manifesting their joy at their master's return, and they kept up an irregular fire of musketry from dark until nine o'clock.

When that hour arrived, the noise ceased, for they knew that then their methodical master and mistress nearly always went to bed; and when George Washington got upon the soft feathers and looked up at the four posts of his bed hung with snowy curtains, felt the cool linen sheets about him, and breathed in the sweet perfume of his own fresh room, there was not in the land a happier man than he on this Christmas Eve; for he loved Mount Vernon and the occupations of a Virginia planter better than all the pomp and power the world could bestow.

The next morning, according to his regular routine from which he seldom departed, he was up at four o'clock, dressed and shaved himself without assistance, his clothes having been arranged for him by Billy the night before, and occupied himself with his correspondence until daylight; then he went forth to the stables as the objects of his greatest interest. They were not what they had been before the war nor what they became later, but they were fairly well stocked. There was Magnolia, his splendid blooded stallion; Nelson, the chestnut war-horse with the white face and white feet upon which he had ridden when he received the British surrender at Yorktown, now an old horse and retired from active service; and Blue-skin, a dark gray, another war-horse, still in active life, and destined to hunt many gray foxes. But hunting for the present was out of the question, for the kennels had suffered sadly during the nine years of the master's absence, many of the hounds being dead and others too old for use.

At seven o'clock he came back to the house for breakfast, and while the rest of the family had the usual substantial Virginia meal, he had only his habitual Indian cakes, as he called them, the cornbread of the present day, honey, and tea. Hardly was breakfast over before the negroes began to arrive to wish the master and mistress a Merry Christmas, and to receive each one a few shillings as a Christmas present. Bishop and his pretty young daughter came just at sunrise, the house servants followed, then those employed in the stables and gardens, then those from the farm—in all about 150 negro slaves, his own and his wife's property. They entertained a loyal affec-



tion for him, for he was a generous and humane master, and they were proud to belong to the greatest man in Virginia.

The balmy weather of the day before had given place to sharp winds, and it threatened snow, but soon many neighbors and friends began to come to welcome the General home. From across the river came George Mason of Gunston Hall, author of the Virginia Declaration of Rights, an old man and gouty, but esteemed by Washington as one of the strongest intellects in Virginia, and he was the most honored visitor of the day.

At a quarter before three o'clock precisely, a bell rang, this being the first bell for dinner, and at three o'clock the dinner was served. The ladies had arrayed themselves in their finest clothes. Mrs. Washington always dressed well, and she insisted that other ladies at Mount Vernon should do so, too, to show proper respect for General Washington.

And now a merry assemblage flocked into the dining-room for the Christmas dinner. As it was a family dinner, the General followed the custom which was most agreeable to him, and sat next to Mrs. Washington at the foot of the table, while Colonel Humphreys sat at the head and carved, although Mrs. Washington did some of the carving from her end, and Colonel Smith from his seat at the side. As he stood beside his chair before dinner began, George Washington presented a noble figure. He was about six feet two inches tall and as straight as an Indian brave, for his fifty-one years had not made him in any respect an old man. His whole frame was large, and there was no superfluous flesh on his bones. Although he weighed about 210 pounds, he appeared to be lighter, because of the perfect symmetry of his figure. His head was of average size, the eyes far apart, sunken deep in sockets unusually large, and shaded by bushy eyebrows. The forehead was high and sloping, and the hair, which had been dark brown, was gray, powdered, and combed straight back. The cheek-bones were high, the jaws lean, and the underjaw was projecting. The mouth was large and compressed. Already he had lost several of his teeth, but as yet his mouth had not assumed the abnormally flat appearance which afterward disfigured it, and which so seriously

marred Gilbert Stuart's best portrait of him; and posterity, in fact, is without any satisfactory portrait of him whatever. The nose was large and broad, the bridge being notably high. The complexion was very fair, and, if his habits had been sedentary, would have been pale, but ordinarily it was colored by exposure to the sun. It still showed a few marks of the smallpox which he had had when a youth in the Barbadoes. The eyes were gray or blue, not luminous or sparkling, but grave and calm, and to-day they were beaming with pleasure. His chest was broad and flat, his arms were long, his hands lean and bony and of great size—Light-Horse Harry Lee once said the largest hands he ever saw on a man. The legs were straight, and the muscles stood out; the feet were long and flat. There was not the least touch of self-consciousness or personal vanity about him, yet he had always been a remarkably handsome man; and there can hardly be a doubt that the exalted estimation in which his contemporaries held him was partly due to his splendid personal presence. It was easy to believe that a man who looked as he did was greater than other men.

In the company of strangers or those whom he did not know intimately he was diffident, speaking but little and with gravity; but when he was with his family and intimate friends, as he was to-day, he was talkative and cheerful, at times even eloquent, and he made a few jokes, though he usually preferred to laugh at the jokes of others. He was a simple-natured man, and his sense of humor was aroused by robust jokes and buffoonery. Old Benjamin Harrison, who was soon to pay him a visit, being then Governor of Virginia, a tough patriot and politician, whose humor was irrepressible, even if it was coarse, and James Madison, who was famous for his stories, which set people into roars of laughter, were among his favorites, and he delighted in their society, and he always laughed heartily at Colonel Scammell, who was one of the funniest men in the army.

What did they eat at this famous Christmas dinner? A less important Mount Vernon dinner has been handed down to us—a small roast pig, a boiled leg of lamb, roasted fowls, beef, peas, lettuce, cucumbers, puddings, and tarts,



and this furnishes a substantial foundation upon which to build the more elaborate edifice of a Christmas dinner. There was fish, for the General was extremely fond of it, and held that the rockfish and perch caught in the Potomac were superior to any other fish; and for this dinner, "Father Jack," a negro who had been brought direct from Africa and who was the fisherman for the family, had supplied a fine rockfish, besides smaller fry. There was a turkey, of course, that noble bird being as much a part of a Christmas dinner in those days as it is in these; and there is an authentic account of the difficulties encountered and surmounted in securing one for a Christmas dinner at headquarters during the war. There were canvasback ducks, which any one might shoot in the lagoons near the house; and venison, which might be got in the woods of the estate; and besides the ordinary dessert, there were Christmas pies and a plum-pudding. At a certain stage in the dinner Washington drank the health of every person at table separately, and each person drank each other person's health; so that for a time could be heard on all sides: "Your health, Sir," "Your good health, Madam," "Thank you, Sir," "You are very good, Sir," "With great pleasure, Sir." Then the General gave the toast which he always proposed: "To all our friends."

When the cloth was removed and the ladies had withdrawn, he put the bottle about, and was not at all averse to entering into the masculine gaiety of his guests. Humphreys was a poet and a man of colloquial talent, and Colonel Smith was a

merry fellow who loved the world, and they were not afraid on a special occasion to allow their mirth to go unbridled even before their chief. It is true he drank only four or five glasses of madeira, which was considered as nothing in those days, but he ate a great many hickory nuts, of which he was very fond.

As for Mrs. Washington, when she and the other ladies left the dinner-table, they went to the drawing-room, and drew up their chairs about the fire, and talked about the belles and beaux of the neighborhood, about babies and household affairs, and about other people. It was almost dark when dinner was over, and soon candles were brought. Then the General joined them, leaving the other gentlemen still discussing their wine. It was a rare occasion; perhaps Mrs. Washington played a few of her old tunes upon the harpsichord. If she did not, some other lady did, for the General liked music. One of the young ladies sang, and the music attracted the young men in the dining-room, who soon came trooping in, all talking at once and all in good Christmas humor. There were games to play, and there was romping, as became the season, and perhaps Colonel Smith contrived to suspend a piece of mistletoe from the ceiling when Miss Lewis passed across the room. Even the General himself may have taken advantage of the privileges the mistletoe has always conveyed. The revels were kept up till long past his usual bedtime, and when all the lights had been put out and the day was over, it closed upon the happiest Christmas Mount Vernon had ever known.





# MY EXPERIENCE WITH, AND VIEWS UPON, THE TARIFF

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

IN 1870, the writer was not of sufficient importance as an iron and steel manufacturer to be called into counsel with his older friends in the business, the directors of the Iron and Steel Association, then led by Mr. Swank, who still keeps watch and ward as secretary. He attended to tariff legislation as of vital importance to the iron and steel industry, then in its infancy.

Our Edgar Thomson Steel Rail Works were not started until after the tariff of that year was passed. The duty on rails was then fixed at \$28 per ton, the cost of foreign rails being about \$100; so that the duty was, say, twenty-eight per cent. ad valorem, which was not then excessive.

Upon repeated visits to England, I anxiously watched the progress of the Bessemer process, and saw it emerge from the experimental stage to undoubted success. Several pioneers in America began too soon.

Ward at Detroit was the first, followed by Griswold of Troy; then came the Pennsylvania Steel, the Freedom, followed by the Cleveland, Chicago, the Cambria, the Joliet, and the Bethlehem works, the latter under the Nestor of steel superintendents, John Fritz, still with us, and known to all as "Uncle John."

All of these had their manufacturing troubles, as pioneers usually have who attempt the task of introducing new processes in countries with conditions necessarily differing from those under which success has been attained. Not one of these concerns escaped financial embarrassment. Several were reorganized, and two were sold by the sheriff.

The bold men who ventured upon the manufacture of steel, often denounced as "robbers under the tariff," are entitled to great credit for having served their coun-

try well. Few of them lived to receive proper return for their enterprise.

When I saw with my own eyes the Bessemer process fairly launched, and became acquainted with Bessemer himself and the leading steel manufacturers of Britain, in 1875, I was ready to take the plunge into steel. But none of my partners in the business was then willing to take the risk. But soon after our success, they agreed to amalgamate the two branches. Even when we ventured into steel manufacture it required some faith in our star. It was not a task for timid men.

The Edgar Thomson Works beat the record in one particular: it certainly was the first Bessemer steel concern to make a profit during the first month's run. We figured \$11,000 to the good in the starting month—a bright omen for the future. We owed this to one of the most original characters the steel industry has revealed, Captain Bill Jones. He refused partnership, which entailed financial responsibility, but would have made him a millionaire, declaring that he was no business man and had troubles enough managing the works. "Just give me a thundering salary," was his decision.

Our competitors in steel rail manufacture regarded our temerity with something bordering on contempt, knowing the long and serious trials through which they had passed before their works produced marketable product. They decided to ignore us.

Steel rails were made only in small amounts and by a few mills. All had enough to do; there was no competition. Railroads, the only customers, amicably agreed with makers upon fixed prices, as they do still. Boycotted by the estab-



lished makers, there was nothing for us but quietly to find distant customers in various parts of the country who were willing to try our rails at certain, or rather very "uncertain," prices. We sold what was then considered by our competitors an enormous quantity. My recollection is that the Cambria Works boasted of four thousand tons in one month; to-day fifty thousand, all from one set of rolls, is not unusual.

When our appearance as a seller came to the notice of the regular makers, we were invited to a conference and thereafter graciously recognized. They were grievously shocked when they found that we had already booked for that year more tonnage than all of them combined. In all important conferences the Edgar Thomson Works thereafter had a representative, and in this way I became acquainted with the tariff question.

My views upon this important subject, which I still hold as firmly as ever and have never changed, had been formed by Adam Smith, who was not the bigoted "free trader" he is generally supposed to have been, and by John Stuart Mill's celebrated paragraph, which sums up the matter.<sup>1</sup> Mention of that recalls an incident. When dining in Birmingham with a few friends in the early seventies, John Bright being one, he asked me if I would explain to the company how any educated man in America could favor a tariff. This was rather embarrassing for a young and, I may truly add, then a most modest man; but I did my best, winding up with Mill's paragraph, which is to the effect that it is best to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, but until the resources of a new, undeveloped country be tested, it cannot be known which will be the cheapest producer, and a protective duty for a

time to encourage capital and skill to test this was permissible. Bright immediately said that the harm done by Mill by that paragraph was greater than all the good done by what he had ever written.

The prices for steel rails charged Americans by foreign manufacturers before rails were produced at home were \$166 per ton in 1867; \$158 in 1868; \$132 in 1869. For two years they fell to \$107 and \$102, but in 1873 and 1874 they rose again to \$112 and \$120.

When Mr. Blaine was with us in London in 1888, he attended a dinner, at which Mr. Chamberlain was present, and the tariff question naturally came up. Mr. Chamberlain remarked that "Carnegie was a good fellow, and we all liked him, but still he did n't see why the United States should present him with \$28 per ton protection upon his steel rails." This brought laughter and applause. When quiet was restored, Mr. Blaine replied: "We don't look at it in quite that way. I am interested in railroads, and before we put on that tariff we had to pay you \$100 per ton for steel rails. Just before we sailed our board bought a large amount from Carnegie, and he charged us only \$30. I guess if we had not put on that tariff, you would still be charging us \$100."

After the laughter subsided, Sir Charles Tennant, President of the Scotland Steel Company, exclaimed: "Yes, \$100 per ton; we all held to that price, and could have got it to-day if Carnegie and others had n't interfered."

Mr. Blaine said, "Mr. Chamberlain, I don't think you have made much by this frank confession."

"No," replied Mr. Chamberlain; "how could I, with Sir Charles sitting there giving me away?"

<sup>1</sup> In "Principles of Political Economy" (Vol. II page 487-8), John Stuart Mill says: "The only case in which, on mere principles of political economy, protecting duties can be defensible, is when they are imposed temporarily (especially in a young and rising nation) in hopes of naturalizing a foreign industry, in itself perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the country. The superiority of one country over another in a branch of production, often arises only from having begun it sooner. There may be no inherent advantage on one part, or disadvantage on the other, but only a present superiority of acquired skill and experience. A country which has this skill and experience yet to acquire, may in other respects be better adapted to the production than those which were earlier in the field: and, besides, it is a just remark, that nothing has a greater tendency to promote improvements in

any branch of production, than its trial under a new set of conditions. But it cannot be expected that individuals should, at their own risk, or rather to their certain loss, introduce a new manufacture, and bear the burden of carrying it on, until the producers have been educated up to the level of those with whom the processes are traditional. A protecting duty, continued for a reasonable time, will sometimes be the least inconvenient mode in which the nation can tax itself for the support of such an experiment. But the protection should be confined to cases in which there is good ground of assurance that the industry which it fosters will after a time be able to dispense with it; nor should the domestic producers ever be allowed to expect that it will be continued to them, beyond the time strictly necessary for a fair trial of what they are capable of accomplishing."



Our tariff policy previous to the war was the foot-ball of parties and far too uncertain to induce prudent men to invest capital in new enterprises, especially in those requiring so much experimental work as new branches of manufacturing. The Civil War put an end to all this. Our experience in that contest convinced not only the members of the Republican party, but also, fortunately for our country, a large number of potent Democrats, that we could no longer depend upon Europe for our supplies of iron and steel.

When the war broke out, the demand for these indispensable articles was imperious. We had instantly to get large supplies of both. The Baldwin Locomotive Works and others promptly sent agents abroad to buy up all that could be had, and through this wise policy disaster was averted. The escape of the *Alabama* and other privateers brought home to reasonable men the fact that we must have a home supply of all material needed for our national safety. Hence the leading steel and iron people were called to Washington, a satisfactory protective policy promptly agreed upon, and the "Schenck" tariff passed. The same Congress (in July, 1870) also repealed the income tax.

This action committed the Republican party to the policy of protection, and the tariff remained in force undisturbed for thirteen years, but an almost equally important point gained was that many leading Democrats also favored it. Thus the protective tariff now became for the first time a national policy, and this gave capitalists the assurance of continuity.

The steel-rail industry, thus assured of a period of protection, developed rapidly. In 1882, twelve years after the tariff began, it reached an output of 1,187,770 tons. Repeated attempts to repeal or reduce duties were made, notably in 1876, 1878, and 1883, the Democrats having control of the House in these years. That the protective policy was no longer a party question was conclusively proved, since all of these attempts were defeated by the aid of Democratic votes, one being that of Mr. Randall, Democratic Speaker of the House.

In the effort of 1883, to defeat a proposal that the duty upon steel rails be re-

duced at one step from \$28 to \$10 per ton, I visited Washington, not to oppose a reduction of the duty, but to urge that it should be made more gradually. The Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, then in Congress and a power in the Democratic party, as well as an iron and steel manufacturer, counseled moderation, and there was little opposition to the smaller yet important reduction which we proposed, namely: from \$28 to \$17 per ton, equal to thirty-nine per cent. reduction. In 1884, the Democrats attempted to pass another reduction bill, but were defeated by their own members, no fewer than forty Democrats in the House voting against the measure.

The protective policy had full swing until 1890, when the McKinley Bill was passed. People generally think of this bill as highly protective; on the contrary, it reduced the duty on steel rails, beams, and all structural shapes, nails, forgings, etc., from twenty to thirty per cent., which I strongly advocated; but for the first time it also gave adequate protection to the tinplate industry, which previously had no existence in America, one experiment having failed through pressure of foreign competition. Now it is firmly established. Another feature of the McKinley Bill was novel. It provided that ninety-nine per cent. of the duty should be refunded upon foreign iron and steel used in manufacturing articles for export. This gave American manufacturers all the benefits of free trade in their contests with foreign manufacturers through the world, and should be a feature in all future tariffs. All things considered, the McKinley Bill was the wisest tariff reform measure ever framed.

All this proves that President McKinley belonged to our school of protectionists, strong when protection is needed, but equally strong in abolishing unnecessary duties. If alive to-day, I am certain he would approve the policy recommended in these pages. We labored long together to develop and guard our own resources, and now the time has come when most of these can and should stand upon their own feet and conquer.

Upon Mr. Cleveland's second election, in 1892, Democratic rule came in again, followed by distrust regarding the tariff. In 1894 the Wilson Bill was introduced. As expected, it proved to be of the most



drastic character, and alarmed conservative reformers like myself. It became necessary to modify the measure in many respects if several of the manufacturing interests of the country were not to be sacrificed. I visited Washington, and did what I could to obtain a measure which, while lowering duties generally and decidedly, would nevertheless enable manufacturers in all classes to continue work.

To two Democrats belong the chief credit of defeating the revolutionary features of the Wilson Bill—Senator Gorman, Democratic leader of the Senate, and Governor Flower of New York, an influential leader in the House. With these two gentlemen, my relations had long been intimate. Few men have enjoyed for as many years as Senator Gorman did the confidence of his party as its leader, and of the Senate as a whole. Wise, moderate, honest, he led his party with consummate address. When we met in Washington upon this serious business, I found him quite satisfied that the proposed bill would injure some of our industries. After several conferences he finally said to me, "I can afford to oppose this bill and beat the President, but I cannot afford to oppose and be beaten by him. Now, if the Republican party will stand firm for a measure that carries great reductions of duties,—remember, great reductions we must have, especially upon iron and steel,—I can carry a reasonable bill. Our people have little confidence in the representatives of manufacturing interests. All of these clamor against any measure that touches their pockets; but if you will make out a schedule of reductions in duties which you assure us can be made without injury to American industries,—for I don't want to injure one of these any more than you do,—I can carry enough of our people with me who are good Americans and feel as I do." He kindly added that in testifying before committees I had gained their confidence, and as I had always been reasonable and had agreed to reductions in the past, his people would accept my list. "But, remember," he said, "there must be heavy reductions."

Then I met Governor Flower, and he was emphatic. "I am as sound a protectionist as you are," he said, "and would not vote for a reduction of duty that would injure one American industry; and

I believe this Wilson Bill would do so."

These men represented a sufficient number of Democratic members who, combined with Republicans, ensured the adoption of a less revolutionary measure. I made and submitted a list reducing the duties about one third upon articles of iron and steel. This was accepted as thorough but judicious, and became a law. Meeting Senator Gorman afterward, he laughingly explained: "I carried every one of your figures but one. I had to submit to free cotton ties to secure two Senators whom I did not wish to lose."

In this struggle, that wise, practical Senator, the Hon. Stephen B. Elkins, was a power, supported as he was by his father-in-law, Senator Davis, a leading Democrat. Both Senator Elkins and I were lectured severely by the extreme protectionists, as also by the editor of one of the greatest of protection organs, for yielding and agreeing to reduce duties so much; but we survived. Our party, however, did not enthusiastically approve some of the large reductions made. At all events, the election of President McKinley in 1896 resulted in a special session, called two days after his inauguration (March 4, 1897), which resulted in our present Dingley Tariff, restoring part of the reductions. After eleven years this is now to be superseded by another.

Much water has run under the bridges since then. Many changes have occurred, and hence many changes can be judiciously made in the tariff. There is no doubt about this; but, on the other hand, I have been led to the conclusion that conditions have changed so greatly in the interval that the tariff should now be viewed from a new standpoint.

The writer assumes that a decided majority of our voters are agreed—

First: That it is advisable for new countries to encourage capital by protective duties, when seen to be necessary to develop new industries.

Second: That after full and exhaustive trials, if success be not finally attained, such protection should cease, except as noted hereunder.

Third: That should the experiment succeed, protection becomes unnecessary, and should steadily but gradually be abolished, provided that the home supply of



any article absolutely necessary for the national safety shall not thereby be endangered.

So much for the doctrine of protection. That there is a cult who regard that doctrine as sacrosanct and everlasting, none knows better than the writer; but its members are few and not likely to increase, since our country has admittedly developed and gained, and is to continue gaining, manufacturing supremacy in one department after another until it reaches a position where free trade in manufactures would be desirable for it, all the markets of the world open to her, and hers to the world. Our difficulty will then be to get other nations to agree to free trade.

There will remain importations of foreign luxuries, which should be still heavily taxed for revenue, not protection; the aim being to levy the tax that would produce the greatest revenue from luxuries. This would not seriously affect the producer since the buyer pays all duties, and demand would not be greatly affected by the higher price since only the rich use them.

We have already become by far the greatest of all manufacturing nations. Our "infant industries" of the past have reached maturity, and, speaking generally, are now quite able to protect themselves. The puling infant in the nurse's arms that Congress in 1871 nursed so tenderly will appear next year before its guardian as the stalwart champion who has conquered competitors in many fields, thus proving himself worthy of the protection bestowed upon him in his youth, and fully vindicating the protective policy pursued.

While the tariff as a whole even to-day has ceased to be primarily beneficial as a measure of protection, it has become of vast importance from the standpoint of revenue, and it is to this feature I bespeak the special attention of readers of all parties, for duties upon imports, not for protection, but for needed revenue, should not become a party question. Reasonable men of all parties may be expected to approve this plan of obtaining revenue.

That the huge industrial combinations of our time tend to enlarge the unfair inequalities which existed even before their day in the distribution of wealth will not be questioned; that it is desirable the con-

trast between the new cult of multimillionaires and the laborers should be lessened by every available means will also be generally accepted. The tariff is to-day a potent engine for this purpose, and it can be made even more so.

The following should be carefully considered by intelligent men of all parties. The amount of revenue from our imports in 1906 was \$292,000,000; the last fiscal year (1907) it increased fourteen per cent. to \$332,000,000, exactly one half of the total national revenue, \$663,000,000.

Among the duties collected in 1906 (the details for 1907 have not yet been published) were the following:

1906	
Duties collected upon	Amounts
Cotton manufactures, . . .	\$33,349,000
Leather manufactures, . . .	5,073,000
Silk manufactures, . . .	17,351,000
Wood manufactures, . . .	4,143,000
Wool manufactures, . . .	6,700,000
Stone and china ware, . . .	7,542,000
Fibres, . . .	18,900,000
Fruits and nuts, . . .	6,550,000
Glass, . . .	3,837,000
Furs, . . .	1,780,000
Jewelry, . . .	3,523,000
Malt liquors, . . .	1,507,000
Spirits distilled, . . .	6,555,000
Oils, . . .	1,622,000
Wines, . . .	5,464,000
Toys, dolls, etc., . . .	2,065,000
Tobacco, . . .	23,927,000
Raw wool, camel and goat hair, alpaca, etc., . . .	39,068,000
	<hr/> \$188,956,000

adding fourteen per cent. increase for 1907, a total of, say, \$216,000,000.

Here we have \$216,000,000 out of a total of \$332,000,000 collected upon luxuries of the rich, who alone use foreign articles to any extent.

This general statement may and probably will be disputed by agents of foreign manufacturers, claiming that the poor do use several of the articles named to some extent. Some of the wool imported, for instance, may go into inferior cloth used by the poor; so with other articles. But notwithstanding all that can justly be urged of this nature, the indisputable fact will remain that with trifling, if any, ex-



ceptions, these imported articles are used almost exclusively by the rich or well-to-do.

Two articles of domestic production yielded all except two million dollars of the internal taxes, which were, in 1907, \$269,000,000:

Liquors (wines, whisky, and beer), . . . . .	\$215,000,000
Tobacco, . . . . .	52,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$267,000,000

The workman who neither drinks nor smokes is thus virtually free from national taxation either through tariff or internal revenue, except upon sugar, which is the only important imported taxed article of general consumption by rich and poor alike. In 1906, this tax yielded \$52,500,000. It is protective, with a view to securing a home supply from the beet-root, and the Secretary of Agriculture recently informed the writer that he hopes to succeed. Last year we manufactured five hundred thousand tons, one fifth of our consumption, and the growth of beets is increasing yearly. A few years should determine the success or failure of this experiment.

The difference between the United States on the one hand and France and Germany on the other is that the former supplies its own food products and taxes chiefly imported luxuries used by the rich (sugar excepted), while the latter must import food products which are consumed by both rich and poor; hence, in France and Germany tariff duties imposed upon food to protect their own agriculturists reach the masses and must be paid by them. For instance, in 1905, Germany imported articles for consumption valued at no less than \$512,000,000. In 1905, France imported food products valued at \$156,000,000.

In 1905 customs duties yielded, . . . . .	\$89,000,000
Internal taxes, sugar, . . . . .	28,000,000
“ “ tobacco monopoly, . . . . .	90,000,000
“ “ matches, . . . . .	10,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$217,000,000

All classes consumed these articles; hence, the duties upon them tax the poor.

Britain does not levy duties upon imported grain products, but taxes other articles as follows:

In 1906, Tobacco, . . . . .	\$65,000,000
Tea, . . . . .	34,000,000
Sugar, . . . . .	31,000,000
Coffee, cocoa, etc., . . . . .	3,500,000
Excise (internal) taxes upon whisky and beer, . . . . .	147,000,000
	<hr/>
Total, . . . . .	\$280,500,000

These articles are consumed by rich and poor; but what we have said in regard to our tariff applies in great part to the British—those who neither smoke nor drink pay little taxation. The tax upon sugar has been reduced one half this year, and Britain does well to tax liquor heavily, for intemperance is her greatest evil; it would be better if the excise taxes were increased, the tobacco tax is already very high. So also with America, if higher taxes can be collected without leading to illicit distillation. It is believed that we can now safely increase the tax upon domestic liquors and tobacco. By all means let the experiment be made, for these are articles hurtful to the people.

Thus does the American tariff, in happy contrast to others, almost exempt the poor and heavily tax the rich, just as it should; for it is they who have the ability to pay as required by the highest economic authority.

We have shown a revenue of \$216,000,000 collected yearly upon the luxuries of the rich, without being seriously felt.

The excited free trader is often found declaiming against these heavy duties, and others of the same class. To his appeals Congress should turn a deaf ear and rather increase than reduce them, not as a protective, but as a revenue measure. That they could be advanced in most cases without materially reducing consumption is highly probable, since the rich will have what is desirable or fashionable regardless of a small increase in cost. The experiment should be made and on no account should the representative, having the interests of the masses at heart, agree to one iota of reduction upon any of these or other luxuries, for in no other way can the wealthy classes so



surely be made to pay so great a sum toward the support of the Government.

This is sound and fair policy, for the man who has no more income than sufficient to meet the physical wants of himself and those dependent upon him should be considered as not having ability to pay any taxation whatever, just as the humble homestead is exempt from sale under a mortgage or the small income is exempt under taxes upon incomes in countries laboring under that burden. Adam Smith's dictum is in these memorable words: "The subjects of every State ought to contribute toward the support of the Government, as nearly as possible, in proportion to their respective abilities, that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State." Every legislator should bear these words in mind. This is the feature of the tariff in which the great mass of our working people is most deeply interested.

Virtually, as we have seen, the working classes of America who neither drink nor smoke are exempt from national taxation, sugar excepted. So are the British, who, however, are still taxed upon tea, coffee, and chocolate. They are vastly better off in this respect than the German working classes, who, in addition, have a tax upon imported food, which also raises the prices of the home-grown food supply.

The next Congress dealing with the tariff will probably be inclined at first to reduce duties all round and perhaps to abolish some, but its first care should be to maintain present duties, and even in some cases to increase them, upon all articles used almost exclusively by the rich, and this not for protection, but for revenue, not drawn from the workers but from the rich. That is the first and prime duty of Congress. We should not forget that Government expenditures have increased enormously in recent years and that additional revenue is required.

Its second duty is to reduce duties greatly upon manufactured articles and to abolish entirely those no longer needed.

The writer has coöperated in making several reductions as steel manufacturers became able to bear reductions. To-day they need no protection, unless perhaps in some new specialties unknown to the

writer, because steel is now produced cheaper here than anywhere else, notwithstanding the higher wages paid per man. Not a ton of steel is produced in the world at as small an outlay for labor as in our own country. Our coke, coal, and iron ores are much cheaper, because more easily obtained and transported, and our output per man is so much greater, owing chiefly to the large standardized orders obtainable only upon our continent; the specialized rolling mills; machinery kept weeks upon uniform shapes without change of rolls, and several other advantages. Britain and Germany are the only important steel manufacturing nations other than ourselves. I am assured by one who has recently examined the matter that he found even in Germany to-day that the cost per ton for labor was greater than with us, unusually high as our wages are at present. Were there free trade in iron and steel between America and Europe, a few orders might go abroad at times when American mills were fully occupied and high prices prevailed, and this would be advantageous to our country; but if these shipments amounted to much, prices would rise in Europe, and prevent further exports to our market. The United States made last year more steel (over 23,000,000 tons) than Germany, Britain, France, and Belgium combined. New steel works are under construction which will produce enough to enable her to make more than the whole world besides. This she will do within five years, probably within three. The day has passed when any foreign country can seriously affect our steel manufactures, tariff or no tariff. The Republic has become the home of steel, and this is the age of steel. It may probably be found that there exists the small manufacturer of some specialty in steel which still needs a measure of protection. The writer hopes, if such there be, the committee will give patient attention to such cases. It is better to err on the side of giving these too much, rather than too little, support. Every enterprise of this kind should be fostered. The writer speaks only of the ordinary articles and forms of steel as being able to stand without protection. He hopes there are to-day pioneers in several new lines requiring protection which will be gener-



ously given temporarily. The committee should welcome such special cases.

There are several features in our tariff affecting the masses of our people which should be carefully looked into, since they subject these to the increased cost of some of the necessities of life. I notice three charges often made against our present tariff.

The first in importance relates to illuminating oils. It is charged that Congress refused to place a duty upon these; but by some means a bill was passed which provided that upon oil from any country that taxed American oils a corresponding tax would be collected in America upon oils imported from such country. Russia then taxed American oils, and our oil producers enjoy protection from Russian oils, and the ludicrous spectacle is seen of each country protecting itself from importations of oil from the other. If all this be true, this is clearly not a case of genuine protection. It gives to each interest a monopoly of oil in its own country.

It is said, but how truly the writer does not know, that although the Russian and American companies had agreed between themselves not to invade each other's country, nevertheless, oils found their way in through sales made by these companies to other parties and that existing legislation was therefore secured by the oil companies in Russia and America. It is such and other kindred charges published throughout the country that make the tariff the object of attack as a vehicle of corruption. No duty is more imperative upon the part of the honest upholders of the principle of protection when needed than to purge the next tariff of every trace of other than open and honest legislation, clearly intended to shield the masses from unfair taxation and thus promote national prosperity. The oil-producers, like the steel-producers, of our country, need no protection from the products of other lands, and the retaliatory act should be promptly repealed.

The second charge often presented relates to the thread industry. The leading producers in Britain and America have consolidated, and it is said virtually fix prices. The present duty enables the home producer to maintain higher prices here, while its abolition would enable the continental manufacturers to export their

product to America in competition with the consolidation, which has now a monopoly, except that there is one cotton-thread producer still in our country ostensibly outside of the combination. When international combinations like this appear, or when any of our manufacturers enter into international agreements, it may be found necessary in the future to provide that the Interstate Commission should have control. It is clear there must be some control or the consumer will be seriously affected. The labor in the mills of America is higher paid, and thread actually costs more per spool, I am told, than in Scotland, differing in this respect from steel rails. On the other hand, home manufactures have cheaper cotton. The thread combination needs careful scrutiny. No doubt the congressional committee will give this due attention and listen to the "other side" of the question, for there are always two sides.

Foreign cutlery is the third and last subject, often in evidence. The duties upon this class of articles are complained of as being far too high, but I take it that imported cutlery is used exclusively by the rich. The tariff committee should maintain present high duties upon the extra fine and costly ware, but fix much lower duties upon the ordinary grades used by the masses, just as the present tariff admits sewing and darning-needles free, although other kinds are taxed. There seems no reason, however, why steel for cutlery should not be purchased cheaper in our country than abroad, nor why our home manufacturers should not supply our home demands for cutlery.

The Republican party has nursed home industries, supported, however, as we have seen, by an element in the Democratic party which we sober protectionists may be excused for considering the wiser element of that party. Hence the tariff has become a national, not a party, issue.

That the value of our manufactures in 1905, \$16,866,706,985 (£3,373,000,000), exceeds those of our closest competitor, Britain, three times over, and that our exports of these in 1906 was \$686,000,000, and of crude materials for use in manufacturing \$510,000,000, is ample vindication of the protective policy of the past.

In our day a different duty devolves upon our party and its Democratic pro-



tectionist allies. The infant we have nursed approaches the day when we should be weaned from tariff milk and fed upon the stronger food of free competition. It needs little, if any more nursing, but the change should not be made abruptly. It is better to err upon the safe side, if we err at all; but he, is the best of protectionists who corrects all faults as they are revealed and positively declines to subject the nation to protection in any branch where it is not clearly needed, affording protection always with the resolve that it shall be temporary. A class of excellent citizens has arisen who really see in the tariff one of the chief causes of national demoralization; not a few consider it should be the leading issue in a Presidential campaign. The writer has personal friends on both sides—those who see in it the chief source of political evil, and those who think it the country's salvation. For neither view is there sound foundation to-day, for protection is no longer the vital issue it was; but the first class will have something to rest their contentions upon, however, if there be continued upon the statute-books duties and provisions manifestly out of date. All such and everything of a dubious character in our tariff legislation, our party, in the forthcoming revision as the legitimate protection of the true protective policy, should boldly sweep away.

In conclusion, a "tariff for protection," which was the issue forty years ago, should now give place to a "tariff for revenue," and therefore the strict maintenance of the present duties upon foreign luxuries paid by the rich. The present tariff rightfully exempts the masses of the people from almost all national taxation, because they have not "the ability to pay," as required by Adam Smith, the greatest economic authority.

The writer, having often been classed with the "robber tariff barons," may probably be proclaimed as a convert to new views since he retired from manufacturing, but his associates know better, and many a foreign manufacturer could tell of the prophecy with which he has so often startled them; namely, that in a short time America would become the leading manufacturer and foremost apostle of free trade, while their own countries would be discussing whether or not to put up the

barriers. Britain to-day is seriously considering this very question.

The writer has not changed one iota since he first formed a clear and definite view in regard to protection. For new countries possessed of natural but undeveloped resources it is the only policy available, hence we see Canada, Australia, and New Zealand all adopting it, even against their motherland, to whom they are indebted for protection from enemies, a seemingly most ungrateful return, could they not plead that it is indispensable for the development of their own resources.

The question assumes another form when old and fully developed countries like Britain, after having fully tested their capacity to produce any article in competition with other lands, are considering whether to handicap outside competition. This is not a case of temporary protection through duties upon competing imports, but one which opens the question whether it is economically best to use the domestic product even at greater cost. The reply seems to be: If it involve the loss of a home supply of an article essential for the national safety, yes; if not, no. This is also true Adam Smith doctrine. Each case must be judged on its merits from that point of view.

There is no occasion for haste or for any revolutionary step in coming tariff legislation. It is better to go a little too slow than a little too fast. In the writer's opinion, the revision of the tariff could to-day safely and advantageously be made a radical one upon the lines suggested; but if Congress, in deference to the timid manufacturer, "whom we have always with us," thinks it prudent not to disturb his dreams unduly, and only halves present duties upon some articles, and abolishes them entirely upon others—always provided it guards zealously the present duties upon the luxuries of the rich for revenue,—the writer will be thankful and philosophic as usual, because one step in the right direction will have been taken and he knows the final step must come before long, the sooner the better.

Just as the Republic has won supremacy in steel, and can to-day, even during this temporary world-wide depression, send it profitably to every free market in the world in successful competition with all



other manufacturers, so is she to win this proud position in one field of industry after another, her enormous standardized home market being one of the chief elements of her conquering power. Many foreign luxuries will still be imported, but these should yield revenue paid by the rich consumer.

The writer is confident that this prophecy will soon be fulfilled, for nothing can keep the Republic from speedily dwarfing all other nations industrially, if she only frowns upon great navies and increased armies and continues to tread the paths of peace, following the truly American policy of the fathers.



## DISARMAMENT

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I DREAMED a Voice, as one God-authorized,  
Cried loudly through the world,  
"Disarm! disarm!"

And there was consternation in the camps,  
And men who strutted under braid and lace  
Beat on their medaled breasts, and wailed  
"Undone!"

The word was echoed from a thousand hills;

And shop and mill and factory and forge,  
Where throve the awful industries of death,  
Hushed into silence. Scrawled upon the doors,

The passer read, "Peace bids our children starve."

But foolish women clasped their little sons  
And wept for joy, not reasoning like men.

Again the Voice commanded. "Now go forth,

And build a world, for progress and for peace.

This work has waited since the earth was shaped;

But men were fighting, and they could not toil.

The needs of life outnumber needs of death.  
Leave death to God. Go forth, I say,  
and build."

And then a sudden, comprehensive joy  
Shone in the eyes of men. And one who thought

Only of conquest and of victories  
Woke from his gloomy reverie and called:  
"Aye, come and build. I challenge all to try.  
And I will make a world more beautiful  
Than Eden was before the serpent entered."

And, like a running flame on Western wilds,

Ambition spread from listening mind to mind.

And, lo! the looms were busy once again,  
And all the earth resounded with men's toil.

Vast palaces of science graced the world.  
Their banquet tables, spread with feasts  
of truth,

Fed all who hungered. Music kissed the air,  
Once rent with boom of cannons. Statues gleamed

From wooded ways, where ambushed armies hid

In times now past. The sea and air were gay

With shining sails, that sped from land to land.

A universal language of the world  
Made nations kin, and poverty was known  
But as a word marked "obsolete," like war  
The arts were kindled with celestial fire.  
New poets sang, so Homer's fame grew dim.

And brush and chisel gave the wondering race


Sublimier treasures than old Greece displayed.

Men differed still; fierce arguments arose,—

For men are human in this human sphere,—

But unarmed Arbitration stood between,  
And Reason settled in a hundred hours  
What War disputed for a hundred years.  
*Oh, that a Voice of one God-authorized  
Might cry to all mankind, "Disarm!  
disarm!"*





# The Song of the Child

by R. Freeborn

## Angels

I

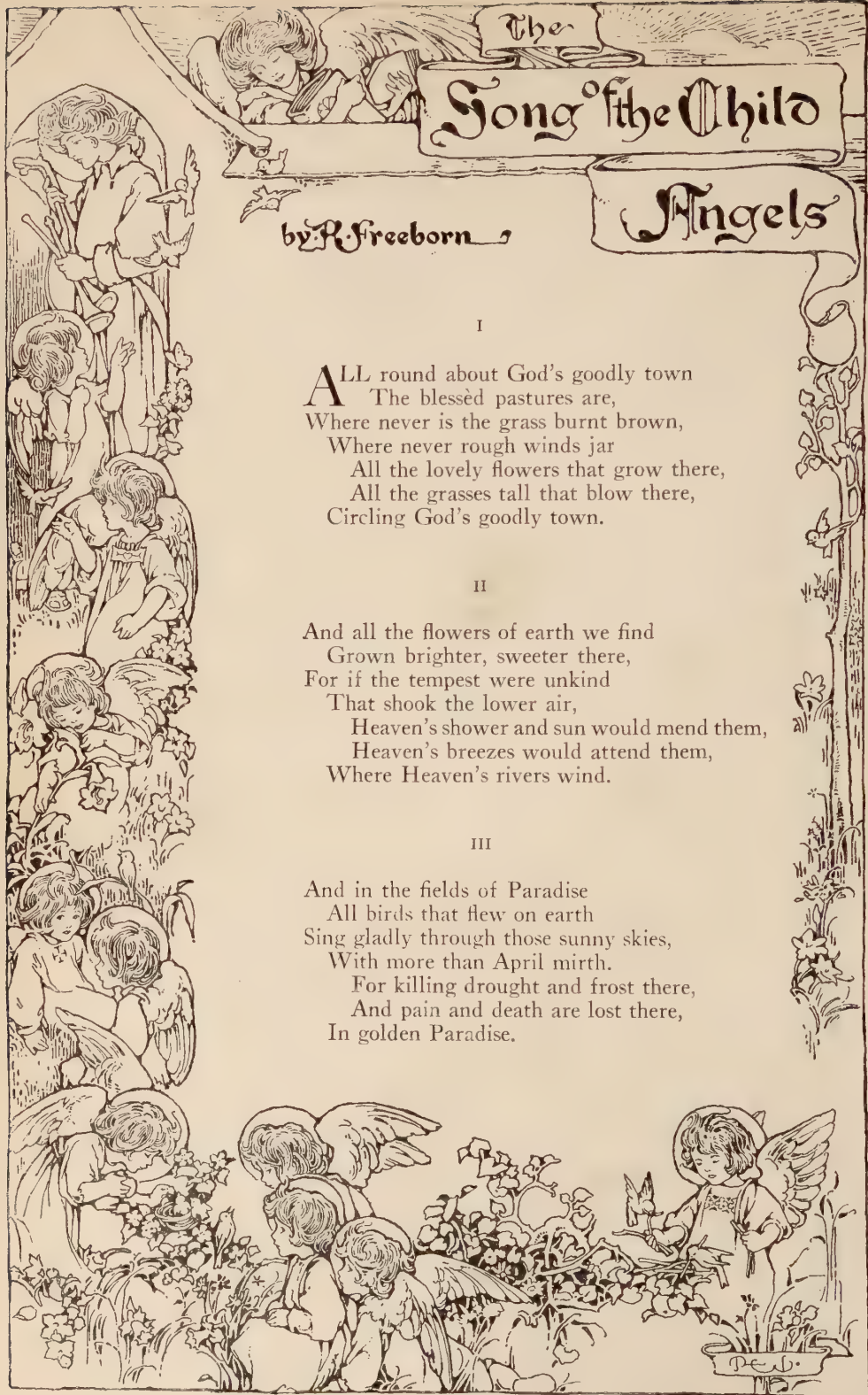
ALL round about God's goodly town  
The blessed pastures are,  
Where never is the grass burnt brown,  
Where never rough winds jar  
All the lovely flowers that grow there,  
All the grasses tall that blow there,  
Circling God's goodly town.

II

And all the flowers of earth we find  
Grown brighter, sweeter there,  
For if the tempest were unkind  
That shook the lower air,  
Heaven's shower and sun would mend them,  
Heaven's breezes would attend them,  
Where Heaven's rivers wind.

III

And in the fields of Paradise  
All birds that flew on earth  
Sing gladly through those sunny skies,  
With more than April mirth.  
For killing drought and frost there,  
And pain and death are lost there,  
In golden Paradise.





IV

At dawn, when all the heavenly choir  
Have done the sacred words,  
We leave the pipe, the lute, and lyre,  
And seek the happy birds,  
And happy winds that blow there,  
And happy flowers that grow there,  
The rose without the briar.

V

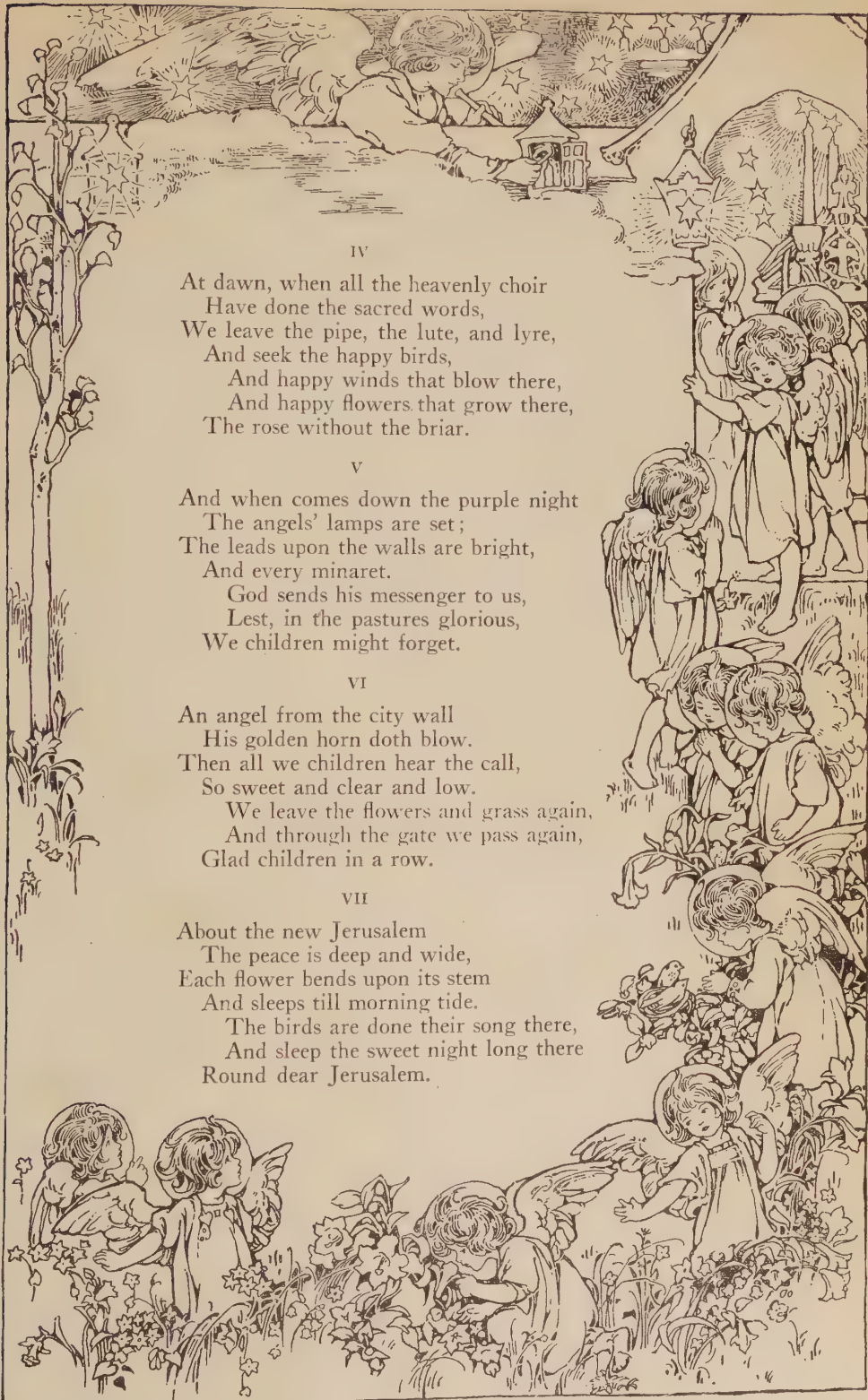
And when comes down the purple night  
The angels' lamps are set;  
The leads upon the walls are bright,  
And every minaret.  
God sends his messenger to us,  
Lest, in the pastures glorious,  
We children might forget.

VI

An angel from the city wall  
His golden horn doth blow.  
Then all we children hear the call,  
So sweet and clear and low.  
We leave the flowers and grass again,  
And through the gate we pass again,  
Glad children in a row.

VII

About the new Jerusalem  
The peace is deep and wide,  
Each flower bends upon its stem  
And sleeps till morning tide.  
The birds are done their song there,  
And sleep the sweet night long there  
Round dear Jerusalem.





# DOMINO REYNARD OF GOLDUR TOWN

THE HISTORY OF A SILVER FOX

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Author of "Biography of a Grizzly," "Wild Animals I have Known," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

## I

### HIS EARLY HOME

THE sun had dropped behind the Goldur Range, the mellow light beloved of the highest earthborn kinds was on the big world of hill and view, and, like the hidden lights of a banquet-hall, its glow from the western cornice of the sky diffused a soft, shadowless radiance in the lesser vales. High on a hill that sloped to the Shawban from the west was a little piney glade. It was bright with the many flowers of this the song-moon time; it was lovely and restful in the neither-sun-nor-shade, but its chief interest lay in this—it was the home of a family of foxes.

The den door was hidden in the edge of the pine thicket, but the family was out now in the open, to romp and revel in the day's best hour.

The mother was there, the central figure of the group, the stillest, and yet the most tensely alive. The little ones, in the woolly stage, were romping and playing with the abandon of fresh young life that knows no higher power than mother, and knows that power is wholly in their service, that, therefore, all the world is love. Thus they romped and wrestled in spirit of unbounded glee, racing with one another, chasing flies and funny-bugs, making hazardous investigations of bumblebees, laboring with frightful energy to catch the end of mother's tail or to rob a

brother of some utterly worthless, ragged remnant of a long-past meal, playing the game for the game, not for the stake. Any excuse was good enough for the joy of working off the surplus vim.

The prize of all, the ball of the ball-game and the "tag" in the game of catch, was a dried duck-wing. It had been passed around and snatched a dozen times, but the sprightliest cub, a dark-looking little chap, with a black band across his eyes, seized it and, defying all, raced round and round until the rest gave up pursuit, losing interest in the game they could not win; only then did he drop the wing and at once achieved a new distinction by actually catching mother's tail. He tugged at it till she freed herself and upset him by a sudden jump.

In the midst of the big, little riot, the form of another fox gliding into view gave the mother and, by transmission, the cubs a slight start; but his familiar appearance reassured her: it was the father fox. He carried food, so all the eager eyes and noses turned his way. He dropped his burden, a newly killed muskrat, and mother ran to fetch it. Tradition says he never brings it to the door when the young are out, and tradition sometimes tells the truth. When mother threw the muskrat to the cubs, they fell on it like a pack of little wolves on a tiny deer, pulling, tugging, growling, rolling their eyes toward the brother they growled at, and twisting





Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

#### DOMINO'S EARLY HOME

their heads most vigorously to rend out each his morsel of the prey.

Mother looked on with love and seeming admiration, but she divided her attention between the happy group about the meal and the near woods, which might contain a lurking foe; for men with guns, boys and dogs, eagles and owls, all are ready to make quarry of a baby fox. She never relaxes her vigilance, and is ably

backed by her mate, who, though secondary in family matters and not allowed in the den while the young are blind sucklings, is nevertheless a faithful provider of food and a tireless sentinel.

Their merry feast was at its height when the far-away "Yur-yur-yur yap" of the father was heard, telling plainly of approaching danger. Had the cubs been half-grown, they would have known what



it meant; but being so young, mother quickly told them: translating the far barking into low sounds of menace, she sent them tumbling back into the den, where in dim light they quietly finished each the piece of muskrat that he had secured.

AMONG the farms of New England alone, there are at least a thousand pairs of foxes. Each and every pair raises a family every year, and it is very certain that such home-scenes as this described take place by every den door at least once every fine day during the late spring and early summer. Not fewer than a hundred thousand times every year, then, is it repeated in one form or another under our very noses, and yet so furtive are they, so clever and so unremitting are father and mother, that not more than one man in every hundred thousand has the good luck to see this family group that charms us by its appeal to the eye, and touches our hearts by showing how very near these creatures are to us in their affections and their trials.

The lucky man in the township of Goldur, the hundred-thousandth man, was Abner Jukes, and he was not a man at all, but a long-legged, freckle-faced, straw-thatched Yankee boy, who had climbed a tree after a crow's-nest when he should have been bringing in the cows.

He had taken in the merry scene below with something more than the mere hunting instinct of a boy: he had felt little thrills of delight that told of a coming naturalist. He had noted the dark cub with the coon-like mask or domino, and had smiled with pleasure over this cub's exploits. He had no thought of injuring the family or even of disturbing their frolic, but he was the cause of its ending then, and later of a sad bereavement.

Like many of the farmer boys, Abner used to fox-hunt in the winter. He was the proud possessor of a hound that promised to be "the finest in the State." Though only a puppy, he already was large-limbed, thin-flanked, and deep-chested. He had a voice of peculiar resonance and power, and a sullen, savage temper that boded ill in his prime. Abner had locked him up, but a chance had set the puppy free, and off he went in search

of Abner. It was his near approach on his master's track that had startled the father fox.

The mother, having seen her seven young hopefuls safe indoors, now ran to intercept the danger. She deliberately laid her trail so as to catch the hound should he come near the den, and in a little while heard a brassy bellow that made even her stout heart beat faster.

But she had no thought for herself. She led the lumbering hound away; then at the safe distance of a mile dismissed him by a very simple double-back, and came again to the den, to find all safe, indeed, but the dark-faced cub, the one that usually met her at the door, was now crouching farthest back, with his nose in the sand of the floor.

He had been peering out when that weird and penetrating hound note came. It had sent vibrant chills down his small spine to the tip of his woolly tail; it also sent him back in haste to the farthest end of the home, where he groveled till long after the danger was over.

Men of science tell us that there is a master-chord for each and everything, that each bell-jar is responsive to a certain pitch that, continued, can split it asunder, that the organist can seek out and sound a note that will wreck the cathedral's noblest window, that a skilful bugler can raise a strain that will shatter the nigh-loomng iceberg. So also there seems to be a note that can play on the unreasonable chords of fear, that can shake the stoutest heart; and the dusky cub, had he been able to think of such things, must have felt that day that this was the sound to undo him,—a sound to sap the strength of his limb and heart,—this was his note of horror-thrill. His world had so far been a world of love; that day it was entered by fear.

## II

### TROUBLE

It is a matter of wide belief among hunters that a fox never harries the barnyard next his home. He has no desire to invite vengeance from the near neighbor, so goes by preference to distant farms for forage. This may have been why the Jukes's barnyard escaped while the Bentons' was raided again and again. Old man Benton had not large patience, and his little store





Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE BEAST"

was more than gone when a quarter of his fine hens had disappeared. He reckoned that he "would cl'ar the farm of shooting-irons if the boys did n't make out somehow to protect the chickens."

Si and Bud Benton were walking on the hilltop the next Sunday when they heard the voice of the Jukes's hound on the trail of a fox. Boys and hound were not on speaking terms, so they did not interfere. They watched the valley below, saw something of the chase, and were delighted to note the ease with which the hound was disposed of when the fox was tired of the run; it would make a capital

story to tell the post-office crowd in presence of some of the Jukes.

But even while they watched, the fox reappeared, carrying a snow-white hen and made across the valley. Benton's prize Dorkings were the pride of his heart; there could be no doubt that this was one of them, and that the fox was taking it home. The whiteness of the victim helped the boys to keep sight of the fox through the brushwood to the very hollow of the den, and half an hour later they were standing beside the doorway, amid snow-white thoroughbred plumes. A big pole was used to probe the hole. The curve of





Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"BEAUTY"



the burrow prevented it touching the cubs, though they were terribly frightened, and their parents ranged the near woods, vainly seeking some way of helping them. Their earliest thought was of mother omnipotent; but this was the beginning of disillusionment: here were creatures of whom even wonderful mother was afraid.

Though it was on the Jukes's farm, the Benton boys decided to come next day and dig out the foxes. But the mother instincts were aroused. The home had become a place of danger. At once she set about preparing a new den, and at dawn began to move her family.

Among the country folk, when it is decided to save only one of a litter of kittens, there is a simple, natural way of selecting the best. The litter is left in the open field. The mother soon finds her young, and begins carrying them back to the barn; and it is believed that the first that she brings is always the best. There is at least one good reason for this: the liveliest will get on top of the pile and force itself first on mother's notice, and so be first brought back. Thus it was now. The mother fox was met in the tunnel by the liveliest cub, the eldest and strongest, him of the domino face, and she carried him first to the safety of the new home. At the next visit his most vigorous sister, and at the third a sturdy little brother, were taken away. Meanwhile the father was wholly occupied with sentinel duty in the neighboring hills, and day was beaming when he gave the warning just as mother ran off with number three.

The Benton boys had come armed with shovel and pick to dig out the family, and ordinarily would have succeeded in an hour; but three feet from the entrance their progress was barred by a great ledge of rock. They were debating what to do, when the sound of a blast from the quarry in the hills suggested a plan. One of the boys went for a charge of dynamite. This, with fuse and cap, was fixed in a cranny of the rock. In a minute there was a fearful shock and blast, the hillside trembled in a cloud of dust, and then it was seen that the upheaval had not opened the den, but had buried the tunnel in broken rocks, and that the cubs within were doubtless crushed and stifled. The shock had made a tomb of the home, and the boys went away.

That night, had they been there, they might have seen father and mother fox clawing out the earth and vainly mouthing the broken granite in their efforts to reach the home den. The next night they came again. On the third night the mother came alone, and then gave up the hopeless task.

### III

#### THE NEW HOME

THE new home of the foxes was a mile away, and not on a hilltop, but down by the river, the broad Shawban, where it quits the hills and for a time spreads out in peaceful pasture-lands. Here in a great hollow facing the stream on a slope that was bordered by rocks all interbound with aspen roots and birch was the new-made den. Two granite slabs of rock were wardens of the gate, for the foxes still believed that in the rocks lay their safety. That earlier den was a hillside in the pine-woods, this in a little aspen vale; the pine-tree sighs and sighs; the aspen twitters or shivers and rattles aloud, while the river goes singing and tinkling. Ever after that day of fear, the pine song was an evil memory, even as now the aspen and the river sang together a song of peace.

Sloping away from the den door was a long, smooth sward. Passing by banks of bramble and bracken, it dropped to a sedgy bay, where the river paused to smile and purl. This green slope was the training-ground of the three, and here was played, not once, but fifty times, that summer that old scene of the home-coming hunter laden with food. The ground was beaten with the battling of cubs and the stamping of tiny feet in mimic fight. But the little foxes were growing fast now, the eldest fastest of all, and as he grew, his coat and the mark across his face turned daily darker.

The parents were now training them for the hunt. They were almost weaned; their food was that of grown-up foxes, and they had in a way to find it for themselves. Father and mother would bring the new kill, and leave it not at the door, but in the woods, fifty yards away, a hundred yards away, and more, as the young grew stronger, and then encouraged by mother's *churring* "All-well" call, they rushed forth for a very serious game of



"seek or go hungry." How they raced about in the bramble cover, how they skimmed and circled on the grassy banks and peered with eyes and noses into every hole! How they tumbled gleefully over one another when the breeze brought all at once a little hint or whisper, "Come this way," and how well they learned at length to follow the foot-tracks of father and mother at full speed till it brought them to the hidden food!

This was the beginning of the life-game for them, and in this way they were taught the real hunting. The old ones provided abundantly, and it seemed as though all had an equal chance; but there are no equal chances in life: to him that hath shall be given. The oldest cub was the brightest, strongest, and ablest, so he was the one that could best find the hidden food and therefore was best nourished; his always were the choicest and largest morsels. He grew faster than the others; the difference in their size and strength was daily more apparent, and in yet one more way they grew apart. His baby coat, a dull, dark gray, grew darker. When brother and sister began to show the red and yellow of their kin, he showed daily a deeper tinge, which already on face and legs was black.

It was late July now. The old ones had not only labored tirelessly to feed the young on the fat of the farms, but had also been vigilant to ward off all danger. More than once the ringing note of the dark hound sounded near their dale, and never failed to give the creeps to the dusky cub; but each time one of the old foxes had gone to meet the foe, and had served him with some simple trick that sent him home defeated. They found this so easy among the river rocks that they grew over-confident; they despised their clumsy enemy, till one day while the cubs—the dark one, the slim sister, and the little brother—were rollicking about the glade in search of father's latest kill, the brindled hound burst in upon them. His sudden roar struck terror in their hearts. They scattered, but the little brother was not quick enough; the great jaws snapped and crunched his ribs, and the mongrel hound carried him away, pausing once or twice to break the slender bones or grind in his bloody jaws the tender, woolly fur, but still bearing the body, till in the farm-

yard he dropped it at his master's feet, and looked expectant for the praise that did not come.

Troubles never come singly. The father fox was trotting home at dawn next day with a new-killed duck when a clamor of dogs sent him round by a way that he had never explored. It led to a high-fenced lane that he could not scale without loosing the duck, so he kept on; but the dogs were behind him now. He rushed, alas! into a barnyard, into the home of another dog, and there he died the death.

But his family knew only that he never came home, and their mourning, however real, had none of the poignancy of that which comes to those who have seen the loved one's tragic end. Thus the mother and her two cubs were left in the den by the aspen bank, and the widow took up the burden without fear. Her task was, in truth, nearly done. With August the young began to follow her on long hunts and to find their own food. By September the sister was as big as the mother, and the dark brother was much taller, as well as stronger, and clad in a coat of black. A strange feeling now sprang up between the sister and brother, and then between mother and son. They began to shrink from the big, splendid brother and at length to avoid him. The mother and daughter still lived as before,—for a time at least,—but some subtle instinct was at work to break the family bond. The tall, black fox and they were friends when they met, yet all three seemed to avoid a meeting. So now that he was swift and able to care for himself, Domino left the old aspen dale, with its gentle memories and the river-song, and drifted away in the life of a fox that is alone.

#### IV

##### THE NEW GARB AND THE NEW LIFE

THIS was his entering of the larger, stormier world that lay beyond the aspen shade. Now he began life for himself; now he must rely only on his own powers for food and safety. So paying the price, he garnered the recompense, and daily developed in speed, in brains, and in beauty.

Not long after he had quit the home den he had a brunt of chase that put his swiftness to the hardest test, that showed



him legs may be slower than wits, and that brought to his knowledge a friend for the hour of peril—a friend he had seen every day of his life and had never known till now.

Pursued by a couple of dogs, he ran round and round the rocky hills till his feet were cut and bleeding. It was a dry, sultry day, and by a great effort he got far enough ahead of the enemy to make for the river, where he might bathe his hot, weary, and bleeding feet. In the shallow margin he waded along and found the cooling waters sweet, keeping on upstream. In this way he had come a quarter mile when the nearing voices of the foe were followed by their appearance in plain view on the trail. Instinctively the cub sought shelter on a brushy island, and from this safe retreat he saw those dogs run to the edge and lose the scent, work up and down, but find it not, then homeward turn at last, entirely baffled.

It did not perhaps come clearly to the fox that the water spoiled the trail, but he gathered the idea that the river was a good place to go to when over-pressed. It proved so more than once and in different ways. On the other side, far down, was a stretch of sand that seemed to hold no trail, so told no tales. When winter came, with glare ice on the stream, he found he could run with ease on the thin sheet, which broke, to plunge a dog in the flood. But chief help he found on a long, straight cliff, the wall of the gorge where the river leaves the hills. Here was a pathway, broad at first, then narrowing to a scanty foothold for himself,—too small for any hound,—after which it continued to round a point, then gently climb the cliff, and reach a forest that, by any other road, was two miles from the pathway entering in.

Finally he learned that when the hunting was elsewhere bad he could always find a meal along the river. It might be a stranded fish, a long-dead bird, or only a frog, but still good food, and the idea within him grew, "Along the river is a pleasant place—a place to seek in every kind of strait." The river was his friend.

These were the inner changes of the fox; these were the things that made for his success in life. And need he had of every help, for outer changes were upon him that, like the ancient noble's coat of gems,

made him the magnet center of all greedy robber eyes, that set a tenfold value on his life.

The chilly autumn nights called out on him a deeper, richer robe of fur, and other powers, less comprehended, added gloss and color, intensified each day, darker and glossier, till every tinge of red and gray was gone. And those who observe such things might have asked, "Is not this a foreshadowing of beauty yet to come? Maybe this diverse cub is predestined a silver fox!"

Only those wise in the woodlore of the North can fully know the magic in the name. The silver fox is not of different kind, but a glorified freak of the red race. His parents may have been the commonest of red foxes, yet nature in extravagant mood may have showered all her gifts on this favored one of the offspring, and not only clad him in a marvelous coat, but gifted him with speed and wind and brains above his kind, to guard his perilous wealth. And need he has of all such power, for this exquisite robe is so mellow rich, so wonderful in style, with its glossy black and delicate frosting, that it is the most desirable, the most precious of all furs, worth many times its weight in gold, the noblest peltry known to man. It is the proper robe of kings, the appanage of great imperial thrones to-day, as was the Tyrian purple in the days of Rome. This is indeed the hunter's highest prize, but so guarded by the cunning brain and the wind and limb of the beast himself, that it is through rare good luck more than hunter skill that a few of these fur-jewels are taken each year in the woods.

There are degrees of rank among these patricians. They range in quality even as diamonds range, and the hunters have a jargon of their own to express all shades between the cross and the finest silver black.

His quality may scarcely show in summer, and a silver cub, while in the nursery coat, might pass for a common fox. It is the approach of winter that brings out the beauties of the gifted one; and when that autumn wore away on Goldur Town with frostier nights, the Domino's darkening winter coat grew every day in richness and in length, the great tail fluffed out white-tipped, the black mark across the eyes turned blacker, like a mask, with an



emphasis of silver hair enframing it about. The head and neck grew glossy black; then, like bright stars besprinkled on the night, came shining tips of white on the inky depths, and those who had seen only the dusky cub of July, would never have recognized him in November, for the noble was wearing his splendor now, the Domino stood in his winter robe, a magnificent silver fox.

V

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

It soon became known that Goldur was the home of a silver fox. This genius of his tribe, this wonder in fur, had been seen more than once, and it was believed that many times Jukes's hound, dark Hekla, had pushed him hard on the runway. At least the Jukes said so, though the neighbors scoffed at the idea, and maintained that the silver fox was simply making a fool of the brindle hound, and having humiliated him by a bootless run, could dismiss him at will by some one of his many tricks.

A notable voice had Hekla. It was full, deep, and so resonant that on still nights it could be heard for miles, and so spontaneous that he could not help bellowing at every jump, even when he ran his own track back to find the way home. The Jukes boys thought him a marvelous hound, a paragon; but the neighbors said he was a cross between a fox-trap and a fog-horn, with the biggest part fog-horn, and a sullen, savage brute into the bargain. The impartial agreed that he was a large, swift, savage half-bred hound with a peculiar voice, an unmistakable voice, that, once heard, was never forgotten. I heard it first when he was shut up in the barn, but it was so vibrant, so weird, and metallic in quality, that it rang in my ears for days afterward.

And when in the autumn, while strolling at sundown along the woods at the foot of the Goldur Hills, I was startled by the same brassy note afar, I knew it at once, and could tell by its regularity that Hekla was on some track. I sat still to listen, and soon learned more. A light rustling of the leaves was heard, and an instant later there loped into view a remarkable creature, no less than a coal-black fox. He was cantering along easily, but stopped on a log to look back for the

foe. He was fifty yards from me, but I knew the way of the fox. I put the back of my hand to my mouth, and by sucking made a loud squeaking. The fox turned at once and came gliding quickly toward me. He moved catlike to within twenty yards, and there stood in a pose of the most exquisite grace, head a-cock, tail curled up, foot raised, as he sought to locate the promising noise of rat or rabbit so near. Oh, what a robe he wore! Though yet so early, the glossy black of his fur was set off by the pure-white tail-tip and throat-spot and the blaze of his gleaming, yellow eyes, while the silver tipping of the hairs made a shining halo about his head and neck. I thought I had never seen a more exquisite creature, and it dawned on me, not quickly, that this was the Goldur silver fox. I was perfectly still,—as still as he,—and, as often happens, he did not seem to realize that this thing before him was a man; but he knew very well by the nearing "brass note" that Hekla was on his track, and turned to run lightly away. As soon as he faced about, I squeaked again, and again had the joy of seeing the marvelous pose of an alert and graceful creature; but I betrayed myself by a movement, and in a flash the silver fox was gone.

Ten minutes later another animal came on the scene. With measured bellowing every few feet, crashing through the brush, breaking what would not yield, lumbering and heavy, slobber-jowled, red-eyed, regarding nothing but the track on the ground, sullenly following its every turn, came Hekla, the notorious mastiff-hound that hunted alone and when he liked, and now was trying the odds with the swiftest in Goldur Hills.

There was something uncanny about the way in which that great, hulking brute "*sniff-sniffed*" the ground and followed unerringly every turn in the fox's track. There was something eery in the thought that he could tell which way that fox went. And yet he did, nor ever ran the back track. I squeaked to the hound, but I might as well have squeaked to a barnacle. His only thought was that trail, till it should lead him to the one that made it; and what then, I might judge by his evil, red eyes and the bristling mane along his spine. I had been a fox-hunter myself, and had learned to love a foxhound;



but the sight of the splendid creature that day pursued by a very hellhound, remorseless, tireless, inevitable, gave me a feeling as of seeing some beautiful bird of song being crushed by a poisonous reptile. The traditional league of man and dog was then and there forgot. Thenceforth my heart was all with the silver fox.

## VI

## DOMINO'S WINTER LIFE

WINTER came on, and with it the irregular, unsportlike fox-hunts that the farm-boys get up—hunts in which three or four dogs are followed not by mounted men, but by lads with guns. Once a real hunt with a pack of hounds picked up his trail; but Domino took refuge in the rocks along the river, and profited by every run, in that he grew stronger, as well as wiser, in the secrets of the trail. He was learning another lesson, the mastery of himself. The big hound's voice had lost nothing of its black-art potency, but he was schooling himself to resist, and courage grew with his strength.

He lived the ordinary life of a lone fox now, not inhabiting a den,—foxes do not use the den much in winter,—but sleeping out in exposed places, where his thick fur robe and ample muffler-tail were protection from the cold, and his senses could guard him from prowling dangers.

His sleeping was done almost entirely by day and in the sunlight: this, indeed, is an unwritten law of foxes. "The night is for hunting, the sunlight for sleep." When the shadows followed the sundown, Domino would go forth in his daily quest for food, just as all his forbears had done, prompted as they were by the inborn thought called instinct, and the outborn from his cubhood's training.

It is a mistake to suppose that any wild animal can see in black darkness. They need light; much less, of course, than mankind do, but they must have some. They can *grope* in blackness better than a man can; still, it is groping. They do not love the noon-glare: their time is the soft half-light of morning and evening. In moonlight or when starlight and snow are there, they find that all night long is a soft and pleasing twilight. So when the sun was gone and the right light came, the Domino

fox would set out on his daily quest for food.

Now he would go trotting in a general upwind course, turning aside to examine every promising thicket and sedgy hollow, going to all the places where in the past he had had good luck, and calling at prominent posts, boulders, and fence-corners to see if any other fox had been there of late; for foxes, like dogs and wolves, have a way of making record at all the recognized signal-points of the range. Then he would go trotting along the ridges that enabled him to watch both sides, trying the breeze for promise of food, stopping at the slightest click of leaf or twig, standing motionless a minute till he had satisfied himself that it was nothing of moment, or else creeping up catlike to the cause for a better scrutiny. Sometimes he would climb some sloping tree or perch on a high stone-wall to command a better view, or, failing these, would make an observation hop like a spring-bok. On these night excursions he was far from avoiding the dog-protected barnyards. It is a remarkable fact that foxes increase with settlement of the wilds, because every farm-house is really a source of supplies, and has one or two regular pensioners in the tribe of Reynard.

So Domino's course was from one farm-house to another, in spite of the inevitable dog. There were two methods of approach. One, when there was open a safe retreat, in which case he went with the utmost silence; and the other, in which he feared the dog. Here he stood off at a distance and barked a defiance. If the dog came rushing out, he made off; if there was no reply, he knew the dog was somewhere indoors. Then he would sneak up and ransack such buildings as were open. Of course the best possible prize was a fat chicken, silenced as soon as caught by a dexterous neck-nip. But he knew enough to be content with anything that came, from a scrap of bread thrown out to the hens, to a dead rat flung from the granary rat-trap. He was not above picking out morsels from the pig-trough, and more than once, when hard pinched, he played prodigal son, and filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat.

Nearly, but not every, night he found forage; nevertheless, five good meals a



week is all any one needs to keep fat, and winter wore along.

## VII

## DOMINO FINDS A MATE

No wild animal roams at random over the country. All have a home region, a hunting-ground that they consider theirs. For this they will fight, and on this they resent the coming of any kindred stranger. Many observations show that the range of a fox in rough country is a radius of three or four miles from a central point. It is quite probable that he is not exclusive owner. Other fox-ranges may overlap this; but he soon gets acquainted with these established neighbors; he learns their looks and their foot-scents, and they pass one another unnoticed. It is quite different when a stranger appears on the range. Then is invoked the primal law,

Might is right,  
Move on or fight.

As the snow-moon waned, the Domino fox in glorious fur and pride of strength began to realize that he was very lonely. At times this new hankering for company would prompt him to sit on a bank near some barnyard and listen to the dogs, if not too dangerous, or to tempt them to run after him. Or else he would tarry on a hilltop by moonlight and utter the long, barking wail that is called by bookmen the bark of the dog-fox and by hunters the lonesome cry,

Yap, yap, yap, yap, yurrrrr-yeow,  
Yap, yap, yap, yap, yurrrrr-yeow—

He poured it forth one night in the hunger-moon, and though it was only an instinctive outburst that it was easier to yield to than to resist, he listened for the response that he did not expect, and felt his loneliness the more because he had given it voice.

The moon now was mankind's February; the winter had broken a little, the southeast wind was blowing softly, dankly, and in it was the mystery called "vernal influence" to shape the unformed motive in his heart, and just the shade of warmth that turns mere smolders into flame.

Yap, yap, yap, yap, yurrrrr-yeow,  
Yap, yap, yap, yap, yurrrrr-yeow—

He sang it again, and glancing about with the ever-alertness of an Ishmaelite free of the snow, he saw a shadow cross a distant field of white and vanish. He studied it with ears a-cock and eyes aslant; another shadow, yet nearer, went swiftly over the snow, and Domino sprang away in pursuit.

A man knows all his neighbors by their looks, and is easily puzzled by a slight change. The fox has a far better way. He knows his neighbors by their foot-scent, their body-scent, and their looks. All cannot change enough to puzzle him. In a few heart-beats he found the trail of the second shadow, and his unerring nose said that "this is the foot-scent of Blazor fox, that lives on Shawban." Blazor had ancient hunting rights here, so Domino went on. He found the other trail, that of the first shadow, and his fighting blood was roused in a moment. It was the trail of a stranger fox, an invader on the range, and he rapidly gave chase. But as he coursed along and nosed the trail, the anger died in his heart. Another sense he had; more lonesome than ever he was; more eager than ever he ran; for that inscrutable, wonderful guide, his nose, was whispering: "Make haste! This is what you yearn for; this is the trail of—a lady fox."

He bounded eagerly along, but came once more on the track of the neighbor fox. He, too, was pursuing that trail. What a new feeling now came over Domino! Back a little he had passed the neighbor's trail with utter indifference; now what a change! It filled him to overflowing with malignant hate, no less, and his mane stood up from his ears to the little crest on the base of his tail.

Three or four fields were passed when Domino came on the two. It was neither a race nor a fight, nor was it clearly peace or war between them. The new-comer, a small red lady with an elegant ruffle of white, would run a little way; Blazor would pursue and quickly overtake, when she would turn and snap at him. He would bound back, but make no counter-snap. Thus they went zigzagging, and Domino, coming up, felt a fiercer storm of mingled anger and desire. He somehow felt he had a claim on Snowyruft's notice, and was not a little dashed to find her shun him even more than she did his rival.



Domino turned on him with a savage growl; Blazor threw up his tail, braced himself, and, snarling, showed a fierce array of teeth.

For a moment they stood facing each other. The little lady took advantage of the moment to make away. The rivals followed fast, menacing each other as they ran; but Domino was first to head the fugitive. She stopped and snarled, not very hard. Blazor was on the other side. Both Snowyruff and Domino threatened him. The rivals closed in fight. Blazor went down, and lay there snapping his teeth. Domino stood over him, but did him no great harm. The snow lady ran off. The two pursued again. They were running now, one on each side of her, growling across at each other.

But whenever did the female heart resist both prowess and beauty combined?

As they cantered across the field, she swung away from Blazor and a little nearer the silver fox. All three pulled up and faced, not now as three, but a *pair* and a *one*, and the tall, black fox of the pair stood very high upon his legs. He fluffed out his ruff and raised his great tail. Thus towering, he growled deeply, showed the gleaming rows of perfect teeth, walked stiffly toward Blazor, while Snowyruff came close behind, and Blazor knew it was finished. He turned and sullenly glided away.

This was the mating of Domino; this was the wedding. In no essential feature did it differ from the weddings of men; and the mysterious guide which brought these two lives together erred not: each had what was lacking in the other. In this union they were as one compounded of twofold strength and gifts, as we shall see in the desperate days ahead.

(To be continued)



## AN OLD-TIME LOVE STORY

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

Author of "Silhouettes of American Life," "Bits of Gossip," etc.

ON the shelves of the libraries of our historical societies are many privately printed volumes, the histories of American families whose ancestors settled here in early days. They usually are dull reading enough, but we sometimes find in them fragments of real life more strange and tragic than any fiction.

Here are one or two incidents picked out of these dusty unpublished volumes. They are facts, and give us a glimpse of the ideas which our forefathers had of love and honor. After the stories of modern marriages and divorce to which we are accustomed lately, they have to me a queer and welcome flavor, something like an Arab meal of figs and bread and water after a dinner at a Paris café.

THESE old records show that of all the immigrants who sought homes in this

country, none came with higher purposes than the Swedes.

"I will open in the wilderness," said Gustavus Adolphus, in his edict, "a home where every man can earn his bread, and worship God as he chooses."

His promise was kept after he was gone.

The Swedes who first came here were for the most part laborers, though free-born. Some convicts who arrived were sent back again, "lest the souls of the heathen should be corrupted by them."

Many of the new-comers lived in caves and well-nigh starved. Their desperate efforts were watched at home with prayers and high hopes. Even the wild little Queen Christina kept her far-off subjects in mind and tried to help them. She built churches for them, some of which are still standing on the Delaware. She sent out gospelers to this mysterious continent on



the other side of the globe to rescue the souls of the savages. These holy men were regarded with awe in Sweden as messengers of Christ, going out to martyrdom for Him.

One whose name was Snorr, a man from the inland, stayed in Gothenburg several months, waiting for a ship. He was a lean, gray, hungry-looking man, who spoke seldom. People feared to approach him, feeling that his soul dwelt apart with God.

When the young queen expressed her wish that the missionaries should marry before they went out to New Sweden, the pastors of the churches in Gothenburg consulted and found a wife for Dr. Snorr in a healthy girl named Aggie Kyn, the niece of a farmer living near the town. She was a plump, fair-skinned, good-tempered young woman who never had given any thought to lovers. When they told her that she was chosen to help the doctor in his holy work, she cried a good deal, being sure that the cannibals would cook and eat her. She begged them at least to wait until her cousin Peter Kalm would come home and give them his opinion. But the case was immediate, and Peter was in Norway, and probably would not be back for months. He had gone to hunt for the eggs of an insect which was killing the grain. Most people thought it was a fool, half-witted thing just fit for Peter to do. He had been thrown out of the classes in Latin and arithmetic when he was a boy, being too dull to learn. He was a man now, and knew nothing of books. Being a rich farmer's son, that mattered little. He used to live in the woods and grub incessantly in the earth, and there was not a plant above ground, nor a worm nor beetle under it, that he did not know as an old friend, with all its habits and ways. Peter himself was a big, clean, blue-eyed man, much liked by everybody; for, if he knew nothing of Latin or arithmetic, he understood and had a joke and kind word for every man or dog in Gothenburg. As for women, the word meant nothing but Aggie to him. They had been nursed together at his mother's breast, they had slept in the same cradle, had thumped each other when they were angry, and kissed to make friends. She knitted his stockings and made his shirts for him, and he chose her a new

gown every year at the fair. From dawn until night he was the concern of her thoughts, and she was to him the only woman in the world. It never occurred to him, indeed, that there was any other. He had not told her that he loved her, for that never had occurred to him either.

When he came back late that summer, with his eggs in a tin box, Aggie did not run down the road to meet him. At the house they told him that she had married a strange old man and sailed to the other side of the world to teach the cannibals of Christ.

Those of us who are women can guess how it had gone with Aggie. She knew that the town looked on her with awe and envy when she was chosen; the lean old man she believed to be a kind of angel; and the unseen, awful majesty of the queen and, back of her, God Himself, were urging her to go.

She had gone.

After that I find no mention of Peter except a brief note that the degree of professor of natural history was conferred on him by the University of Stockholm. He became the highest authority on insects and moths then in the world, living much in the woods. But apparently he never found out that there was another woman in God's universe.

There are, however, more frequent mentions of Dr. Snorr. He landed with his wife at Philadelphia, and at once, like the other immigrants, dug a cave in the hillside for a home. Aggie helped to dig it, being, in fact, stronger than he. The cave was big enough to hold a bed and a table. There were logs for a floor. When the doctor went out to preach to the poor Swedes who were hungry for the word of God, Aggie worked day after day, trying to make the place like a home. But on rainy days the mud would ooze up from the ground, and worms and even snakes crawled out of the walls. The soul of the old man was on fire with the Holy Spirit; but Aggie's heart grew more sodden and cold every day.

In a few months all the money which they had brought from Sweden was gone. The people in the settlement were as poor as themselves. Many died of ague, others starved to death. The minister toiled for them night and day; he was always kind to his wife, but his heart was in his work.



In the spring, Aggie worked in the field for a month or two to get food for them. Then her baby came, and soon the fever attacked her husband. She took care of them both. The neighbors were sorry for the white-faced, weak woman, but they themselves were sick and starving, and could not help her.

When, in the autumn, the ship *Key of Calmar* made its voyage to Gothenburg, Peter found in the records it brought a black-lined notice, "Died of fever on May 10, Jacob Snorr, Pastor and Doctor."

And below, under other black lines, were the words, "Died on May 20, Agnes Snorr, of fever."

After that, for a year or two, the people of Gothenburg talked of the holy minister and his wife with awe. They were martyrs; they had given their lives to preach Christ to the heathen; they were with him now in glory. It was a favorite subject when they gathered around the fire. But whenever Peter came in, they talked of other things. It was known that in all this time he never once had spoken Aggie's name. There was a dull suspicion that he blamed the zealous good folk who had sent her out to her death; and when in the second year it was known that the professor was going out to study the plants and insects of New Sweden, every woman knew that his errand was to find the place where she lay. One thing was plain: he had grown lean and silent. He was not the man he had been.

Peter's voyage was long and dreary. The passengers were a gay crowd, noisy with their hopes and plans; but all that he cared for in the vast new continent was a grave.

The ship came into port late at night. By dawn the leading citizens, led by Governor Bezelius, boarded her to welcome the famous professor, and brought him to shore with great rejoicings. When he was alone with the governor in his house, he said:

"I should like to go alone to the grave of Dr. Snorr."

"Surely, surely," said Bezelius. "The God's Acre is near by. He lies there, with his child beside him."

Peter stood up. He staggered, and tried to speak, but was dumb for a minute.

"His wife—lies beside him," he said at length.

"Not at all," said the old man, cheerfully; "not at all. Frau Snorr is with us still. There is her hut under that oak-tree—Why—" as his guest, white and trembling, made for the door. "Hola! Is that so? Well, God be praised!" He ran to the window and watched the professor go down the road. Out of the hut came a lean, bent woman, carrying a basket. She did not raise her eyes until the man came up to her and took it out of her hands.

"I'll carry your load," he said; "I'll go with you—to the end, Aggie."

He did not know what he said.

There was a wedding that very day at the governor's house.

We find in the records, years later, notices of journeys made through all the settlements by the professor in search of insects and plants. He was always accompanied by his wife.

They ventured among the reputed cannibals of Florida to bring back alligators' eggs, and penetrated far into Canada in search of a certain butterfly. After one or two years there are allusions to the advent of a plump, blue-eyed baby. Soon after its appearance I note that Professor Kalm returned home and settled down to collegiate work in Sweden.

How many men in every generation have dismounted from Pegasus at middle age and taken to plowing with some dull hack, slaves for the rest of their lives to the needs of their children!

Hereafter, history is silent about Kalm and his wife. But Linnæus, who was his nearest friend, gave his name to the American laurel, and so to-day, as soon as June comes, he being dead, that most beautiful of flowers calls his memory to life in every valley and on every peak of our mountains.







Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"‘THOUGH HE GAIN OR LOSE, THE ONE I CHOOSE  
HE SHALL BE MY TRUE-LOVE STILL.’"



# "TWO MAIDS UPROSE IN THE SHIMMERING LIGHT"

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

*"Qui gagne bataille,  
    Aura mes amours."  
"Qui 'l gagne ou qui 'l perde,  
    Les aura toujours."*

TWO maids uprose in the shimmering light  
Of the clanging battle-morn;  
And one was tressed like the bird of night,  
And one like the ripening corn.

Then outspoke she of the raven locks,  
And her dark eyes glowed like wine:  
"If he slay the foe, the knight I know,  
He shall win this heart of mine!"

But softlier she of the yellow hair,  
And her blue eyes 'gan to fill:  
"Though he gain or lose, the one I choose  
He shall be my true-love still."



## THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION  
OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

XXVI

MR. HAMILTON'S reply came in five days. He would come at once. De Courval's friends, Bingham and Wynne, had heard his story, and thought he did well to resign, while Wynne advised him to come to Merion for a week or two. His other adviser would not have even the appearance of flight.

"Above all," said Margaret, "go about as usual. Thou must not avoid people, and after Mr. Hamilton comes and is gone, think of Merion if it so please thee, or I can let thee go. Aunt Gainor was here

in one of her fine tempers yesterday. I am jealous of her, Monsieur de Courval. And she has her suspicions."

He took her advice, and saw too easily that he was the observed of many; for in the city he had long been a familiar personality, with his clean-shaven, handsome face and the erect figure, which showed the soldier's training. He was, moreover, a favorite, especially with the older men and women, so that not all the looks he met were either from hostile, cockaded Jacobins or from the merely curious.

Mr. Thomas Cadwalader stopped him, and said that at need he was at his ser-



vice, if he desired to call out the minister or the Secretary. Mrs. Byrd, both curious and kind, would have him to come and tell her all about it, which he was little inclined to do.

He took Margaret's wholesome advice, and swam and rode, and was in a calmer state of mind, and even happy at the greetings of those in the fencing school, where were some whom, out of his slender means, he had helped. They told him gleefully how De Malerive had given up the ice-cream business for a morning to quiet for a few weeks an Irish Democrat who had said of the vicomte unpleasant things; and would he not fence? "Yes, now," he said, smiling, and would use the pistol no more.

Mr. Hamilton came as he had promised. "I must return to New York," he said, "to-morrow. I have heard from Schmidt. He may not come very soon; but I wrote him fully, on hearing from you. He will be sure to come soon or late, but meanwhile I have asked General Washington to see you with me. It may, indeed, will be, of small present use, but I want him to hear you—your own account of this affair. So far he has had only what Mr. Randolph has been pleased to tell him. I made it a personal favor. Let us go. The cabinet meeting will be over."

René thanked him, and not altogether assured that any good would result from this visit, walked away with Hamilton, the two men attracting some attention. The President at this time lived on High Street, in the former house of Robert Morris, near to Sixth Street. They were shown into the office room on the right, which De Courval knew well, and where Genêt the Jacobin minister had been insulted by the medallions of the hapless king and queen.

In a few minutes the President entered. He bowed formally, and said, "Pray be seated, Vicomte. I have been asked, sir, by Mr. Hamilton to hear you. As you are not now in the service, I am pleased to allow myself the pleasure to do so, although I have thought it well to advise Mr. Randolph of my intention. Your case has been before the cabinet, but as yours was a position solely in the gift of the Secretary of State, I—or we, have felt that his appointments should lie wholly within his control."

"And of disappointments, also, I suppose," said Hamilton, smiling, a privileged person.

Little open to appreciation of humor, no smile came upon the worn face of the President. He turned to Hamilton as he spoke, and then went on addressing De Courval, and speaking as was his way with deliberate slowness. "I have given this matter some personal consideration because, although Mr. Secretary Randolph has acted as to him seemed best, you have friends who, to be frank with you, feel desirous that I should be informed by you in person of what took place. I am willing to oblige them. You are, it seems, unfortunate. There are two serious charges, an assault and—pardon me—the seizure of a despatch. May I be allowed to ask you certain questions?"

"I shall be highly honored, sir."

"This, I am given to understand, was a personal quarrel."

"Yes, your Excellency."

"What the law may say of the matter, I do not know. What concerns us most is the despatch. In what I say I desire, sir, to be considered open to correction. When, as I am told, you followed Mr. Carteaux, intending a very irregular duel, did you know that he carried a despatch?"

"I did not until Mr. Schmidt found it. Then the man was cared for, and I delivered his papers to their destination."

"I regret, sir, to hear that of this you have no proof. Here your word suffices. Outside of these walls it has been questioned."

"I have no proof,—none of any value,—nor can I ever hope to prove that I did what my own honor and my duty to the administration required."

Hamilton listened intently while the aging, tired face of the President for a moment seemed lost in reflection. Then the large, blue eyes were lifted as he said, "At present this matter seems hopeless, sir, but time answers many questions." Upon this he turned to Hamilton. "There are two persons involved. Who, sir, is this Mr. Schmidt? I am told that he has left the country; in fact, has fled."

For a moment Hamilton was embarrassed. "I can vouch for him as my friend. He was called to Germany on a matter of moment. At present I am not at liberty to reply to you more fully. He



is sure to return, and then I may,—indeed, I am sure, will be more free to answer you frankly.”

“But if so, what value will his evidence have? None, I conceive, as affecting the loss of the despatch. If that charge were disproved, the political aspect of the matter would become unimportant, and the affair, so far as the duel is concerned, would become less serious.”

“It seems so to me,” said Hamilton. “The Democrats are making the most of it, and the English Federalists are doing harm by praising my young friend for what he did not do and never would have done. They were mad enough in New York to propose a dinner to the vicomte.”

The President rose. “I do not think it advisable, Mr. Hamilton, to pursue this matter further at present; nor, sir, do I apprehend that any good can result for this gentleman from my willingness to gratify your wish that I should see him.”

“We shall detain your Excellency no longer.”

The President was never fully at ease when speaking, and owing to a certain deliberateness in speech, was thought to be dull when in company and, perhaps through consciousness of a difficulty in expression, was given to silence, a disposition fostered, no doubt, by the statesman’s long-disciplined need for reticence.

After Hamilton had accepted the President’s rising as a signal that their audience was over, René, seeing that the general did not at once move toward the door, waited for Hamilton. The ex-Secretary, however, knew well the ways of his friend and stood still, aware that the President was slowly considering what further he desired to say.

The pause was strange to De Courval as he stood intently watching the tall figure in black velvet, and the large features on which years of war and uneasy peace had left their mark.

Then with more than his usual animation the President came nearer to De Courval: “I have myself, sir, often had to bide on time for full justification of my actions. While you are in pursuit of means to deal with the suspicions arising, permit me to say, from your own imprudence you will have to bear in silence what men say of you. I regret, to conclude, that I cannot interfere in this mat-

ter. I discover it to be more agreeable to say to you that personally I entirely believe you. But this you must consider as spoken ‘under the rose’”—a favorite expression. De Courval flushed with joy, and could say no more than: “I thank you. You have helped me to wait.”

The general bowed, and at the door, as they were passing out, said: “I shall hope to see you again in the service, and you must not think of retiring permanently from the work which you have done so well. I remind myself that I have not yet thanked you for your report. It has greatly relieved my mind.” On this he put out his hand, over which René bowed in silent gratitude, and with a last look at the weary face of the man whose life had been one long sacrifice to duty, he went away, feeling the strengthening influence of a great example.

As they reached the street, René said, “How just he is, and how clear!”

“Yes. A slowly acting mind, but sure—and in battle, in danger, swift, decisive, and reckless of peril. Are you satisfied?”

“Yes, I am. I shall be, even though this matter is never cleared up.”

“It will be. He said so, and I have long since learned to trust his foresight. In all my long experience of the man, I have scarcely ever heard him speak at such length. You may live to see many men in high places; you will never see a greater than George Washington. I know him as few know him.”

He was silent for a moment, and then added: “When I was young and hasty, and thought more of Alexander Hamilton than I do to-day, he forgave me an outburst of youthful impertinence which would have made a vainer man desire to see no more of me.” De Courval, a less quick-tempered character, wondered that any one should have taken a liberty with the man they had just left.

“But now I must leave you,” said Hamilton. “If Schmidt returns, he will land in New York, and I shall come hither with him. Have you seen the new paper, the ‘Aurora’? Mr. Bache has taken up the task Freneau dropped—of abusing the President.”

“No, I have not seen it. I suppose now it is the English treaty. It will interest me no longer.”

“Oh, for a time, for a time. Between



us, the President has sent it to the Senate. It will leak out. He will sign it with a reservation as concerns the English claim to seize provisions meant for French ports. Do not speak of it. Randolph is striving to strengthen the President's scruples with regard to a not altogether satisfactory treaty, but, on the whole, the best we can get. It will be signed and will be of great service. Keep this to yourself, and good-by. Randolph is too French for me. I may have said to you once that if we had a navy, it is not peace that the President would desire."

De Courval hastened home to pour into the ear of Margaret so much of his interview as he felt free to speak of.

"My mother," she said, "would speak to thee of me, René." But he asked that she would wait, and his sense of satisfaction soon gave place, as was natural, to a return of depression, which for a time left him only when in the company of Margaret. Her mother, usually so calm, did most uneasily wait while the days went by, but made no effort to interfere with the lovers.

On the 9th of August, at evening, Margaret and René were seated in the garden when of a sudden René leaped up with a cry of joyous welcome as he saw Schmidt, large, bronzed, and laughing, on the porch.

"*Du guter Himmel!*" he cried, "but I am content to be here. I have good news for you. *Ach*, let me sit down. Now listen. But first, is it all right, children?"

"May I tell him in my way, René?"

"Yes, of course; but what is your way?"

"This is my way," said Margaret, and bending over, as the German sat on the grass at her feet, she kissed him, saying, "As yet no one knows."

"I am answered, Pearl; and now listen. This morning I met Mr. Randolph and Mr. Hamilton with the President. That was best before seeing you. Mr. Randolph was silent while I told the general plainly the story of your duel. *Ach*, but he has the trick of silence! A good one, too. When I had ended, he said, 'I am to be pardoned, sir, if I ask who in turn will vouch for you as a witness?'"

"Then I said, 'With my apologies to these gentlemen, may I be allowed a brief interview alone with your Excellency, or, rather, may I ask also for Mr. Hamilton to be present?' 'With your permis-

sion, Mr. Randolph,' the President said, and showed us into a small side room. There I told him."

"Told him what?" said Margaret.

"Your husband may tell you, my dear, when you are married. I may as well permit it, whether I like it or not. You would get it out of him."

"I should," she said; "but—it is dreadful to have to wait."

"On our return, his Excellency said, 'Mr. Randolph, I am satisfied as regards the correctness of the Vicomte de Courval's account of Mr. Carteaux's treachery and of the vicomte's ignorance of his errand. Mr. Gouverneur sends me by Mr. Schmidt a letter concerning the despatch.'

"Then Randolph asked quietly: 'Did he see it, sir?'"

"'He knows that the vicomte delivered a packet of papers to the *Jean Bart*.'"

"'And without receipt for them or other evidence?'"

"'Yes; it so seems.'"

"'Then I regret to say that all we have heard appears to me, sir, to leave the matter where it was.'"

"'Not quite. Mr. Fauchet is out of office and about to go home. Carteaux, as Mr. Hamilton can tell you, refused to be questioned, and has sailed for France. Adet, the new minister, will not urge the matter. You must pardon me, but, as it appears to me, an injustice has been done.'"

"Randolph said testily: 'It is by no means clear to me, and until we hear of that despatch, it never will be.'"

"The President said, 'I am not free to speak of what Mr. Schmidt has confided to me, but it satisfies me fully.' Then he waited to hear what Randolph would say."

"And he?" said Réne, impatient.

"Oh, naturally enough he was puzzled, and I thought annoyed, but said, 'I presume, Mr. President, it is meant that I ought to offer this young man the position he forfeited?'"

"'That, sir,' said the President, 'is for you to decide.'"

"Then Mr. Hamilton, who can be as foxy as Jefferson, said in a careless way, 'I think I should wait a little.'"

"The moment he said that, I knew what would happen. Randolph said, 'Pardon me, Mr. Hamilton, I prefer to conduct the affairs of my department



without aid.' They love not one another, these two. 'I am of the President's opinion. I shall write to the Vicomte de Courval.'

"Mr. Hamilton did seem to me to amuse himself. He smiled a little and said: 'A pity to be in such a hurry. Time will make it all clearer.' Randolph made no reply. You will hear from him to-morrow."

"I shall not accept," said René.

"Yes, you must. It is a full answer to all criticism, and after what the President has said, you cannot refuse."

"Mr. Schmidt is right, René," said Margaret. "Thou must take the place."

"Good, wise little counselor!" said the German. "He will write you a courteous note, René. He has had, as Hamilton says, enough differences with the chief to make him willing to oblige him in a minor matter. You must take it."

At last, it being so agreed, Schmidt went in to see Mrs. Swanwick and to relieve her as concerned a part, at least, of her troubles. The rest he would talk about later.

Even the vicomtesse was so good as to be pleased, and the evening meal was gayer than usual.

The next morning René received the following note:

DEAR SIR: My opinion in regard to the matter under discussion of late having been modified somewhat, and the President favoring my action, it gives me pleasure to offer you the chance to return to the office.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient friend and servant,

*Edmund Randolph.*

Schmidt laughed as he read it. "He does not like it. The dose is bitter. He thinks you will say no. But you will write simply, and accept with pleasure."

"Yes, I see. I shall do as you say." He sent a simple note of acceptance. A visit to the office of state settled the matter, and on the day but one after receipt of the letter, René was well pleased to be once more at his desk and busy.

Meanwhile Schmidt had been occupied with long letters to Germany and his affairs in the city, but in the evening of the 12th of August, they found time for one of their old talks.

"This matter of yours, and in fact of

mine, René, does not fully satisfy me. I still hear much about it, and always of that infernal despatch."

"It does not satisfy me, sir."

"Well, it seems to me that it will have to. Long ago that despatch must be in Paris; but Mr. Monroe, our minister, could learn nothing about it. And so you two young folks have arranged your affairs. I can tell you that Miss Gainor will be sorry to have had no hand in this business, and Uncle Josiah, too."

"That is droll enough. I am glad to have pleased somebody. We have thought it better not as yet to speak of it."

"Have you told your mother, René? You may be sure that she will know, or guess at the truth, and resent being left in the dark."

"That is true; but you may very well imagine that I dread what she will say of Margaret. We have never had a serious difference, and now it is to come. I shall talk to her to-morrow."

"No, now. Get it over, sir. Get it over. I must go home again soon, and I want to see you married. Go now at once and get it over."

"I suppose that will be as well."

He went slowly up the winding staircase which was so remarkable a feature of the finer Georgian houses. Suddenly he was aware in the darkness of Margaret on the landing above him.

"Don't stop me," she said.

"What is wrong?" he asked.

"Everything. I told thee thy mother would know. She sent for me. I went. She was cruel—cruel—hard."

"What, dear, did she say?"

"I shall not tell thee. She insulted me and my mother. Ah, but she said—no, I shall not tell thee, nor mother. She sent for me, and I went. I had to tell her. Oh, I said that—that—I told her—I do not know what I told her." She was on the edge of her first almost uncontrollable loss of self-government. It alarmed her pride, and at once becoming calm, she added, "I told her that it was useless to talk to me, to say that it must end, that thou wouldst obey her. I—I just laughed; yes, I did. And I told her she did not yet know her own son—and—that some day she would regret what she had said to me, and, René, of my mother. I do not care."



"But I care, Margaret. I was this moment on my way to tell her."

"Let me pass. I hope thou art worth what I have endured for thy sake. Let me pass." He went by her, troubled and aware that he too needed to keep himself in hand. When he entered his mother's room he found her seated by the feeble candle-light, a rose of the never-finished embroidery growing under her thin, skilful fingers.

For her a disagreeable matter had been decisively dealt with and put aside; no trace of emotion betrayed her self-satisfaction at having finally settled an unpleasant but necessary business.

In the sweet, low voice which seemed so out of relation to her severity of aspect, she said: "Sit down. I have been left to learn from the young woman of this entanglement. I should have heard it from you, or never have had to hear it at all."

"Mother, I have been in very great trouble of late. That my disaster did trouble you so little has been painful to me. But this is far worse. I waited to feel at ease about the other affair before I spoke to you of my intention to marry Miss Swanwick. I was on my way just now when I met her on the stair. I desire to say, mother—"

She broke in: "It is useless to discuss this absurd business. It is over. I have said so to the young woman. That ends it. Now kiss me. I wish to go to bed."

"No," he said; "this does not end it."

"Indeed, we shall see—a quite ordinary Quaker girl and a designing mother. It is all clear enough. Neither of you with any means, not a louis of dot—a nice wife to take home. Oh, I have expressed myself fully, and it was needed. She presumed to contradict me. *Ciel!* I had to be plain."

"So it seems; but as I count for something, I beg leave to say, *maman*, that I mean to marry Margaret Swanwick."

"You, the Vicomte de Courval!"

He laughed bitterly. "What are titles here or in France, to-day? There are a dozen starving nobles in this city, exiles and homeless. As to money, I have charge of Mr. Schmidt's affairs, and shall have. I am not without business capacity."

"Business!" she exclaimed.

"Well, no matter, mother. I pray you to be reasonable, and to remember what these people have done for us; in health no end of kindness; in sickness—mother, I owe to them my life."

"They were paid, I presume."

"*Mon Dieu*, mother! how can you say such things? It is incredible."

"René, do you really mean to disobey me?"

"I hope not to have to do so."

"If you persist, you will have to. I shall never consent, never."

"Then, mother,—and you force me to say it,—whether you agree to it or not, I marry Margaret. You were hard to her and cruel."

"No; I was only just and wise."

"I do not see it; but rest assured that neither man nor woman shall part us. Oh, I have too much of you in me to be controlled in a matter where both love and honor are concerned."

"Then you mean to make this *mésalliance* against my will."

"I mean, and that soon, to marry the woman I think worthy of any man's love and respect."

"She is as bad as you—two obstinate fools! I am sorry for your children."

"Mother!"

"Well, and what now?"

"It is useless to resist. It will do no good. It only hurts me. Did your people want you to marry Jean de Courval, my father?"

"No."

"You did. Was it a *mésalliance*?"

"They said so."

"You set me a good example. I shall do as you did, if, after this, her pride does not come in the way."

"Her pride, indeed! Will it be to-morrow, the marriage?"

"Ah, dear mother, why will you hurt me so?"

"I know you as if it were myself. I take the lesser of two evils." And to his amazement, she said, "Send the girl up to me."

"If she will come."

"Come? Of course she will come." He shook his head and left her, but before he was out of the room, her busy hands were again on the embroidery-frame.

"No, I will not go," said Margaret when he delivered his message.



"For my sake, dear," said René, and at last, reluctant and still angry, Margaret went up-stairs.

"Come in," said madame; "you have kept me waiting." The girl stood still at the open door. "Do not stand there, child. Come here and sit down."

"No," said Margaret, "I shall stand."

"As you please, Mademoiselle. My son has made up his mind to an act of folly. I yield because I must. He is obstinate, as you will some day discover to your cost. I cannot say I am satisfied, but as you are to be my daughter, I shall say no more. You may kiss me. I shall feel better about it in a few years, perhaps."

Never, I suppose, was Margaret's power of self-command more sorely tried. She bent over, lifted the hand of the vicomtesse from the embroidery, and kissed it, saying, "Thou art René's mother, Madame," and, turning, left the room.

René was impatiently walking in the hall when Margaret came down the stair from this brief interview. She was flushed and still had in her eyes the light of battle. "I have done as you desired. I cannot talk any more. I have had all I can stand. No, I shall not kiss thee. My kisses are spoilt for to-night." Then she laughed as she went up the broad stairway, and, leaning over the rail, cried: "There will be two for to-morrow. They will keep. Good night."

The vicomtesse she left was no better pleased, and knew that she had had the worst of the skirmish.

"I hate it. I hate it," she said, "but that was well done of the maid. Where did she get her fine ways?" She was aware, as René had said in some wrath, that she could not insult these kind people and continue to eat their bread. The dark lady with the wan, ascetic face, as of a saint of many fasts, could abide poverty and accept bad diet, but nevertheless did like very well the things which make life pleasant, and had been more than comfortable amid the good fare and faultless cleanliness of the Quaker house.

She quite well understood that the matter could not remain in the position in which she had left it. She had given up too easily; but now she must take the consequences. Therefore it was that the next day after breakfast she said to Margaret, "I desire to talk to you a little."

"Certainly, Madame. Will the withdrawing-room answer?"

"Yes, here or there." Margaret closed the door as she followed the vicomtesse, and after the manner of her day stood while the elderly woman sat very upright in the high-backed chair prophetically designed for her figure and the occasion.

"Pray be seated," she said. "I have had a white night, Mademoiselle, if you know what that is. I have been sleepless." If this filled Margaret with pity, I much doubt. "I have had to elect whether I quarrel with my son or with myself. I choose the latter, and shall say no more than this—I am too straightforward to avoid meeting face to face the hardships of life."

"Bless me! am I the hardship?" thought Margaret, her attitude of defiant pride somewhat modified by assistant sense of the comic.

"I shall say only this: I have always liked you. Whether I shall ever love you or not, I do not know. I have never had room in my heart for more than one love. God has so made me," which the young woman thought did comfortably and oddly shift responsibility, and thus further aided to restore her good humor.

"We shall be friends, Margaret." She rose as she spoke, and setting her hands on Margaret's shoulders as she too stood, said: "You are beautiful, child, and you have very good manners. There are things to be desired, the want of which I much regret; otherwise—" She felt as if she had gone far enough. "Were these otherwise, I should have been satisfied." Then she kissed her coldly on the forehead.

Margaret said, "I shall try, Madame, to be a good daughter," and, falling back, courtesied, and left the tall woman to her meditations.

Madame de Courval and Mary Swanwick knew that soon or late what their children had settled they too must discuss. Neither woman desired it, the vicomtesse aware that she might say more than she meant to say, the Quaker matron in equal dread lest things might be said which would make the future difficult. Mary Swanwick usually went with high courage to meet the calamities of life, and just at present it is to be feared that she thus classified the stern puritan dame.



But now she would wait no longer, and having so decided on Saturday, she chose Sunday morning, when—and she smiled—the vicomtesse having been to Gloria Dei and she herself to Friends' meeting, both should be in a frame of mind for what she felt might prove a trial of good temper.

Accordingly, having heard the gentle Friend Howell discourse, and bent in silent prayer for patience and charity, she came home and waited until from the window of Schmidt's room she saw the tall, black figure approach.

She went out to the hall and let in Madame de Courval, saying: "I have waited for thee. Wilt thou come into the withdrawing-room? I have that to say which may no longer be delayed."

"I myself had meant to talk with you of this unfortunate matter. It is as well to have it over." So saying, she followed her hostess. Both women sat upright in the high-backed chairs, the neat, gray-clad Quaker lady, tranquil and rosy; the black figure of the Huguenot dame, sallow, with grave, unmoved features, a strange contrast.

"I shall be pleased to hear you, Madame Swanwick."

"It is simple. I have long seen that there was a growth of attachment between our children. I did not—I do not approve it."

"Indeed," said Madame de Courval, haughtily. What was this woman to sit in judgment on the Vicomte de Courval?

"I have done my best to keep them apart. I spoke to Margaret, and sent her away again and again, as thou knowest. It has been in vain, and now having learned that thou hast accepted a condition of things we do neither of us like, I have thought it well to have speech of thee."

"I do not like it, and I never shall. I have, however, yielded a reluctant consent. I cannot quarrel with my only child; but I shall never like it—never."

"Never is a long day."

"I am not of those who change. There is no fitness in it, none. My son is of a class far above her. They are both poor." A sharp reply to the reference to social distinctions was on Mary Swanwick's tongue. She resisted the temptation, and said quietly:

"Margaret will not always be without means; my uncle will give her, on his death, all he has; and as to class, Madame, the good Master to whom we prayed this morning, must—"

"It is not a matter for discussion," broke in the elder woman.

"No; I agree with thee. It is not, but—were it not as well that two Christian gentlewomen should accept the inevitable without reserve and not make their children unhappy?"

"Gentlewomen!"

Mary Swanwick reddened. "I said so. We, too, are not without the pride of race you value. A poor business, but,"—and she looked straight at the vicomtesse, unable to resist the temptation to retort,—"we are not given to making much of it in speech."

Madame de Courval had at times entertained Margaret with some of the grim annals of her father's people. Now, feeling the thrust, and not liking it, or that she had lost her temper, she shifted her ground, and being at heart what her hostess described as a gentlewoman, said stiffly: "I beg pardon: I spoke without thought." At this moment Margaret entered, and seeing the signals of discomposure on both faces, said: "Oh, you two dear people whom I love and want to love more and more, you are talking of me and of René. Shall I give him up, Madame, and send him about his business?"

"Do, dear," laughed her mother, relieved.

There was no mirth to be had out of it for Yvonne de Courval.

"It is not a matter for jesting," she said. "He is quite too like me to be other than obstinate, and this, like what else of the trials God has seen fit to send, is to be endured. He is too like me to change."

"Then," said Margaret, gaily, "thou must be like him."

"I suppose so," said the vicomtesse, with a note of melancholy in her tones.

"Then if thou art like him, thou wilt have to love me," cried Margaret. The mother smiled at this pretty logic, but the Huguenot dame sat up on her chair, resentful of the affectionate familiarity of the girl's gaiety.

"Your mother and I have talked, and



what use is it? I shall try to care for you, and love may come. But I could have wished—"

"Oh, no!" cried Margaret. "Please to say no more. Thou wilt only hurt me."

"I remain of the same opinion; I am not of a nature which allows me to change without reason."

"And as for me," said Mrs. Swanwick, smiling as she rose, "I yield when I must."

"I, too," said the dark lady; "but to yield outwardly is not to give up my opinions, nor is it easy or agreeable to do so. We will speak of it another time, Madame Swanwick." But they never did, and so this interview ended with no very good result, except to make both women feel that further talk would be of no use, and that the matter was settled.

As the two mothers rose, Miss Gainor entered, large, smiling, fresh from Christ Church. Quick to observe, she saw that something unusual had occurred, and hesitated between curiosity and the reserve which good manners exacted.

"Good morning," she said. "I heard that Mr. Schmidt had come back, and so I came at once from church to get all the news from Europe for the Penns, where I go to dine."

"Europe is unimportant," cried Margaret, disregarding a warning look from her mother. "I am engaged to be married to Monsieur de Courval—and—everybody—is pleased. Dear Aunt Gainor, I like it myself."

"I at least am to be excepted," said the vicomtesse, "as Mademoiselle knows. I beg at present to be saved further discussion. May I be excused—"

"It seems, Madame," returned Miss Wynne, smiling, "to have got past the need for discussion. I congratulate you with all my heart."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the vicomtesse, forgetful of her Huguenot training, and swept by Miss Gainor's most formal courtesy and was gone.

"Dear child," cried Mistress Wynne, as she caught Margaret in her arms, "I am glad as never before. The vicomte has gone back to the service and—you are to marry—oh, the man of my choice. The poor vicomtesse, alas! Where is the vicomte?"

"He is out just now. We did mean to tell thee this evening."

"Ah! I am glad it came earlier, this good news. May I tell them at the governor's?"

"I may as well say yes," cried Margaret. "Thou wouldst be sure to tell."

"I should," said Gainor.

## XXVII

BOTH mothers had accepted a situation which neither entirely liked; but the atmosphere was cleared, and the people most concerned were well satisfied and happy. Miss Gainor joyously distributed the news. Gay cousins called, and again the late summer afternoons saw in the garden many friends who had sturdily stood by De Courval in his day of discredit.

If Randolph was cool to him, others were not, and the office work and the treaty were interesting, while in France affairs were better, and the reign of blood had passed and gone.

The warm days of August went by, and De Courval's boat drifted on the river at evening, where he lay and talked to Margaret, or listened, a well-contented man. There were parties in the country, dinners with the Peters at Belmont, or at historic Cliveden. Schmidt, more grave than usual, avoided these festivities, and gave himself to lonely rides, or to long evenings on the river when De Courval was absent or otherwise occupied, as was commonly the case.

When late one afternoon he said to René, "I want you to lend me Margaret for an hour," she cried, laughing, "Indeed, I lend myself; and I make my lord vicomte obey, as is fitting before marriage. I have not yet promised to obey after it, and I am at thy service, Friend Schmidt."

René laughed and said, "I am not left much choice," whereupon Schmidt and Margaret went down to the shore, and soon their boat lay quiet far out on the river.

"They are talking," said the young lover. "I wonder what about."

In fact they had not exchanged even the small current coin of conventional talk; both were silent until Schmidt laid down his oars, and the boat silently drifted upward with the tide. It was the woman who spoke first.



"Ah, what a true friend thou hast been!"

"Yes, I have that way a talent. Why did you bring me out here to flatter me?"

"I did think it was thou proposed it; but I do wish to talk with thee. My mother is not well pleased because the other mother is ill pleased. I do want every one I love to feel that all is well with René and me, and that the love I give is good for him."

"It is well for you and for him, my child, and as for that grim fortress of a woman, she will live to be jealous of your mother and of René. An east wind of a woman. She will come at last to love you, Pearl."

"Ah, dost thou really think so?"

"Yes."

"And thou art pleased. We thought thou wert grave of late and less—less gay."

"I am more than pleased, Margaret. I am not sad, but only grieved over the coming loss out of my life of simple days and those I love, because soon, very soon, I go away to a life of courts and idle ceremonies, and perhaps of strife and war."

For a moment or two neither spoke. The fading light seemed somehow to the girl to fit her sense of the gravity of this announcement of a vast loss out of life. Her eyes filled as she looked up.

"Oh, why dost thou go? Is not love and reverence and hearts that thank thee—oh, are not these enough? Why dost thou go?"

"You, dear, who know me will understand when I answer with one word—duty."

"I am answered," she said, but the tears ran down her cheeks.

"René will some day tell you more, indeed, all; and you will know why I must leave you." Then, saying no more, he took up the oars and pulled into the shore. René drew up the boat.

"Will you go out with me now, Margaret?"

"Not this evening, René," she said, and went slowly up to the house.

On one of these later August days, Mr. Hammond, the English minister, at his house in the country was pleased, being about to return home, to ask the company of Mr. Wolcott of the Treasury. There were no other guests, and after dinner the

minister, to add zest to his dessert, handed to Wolcott the now famous intercepted Despatch No. 10, sent back by Lord Grenville after its capture, to make still further mischief. Having been told the story of the wanderings of this fateful document, the Secretary read it with amazement, and understood at once that it was meant by Hammond to injure Randolph, whose dislike of the Jay Treaty and what it yielded to England was well known in London. Much disturbed by what he gathered, Wolcott took away the long document, agreeing to give a certified copy to Hammond, who, having been recalled, was well pleased to wing this Parthian arrow.

The next day Wolcott showed it to his colleagues, Pickering and the Attorney-General. As it seemed to them serious, they sent an urgent message to the President, which brought back the weary man from his rest at Mount Vernon. On his return, the President, despite Randolph's desire for further delay, called a cabinet meeting, and with a strong remonstrance against the provision clause which yielded the hated rights of search, decided to ratify the treaty with England.

The next-day he was shown the long-lost despatch.

Greatly disturbed, he waited for several days, and then again called together his advisers, naming for Randolph a half-hour later.

On this, the 19th of August, De Courval, being at his desk, was asked to see an express rider who had come with a report of Indian outrages on the frontier. The Secretary of State having gone, as he learned, to a cabinet meeting, De Courval made haste to find him, being well aware of the grave import of the news thus brought. Arriving at the house of the President, he was shown as usual into the drawing-room and sat down to wait among a gay party of little ones who were practising the minuet with the young Custis children under the tuition of a sad-looking, old *émigré* gentleman. The small ladies courtesied to the new-comer, the marquis bowed. The violin began again, and René sat still, amused.

Meanwhile in the room on the farther side of the hall, Washington discussed with Pickering and Oliver Wolcott the fateful despatch. A little later Randolph



entered the hall, and desiring De Courval to wait with his papers, joined the cabinet meeting.

As he entered, the President rose and said, "Mr. Randolph, a matter has been brought to my knowledge in which you are deeply concerned." He spoke with great formality, and handing him Fauchet's despatch, added, "Here is a letter which I desire you to read and make such explanation in regard to it as you choose."

Randolph, amazed, ran his eye over the long report of Fauchet to his home office, the other secretaries watching him in silence. He flushed with sudden anger as he read on, while no one spoke, and the President walked up and down the room. This is what the Secretary of State saw in Fauchet's despatch:

Mr. Randolph came to see me with an air of great eagerness just before the proclamation was made in regard to the excise insurrection, and made to me overtures of which I have given you an account in my despatches No. 6 and No. 3. Thus with some thousands of dollars the French Republic could have decided on war or peace. Thus the consciences of the pretended patriots of America have already their prices [*tarif*].

Then followed abuse of Hamilton and warm praise of Jefferson and Madison.

"The despatches No. 6 and No. 3 are not here," said the Secretary. Again he read on. Then at last, looking up, he said, "If I may be permitted to retain this letter a short time, I shall be able to answer everything in it in a satisfactory manner." He made no denial of its charges.

The President said: "Very well. You may wish at present, sir, to step into the back room and further consider the matter." He desired to do so, the President saying that he himself wished meanwhile to talk of it with his other advisers. Mr. Randolph, assenting, retired, and in half an hour returned. What passed in this interval between the chief and his secretaries no one knows, nor what went on in the mind of Washington. Mr. Randolph finally left the meeting, saying, "Your Excellency will hear from me." As he was passing the door of the parlor, De Courval came forward to meet him and

said: "These papers are of moment, sir. They have just come." The violin ceased, the marquis bowed. The Secretary saluted the small dames and said hastily: "I cannot consider these papers at present. I must go. Give them to the President." Upon this he went away, leaving De Courval surprised at the agitation of his manner.

In a few moments Mr. Wolcott also came out, leaving the office door open. Meanwhile De Courval waited, as he had been desired to do, until the President should be disengaged.

The violin went on, the small figures, as he watched them, moved in the slow measures of the dance. Then during a pause one little dame courtesied to him, and the old violinist asked would Monsieur le Vicomte walk a minuet with Miss Langdon. De Courval, rising, bowed to the anticipative partner, and said: "No; the President may want me." And again the low notes of the violin set the small puppets in motion. Of a sudden, heard through the open door across the hall, came a voice resonant with anger. It was Washington who spoke. "Why, Colonel Pickering, did he say nothing of moment? He was my friend Peyton Randolph's nephew and adopted son, my aide, my secretary. I made him Attorney-General, Secretary of State. I would have listened, sir. Never before have I allowed friendship to influence me in an appointment." The voice fell; he heard no more, but through it all the notes of the violin went on, a strange accompaniment, while the children moved in the ceremonious measures of the minuet, and René crossed the room to escape from what he was not meant to hear. A full half-hour went by while De Courval sat amazed at the words he had overheard. At last the Secretary of War, entering the hall, passed out of the house.

Then De Courval asked a servant in the gray and red of the Washington livery to take the papers to the President. Hearing him, Washington, coming to the door, said: "Come in, sir. I will see you." The face De Courval saw had regained its usual serenity. "Pray, be seated." He took the papers and deliberately considered them. "Yes, they are of importance. You did well to wait. I thank you." Then smiling kindly he said, "Here has



been a matter which concerns you. The despatch you were charged with taking was captured at sea by an English frigate and sent to us by Mr. Hammond, the British minister. It has been nine months on the way. I never, sir, had the least doubt of your honor, and permit me now to express my pleasure. At present this affair of the despatch must remain a secret. It will not be so very long. Permit me also to congratulate you on your new tie to this country. Mistress Wynne has told Mrs. Washington of it. Will you do me the honor to dine with us at four to-morrow? At four."

Coming out of the room with De Courval, he paused in the hall, having said his gracious words. The violin ceased. The little ladies in brocades and slippers came to the drawing-room door, a pretty dozen or so, Miss Langdon, Miss Biddle, Miss Morris, and the Custis children. They courtesied low, waiting expectant. Like most shy men, Washington was most at ease with children, loving what fate had denied him. He was now and then pleased, as they knew, to walk with one of them the slow measure of the minuet, and then to lift up and kiss his small partner in the dance. Now looking down on them from his great height he said: "No," with a sad smile at their respectful appeal—"no, not to-day, children. Not to-day. Good-by, Vicomte." As the servant held the door open, René looked back and saw the tall figure, the wreck of former vigor, go wearily up the broad staircase.

"What has so troubled him?" thought De Courval. "What is this that Edmund Randolph has done?" Standing on the outer step and taking off his hat, he murmured, "My God, I thank thee!" He heard faintly through the open window as he walked away the final notes of the violin and the laughter of childhood as the lesson ended.

It was only a little way, some three blocks, from the house of the President to the State Department, where, at 287 High Street, half a dozen clerks now made up the slender staff. De Courval walked slowly to the office, and setting his business in order, got leave from his immediate superior to be absent the rest of the day.

As he went out, Mr. Randolph passed

in. De Courval raised his hat, and said, "Good morning, sir." The Secretary turned back. In his hour of humiliation and evident distress his natural courtesy did not desert him.

"Monsieur," he said in ready French, "the despatch which you sent on its way has returned. I desire to ask you to forget the injustice I did you." He was about to add, "My time to suffer has come." He refrained.

"I thank you," said De Courval; "you could hardly have done otherwise than you did." The two men bowed, and parted to meet no more. "What does it all mean?" thought the young man. Thus set free, he would at once have gone home to tell of the end of the troubles this wandering paper had made for him. But Margaret was at Merion for the day, and others might wait. He wished for an hour to be alone, and felt as he walked eastward the exaltation which was natural to a man sensitive as to the slightest reflection on his honor. Thus surely set at ease, with the slow pace of the thoughtful, he moved along what we now call Market Street. Already at this time it had its country carts and wide market sheds, where Schmidt liked to come, pleased with the colors of the fruit and vegetables. René heard again with a smile the street-cries, "Calamus! sweet calamus!" and "Peaches ripe! ripe!" as on his first sad day in the city.

Aimlessly wandering, he turned northward into Mulberry Street, with its Doric portals, and seeing the many Friends coming out of their meeting-house, was reminded that it was Wednesday. "I should like," he thought, "to have said my thanks with them." Moving westward, at Delaware Fifth Street he entered the burial-ground of Christ Church, and for a while in serious mood read what the living had said of the dead.

"Well, René," said Schmidt, behind him, "which are to be preferred, those underneath or those above ground?"

"I do not know. You startled me. To-day, for me, those above ground."

"When a man has had both experiences he may be able to answer—or not. I once told you I liked to come here. This is my last call upon these dead, some of whom I loved. What fetched you hither?"



"Oh, I was lightly wandering with good news," and he told him of the despatch, and that it was to be for the time a secret.

"At last!" said Schmidt. "I knew it would come. The world may congratulate you. I am not altogether grieved that you have been through this trial. I, too, have my news. Edmund Randolph has resigned within an hour or so. Mr. Wolcott has just heard it from the President. Oh, the wild confusion of things! If you had not sent that despatch on its way, Randolph would not have fallen. A fatal paper. Let us go home, René."

"But how, sir, does it concern Mr. Randolph?"

"Pickering has talked of it to Bingham, whom I have seen just now, and I am under the impression that Fauchet's despatch charged Randolph with asking for money. It was rather vague, as I heard it."

"I do not believe it," said René.

"A queer story," said Schmidt. "A wild Jacobin despatch ruins his Secretary for life, disgraces for a time an *émigré* noble, turns out a cabinet minister—what fancy could have invented a stranger tale? Come, let us leave these untroubled dead."

Not until December of that year, 1795, did Randolph's pamphlet, known as his "Vindication," appear. This miserable business concerns us here solely as it affected the lives of my characters. It has excited much controversy, and to this day, despite Fauchet's explanations to Randolph and the knowledge we now have of the papers mentioned as No. 3 and No. 6, it remains in a condition to puzzle the most astute historian. Certainly few things in diplomatic annals are more interesting than the adventures of Despatch No. 10. The verdict of "not proven" has been the conclusion reached by some writers, while despite Randolph's failure to deny the charges at once, as he did later, it is possible that Fauchet misunderstood him or lied, although why he should have done so is difficult to comprehend.

The despatch, as we have seen, affected more persons than the unfortunate Secretary. Dr. Chovet left the city in haste when he heard of Schmidt's return, and Aunt Gainor lamented as among the not

minor consequences the demise of her two gods and the blue china mandarin. She was in some degree comforted by the difficult business of Margaret's marriage outfit, for Schmidt, overjoyed at the complete justification of De Courval, insisted that there must be no delay, since he himself was obliged to return to Germany in October.

Mrs. Swanwick would as usual accept no money help, and the preparations should be simple, she said, nor was it a day of vulgar extravagance in bridal presents. Margaret, willing enough to delay, and happy in the present, was slowly making her way to what heart there was in the Huguenot dame. Margaret at her joyous best was hard to resist, and now made love to the vicomtesse, and, ingenuously ready to serve, wooed her well and wisely in the interest of peace.

What Madame de Courval most liked about Margaret was a voice as low and as melodious in its changes as her own, so that, as Schmidt said, "It is music, and what it says is of the lesser moment." Thus one day at evening as they sat on the porch, Margaret murmured in the ear of the dark lady: "I am to be married in a few days; wilt not thou make me a little wedding gift?"

"My dear Margaret," cried René, laughing, "the jewels all went in England, and except a son of small value, what can my mother give you?"

"But, him I have already," cried Margaret. "What I want, madame has—oh, and to spare."

"Well, and what is it I am to give?" said madame, coldly.

"A little love," she whispered.

"Ah, do you say such things to René?"

"No, never. It is he who says them to me. Oh, I am waiting. A lapful I want of thee," and she held up her skirts to receive the gift.

"How saucy thou art!" said Mrs. Swanwick.

"It is no affair of thine, Friend Swanwick," cried the Pearl. "I wait, Madame."

"I must borrow of my son," said the vicomtesse. "It shall be ready at thy wedding. Thou wilt have to wait."

"Ah," said René, "we can wait. Come, let us gather some peaches, Margaret," and as they went down the garden, he



added: "My mother said 'thou' to you. Did you hear?"

"Yes, I heard. She was giving me what I asked, and would not say so."

"Yes; it was not like her," said the vicomte, well pleased.

The September days went by, and to all outward appearance Madame de Courval accepted with no further protest what it was out of her power to control. Uncle Josiah insisted on settling upon Margaret a modest income, and found it the harder to do so because, except Mistress Gainor Wynne, no one was disposed to differ with him. That lady told him it was shabby. To which he replied that there would be the more when he died.

"Get a permanent ground-rent on your grave," said Gainor, "or never will you lie at rest."

"It is our last ride," said Schmidt, on October the first, of this, the last year of my story. They rode out through the busy Red City and up the Ridge Road, along which General Greene led the left wing of the army to the fight at Germantown, and so to the Wissahickon Creek, where, leaving their horses at an inn, they walked up the stream.

"*Ach, lieber Himmel*, this is well," said Schmidt as they sat down on a bed of moss above the water. "Tell me," he said, "more about the President. Oh, more; you were too brief." He insisted eagerly. "I like him with the little ones. And, ah, that tragedy of fallen ambition and all the while the violin music and the dance. It is said that sometimes he is pleased to walk a minuet with one of these small maids, and then will kiss the fortunate little partner."

"He did not that day; he told them he could not. He was sad about Randolph."

"When they are old, they will tell of it, René." And, indeed, two of these children lived to be great-grandmothers, and kissing their grandchildren's children, two of whom live to-day in the Red City, bade them remember that the lips which kissed them had often been kissed by Washington.

"It is a good sign of a man to love these little ones," said Schmidt. "What think you, René? Was Randolph guilty?"

"I do not think so, sir. Fauchet was a quite irresponsible person; but what that silent old man, Washington, finally believed, I should like to know. I fear that

he thought Randolph had been anything but loyal to his chief."

For a little while the German seemed lost in thought. Then he said: "You will have my horses and books and the pistols and my rapier. My life will, I hope, need them no more. I mean the weapons; but who can be sure of that? Your own life will find a use for them, if I be not mistaken. When I am gone, Mr. Justice Wilson will call on you, and do not let the Pearl refuse what I shall leave for her. I have lived two lives. One of my lives ends here in this free land. Mr. Wilson has, as it were, my will. In Germany I shall have far more than I shall ever need. Keep my secret. There are, there were, good reasons for it."

"It is safe with me."

"Ah, the dear life I have had here, the freedom of the wilderness, the loves, the simple joys!" As he spoke, he gathered and let fall the autumn leaves strewn thickly on the forest floor. "We shall meet no more on earth, René, and I have loved you as few men love." Again he was long silent.

"I go from these wonder woods to the autumn of a life with duties and, alas! naught else. Sometimes I shall write to you; and, René, you will speak of me to your children."

The younger man said little in reply. He, too, was deeply moved, and sorrowful as never before. As they sat, Schmidt put his hand on René's shoulder. "May the good God bless and keep you and yours through length of honorable days! Let us go. Never before did the autumn woodlands seem to me sad. Let us go." He cast down as he rose the last handful of the red and gold leaves of the maple.

They walked down the creek, still beautiful to-day, and rode home in silence amid the slow down-drift of the early days of the fall.

In the house Margaret met them joyous. "Oh, René, a letter of congratulation to me! Think of it—to me, sir, from General Washington! And one to thee!" These letters were to decide in far-away after days a famous French law-suit.

THE sun shone bright on the little party which passed among the graves into the modest Gloria Dei, the church of the Swedes. Here were the many kinsfolk;





Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"NO, NOT TO-DAY, CHILDREN. NOT TO-DAY"



and Washington's secretary, Colonel Lear; Alexander Hamilton and Gouverneur Morris with Bingham and Morrises; Whartons and Biddles, the forefathers of many lines of men since famous in our annals, whether of war or peace. Women there were also. Mistress Gainor in the front pew with Mrs. Swanwick and Lady Washington, as many called her, and the gay Federalist dames, who smiled approval of Margaret in her radiant loveliness.

Schmidt, grave and stately in dark velvet, gave away the bride, and the good Swedish rector, the Reverend Nicholas Cullin, read the service of the church.

Then at last they passed into the vestry, and, as Margaret decreed, all must sign the marriage-certificate after the manner of Friends. De Courval wrote his name, and the Pearl, "Margaret Swanwick," whereat arose merriment and an erasure when, blushing, she wrote "De Courval." Next came Schmidt. He hesitated a moment, and then wrote "Johan Graf von Ehrenstein," to the surprise of the curious many who followed, signing with laughter and chatter of young tongues. Meanwhile the German gentleman, unnoticed, passed out of the vestry, and thus out of my story.

"What with all these signatures, it does look, Vicomte," said young Mr. Morris, "like the famous Declaration of Independence."

"Humph!" growled Josiah Langstroth, "if thee thinks, young man, that it is a declaration of independence, thee is very much mistaken."

"Not I," said René, laughing; and they went out to where Mistress Gainor's landau was waiting, and so home to the mother's house. Here was a note from Schmidt.

DEAR CHILDREN: To say good-by is more than I will to bear. God bless you both! I go at once.

*Johan Graf von Ehrenstein.*

There were tears in the Pearl's eyes.

"He told me he would not say good-by. And is that his real name, René? No, it is not; I know that much."

René smiled. "Some day," he said, "I shall tell you."

In a few minutes came his honor, Mr. Justice Wilson, saying: "I feared to be late. Madame,"—to Margaret,— "here is a remembrance for you from our friend."

"Oh, open it!" she cried. "Ah, if only he were here!"

There was a card. It said, "Within is my kiss of parting," and as she stood in her bridal dress, René fastened the necklace of great pearls about her neck, while Madame de Courval looked on in wonder at the princely gift.

Then the Judge, taking them aside into Schmidt's room, said: "I am to give you, Vicomte, these papers which make you for your wife the trustee of our friend's estate, a large one, as you may know. My congratulations, Vicomtesse."

"He told me!" said Margaret. "He told me, René." She was too moved to say more.

In an hour, for this was not a time of wedding breakfasts, they were on their way to Cliveden, which Chief-Justice Chew had lent for their honeymoon.

So ends my story, and thus I part with these, the children of my mind. Many of them lived, and have left their names in our history; others, perhaps even more real to me, I dismiss with regret, to become for me, as time runs on, but remembered phantoms of the shadow world of fiction.

### *L'envoi*

BEFORE De Courval and his wife returned to France, the Directory had come and gone, the greatest of soldiers had taken on the rule, and the grave Huguenot mother had gone to her grave in Christ Church yard.

Mrs. Swanwick firmly refused to leave her country. "Better, far better," she said, "Margaret, that thou shouldst be without me. I shall live to see thee again and the children."

In after years in Penn's city men read of Napoleon's soldier, General the Comte de Courval and of the American beauty at the Emperor's court, while over their Madeira the older men talked of the German gentleman who had been so long among them, and passed so mysteriously out of the knowledge of all.



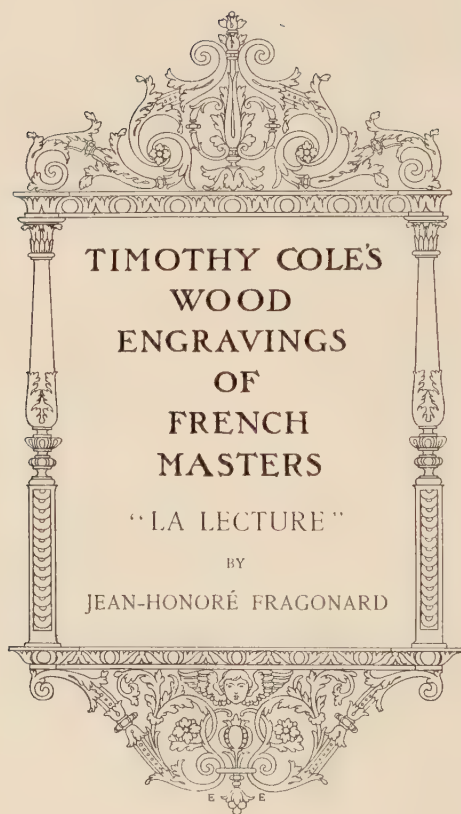


From the painting in the Louvre. See "Open Letters

"LA LECTURE" (READING). BY JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—VIII)





TIMOTHY COLE'S  
WOOD  
ENGRAVINGS  
OF  
FRENCH  
MASTERS

“LA LECTURE”

BY

JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD



# AT BETHLEHEM

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

O MARY, lend thy Babe to me  
To hold upon my breast!  
*It cannot be; it cannot be:*  
*Thy heart would shake His rest.*  
*Beneath thy robe I see it leap:*  
*How in such tumult could He sleep?*

God's Mother, shame upon thee now,  
So cold and hard to be!  
*And who art thou, and who art thou*  
*That criest shame on me?*  
A wasted woman, hungering sore  
For the sweet babe I never bore.

*Now for that waste be thine the shame;*  
*Thy sentence thou dost speak;*  
*And for that hunger thine the blame:*  
*Were no lost lambs to seek*  
*Where crowds unseeing pass and press?*  
*No little children motherless?*

Ah, Mary, let me seek for such!  
Mine eyes with tears were blind.  
*Nay, daughter, seek not overmuch.*  
*Go forth, and thou shalt find,*  
*Naked and hungry everywhere,*  
*The little ones thou didst not bear.*

*Wipe clear of useless tears thine eyes,*  
*Thy heart of futile dreams.*  
*Go forth to face realities.*  
*One deed of mercy seems,*  
*To this my Son and me, more fair*  
*Than a whole life of barren prayer.*

*Love not in word, but in good sooth.*  
*Deserted and defiled,*  
*Each little human form in truth*  
*Houses the Eternal Child.*  
*Held in thine arms, His eyes of grace*  
*Shall open to thy bending face.*

God's Mother, I have been to blame—  
*Nay, daughter, no regret.*  
*Forget thy blame, forget thy shame;*  
*Thy very self forget.*  
*Give wholly thine awakened heart;*  
*My Child hath need of all thou art.*





Drawn by K. O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE BRANDENBURG GATE—THE EMPEROR PASSES

# THE CITY OF THE EMPERORS

## ROMANTIC GERMANY—II

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY KARL O'LYNCH VON TOWN

FROM any account of the romantic cities of Germany, Berlin must not be excluded, if for no other reason than because it is so unromantic. It is the positive degree by which to gage such comparatives as Breslau and Munich, such superlatives as Hildesheim and Rothenburg. It is the gray sky in which the rainbow gleams the fresher. And its own spot or two of real color breaks this background with a vivid force of contrast that may never be enjoyed in the cities of pure romance.

The rare Berlin sun bathed Unter den Linden and wrought happy effects among the columns of the Brandenburg Gate, lovely in its Attic repose against the May foliage of the Thiergarten. In the guard-house on each hand the guard was

undergoing inspection. Each private came stiffly up to his officer and whirled stiffly about, to show that he was uncontaminated by the great, dirty human world beyond the palings. But just as a spot was found on an unfortunate leg, a trumpet rang out from the Friedens-Allée, the watch before the gate yelled something in a superhuman voice, the officers, with protruding eyes, leaped hysterically through the door, and the soldiers tumbled after, presenting arms to the cloud of dust in the wake of the Emperor's automobile, which had whizzed, at the Emperor's own speed limit, through the royal entrance.

The soldiers slunk dejectedly back to inspection.

"Swine-hounds!" cried a pale officer,



"why could n't you do that quicker?" And even the bystanders eyed them with reproach; for every citizen in the crowd had been a soldier himself, and knew that he could have managed things better.

The people were still glowing with the excitement and pleasure of having seen the Emperor. I had caught a glimpse of the familiar face as it flashed by—the keen eyes that seemed to look into the soul of every one of us, their hint of coldness and hardness corrected by the kindly lines about them; the straight, frank nose; the morose mouth, artificially enlivened by the grin of upturned mustaches, like the enforced jocularity of "The Man Who Laughs"; the determined, energetic, military jaw. This typical Hohenzollern face, coming and going like an apparition, suddenly lent fresh interest to a place which I had always found interesting. For, as I drifted down the Lindens with the crowd, the question arose whether this modern, militant city, with its zest in commerce and diplomacy, in art and science, were not in many senses an embodiment of the Hohenzollern character.

A Frenchman once declared that Prussia was born from a cannon-ball, as an eagle is from an egg. And indeed it would be

hard to find another German city with so few old buildings as Berlin and so little atmosphere. A Strasburg cathedral, a market-place out of Dantzic, a row of Hildesheim houses, or a Breslau Rathaus, would be as out of place here as in an arsenal. Most of the Berlin architecture has as much color as a squadron of battle-ships in war-paint, and the Old-World glamour which one naturally expects from Germany is almost as well hidden here as a pearl in a pile of oyster-shells. The city fairly bristles with weapons and ferocity. Its statues, when they are not of mounted warriors with swords, or of standing warriors with spears, represent Samson laying about him with the jaw-bone of an ass, or hounds rending a stag. Painting, too, has been drafted into the service, and one sees so many military pictures in the public buildings that even the absurd portrait by Pesne of Frederick the Great in the Palais is a relief. For there Frederick, aged three, is only beating a drum, although a lance, a club, and what looks like a pile of cannon-balls, appear in the background.

But sometimes, when surfeited with this martial over-emphasis, I think of the terrible frontiers of Prussia and how well she has guarded them, reflecting that, if she had beaten her swords into plowshares, I should not now be enjoying the gallery, or the Thiergarten, the opera, or the Krögel; and then I grow more reconciled to the eternal bristling and snarling of the city of the emperors.

Despite its many repellent qualities, however, Berlin has always had for me on every return an indefinable thrill in store; indefinable because I have never

been able to account for its strange charm, its emotional appeal, as one accounts for the lure of other places. Reason has declared it one of the least charming of cities, and yet we are enticed. The truth is that its *genius loci*, like



Drawn by K. O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE, WITH THE ROYAL STABLES





Drawn by K. O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate  
engraved by W. G. Watt

A GLIMPSE OF OLD BERLIN. (AM KRÖGEL)

its reigning ruler, is not to be gaged by ordinary standards.

Unter den Linden, the broadest street in Europe save one, is the principal stage for the drama of Berlin's brilliant and cosmopolitan life. Dorothea's unluxuriant linden-trees extend no farther than Rauch's monument to Frederick the Great, though Unter den Linden goes marching on, despite the anomaly, to the Castle Bridge. The hero, informally sitting his charger in his cocked hat and with his trusty crooked stick, seems to dominate the situation as easily as in the stirring days of the eighteenth century. "In this monument," Rodenberg once said, "pulsates something of the monstrous energy of the Prussian state." And the Opern-Platz is in character with its leading figure. Carlyle wrote of him that "he had no pleasure in dreams, in party-colored clouds and nothingnesses"; and certainly there is little now before him to offend his sensibilities. There is nothing party-colored about this architecture. A bronze Frederick sits between a plain, brown university and a plain, brown palace; a severe, brown opera, embellished with fire-es-

capes, confronts an austere, gray guard-house; while farther along, an angry arsenal bullies two sad-looking palaces, likewise in brown, all solidly built and with no unseemly levity.

One imagines the first emperor with his grandson in the famous corner window of his palace, where he always stood to see the guard relieved, watching with sympathetic eyes the students (whom he was fond of calling his "soldiers of learning") in the university across the way, that souvenir of Prussia's darkest hour, when, in 1809, she had lost to France everything west of the Elbe. In that crisis a handful of scholars approached Frederick William III with their project, and the enthusiastic king exclaimed: "That is good! that is fine! Our land must make up in spiritual what it has lost in physical strength." In this spirit such men as Fichte and Schleiermacher, aided by William von Humboldt, founded Berlin University. And it is no wonder that, with a truly Hohenzollern rapidity and acquisitiveness, it has within a century gained 9000 students and 500 teachers, and gathered such stars to its crown as Mommsen, Curtius, Helmholtz, Ranke,



Drawn by K. O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate  
engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE ROYAL CASTLE, CHARLOTTENBURG,  
AS SEEN FROM THE GARDEN



and Hegel. Its school of medicine is particularly strong, and attracts the young doctors of all nations, especially Americans. For Germany leads the world in theoretical, America in applied, medicine. But, in spite of our practical bent, Berlin possesses in the Virchow Hospital the most perfect institution of its kind, a group of thirty buildings built on the new pavilion system, which puts our leading hospitals to shame.

There is one local institution, though, untouched as yet by the imperial love of progress. I remember once crossing the North Sea with a Berlin student, and we fell to comparing our respective universities.

"There is, anyway, one point," he argued, "where we go far ahead of you. I talk of our library system. Yours is not to be mentioned,—how say you?—yours is not to call in the same expression with ours for swiftness. Why, if you will order a book in the morning at eight, you may not infrequently obtain it before three in the same afternoon!" This claim I afterward verified. But American methods will prevail in the new building which is being built next to the university. The old library, with its spirited, curved façade, is one of the last monuments to the baroque spirit in Germany.

The opera-house was built by Frederick the Great as the beginning of a huge "Forum Fridericanum," a Prussian counterpart to the gigantic Saxon scheme of which the Zwinger Palace at Dresden was intended to be the mere foreshadowing. It is the home of that art for which the Hohenzollerns have always shown the most understanding, one nowhere else so fully represented as at Berlin—the national art of music. The opera, the orchestra of which ranks second in the land, divides with the Royal Theater an annual subsidy of \$225,000. Richard Strauss is one of the conductors, but even he has far less authority there than the Emperor, who supervises in person the slightest details of execution and setting. A larger opera-house is soon to be built on the Königs-Platz.

Berlin has an embarrassment of musical riches. Besides the excellent performances of the Philharmonic Orchestra, which may be heard for ten cents, the city aver-

ages twenty classical concerts daily during the season. There one may hear rare works, seldom given elsewhere, and the breathless audiences are filled with an almost religious fervor of attention. They realize what we do not, that the hearer is quite as important a factor as the performer in the making of music.

The Zeughaus, or military museum, is the most Prussian thing in Prussia, and some one has said that this building is to Berlin what its cathedral is to an ordinary city. The façade is alive with sculpture better fitted to inspire fear than any other emotion. But Schlüter modeled the beautiful masks of dying warriors inside. Here is one of the most brilliant and complete collections of armor and weapons in the world, while the best human touch is given by Napoleon's pathetic little, old hat, guarded by sixty-eight wax soldiers, dressed in every Prussian uniform since the time of the Great Elector. The Hall of Fame is filled with bronze busts of Prussian men of valor, and with appropriate paintings of better quality than the usual battle-picture. The ruling passion of the Hohenzollern rages here *ad libitum*, and the impression is not weakened, after crossing the Castle Bridge, which the Berliners call "The Bridge of Dolls," after its eight marble groups illustrating the education of the warrior,—poor things, all of them,—cold imitations of the cold Thorwaldsen.

The atmosphere of the Lustgarten is profoundly martial. In the center towers Frederick William III on his war-charger, gazing toward the castle, whereon stand figures of the late Emperor Frederick III as Mars, and of his father William I as Jupiter. Beneath their glances five armed princes of Orange guard the terrace, and two men in verdigris struggle with wild horses at the portal. In a lamentable position on the bank of the Spree looms Begas's huge monument to William I, the fiercest of Berlin's military sculptures. Four delirious lions, crouching on heaps of arms, snarl at the four corners; colossal figures intended to represent War and Peace sprawl unhappily on the side steps, and the whole is surmounted by the helmeted hero of Sedan, led by a Victory whose two sisters drive quadrigas on the colonnade at each side—an impressive and ferocious



sight. Northward lies the cold, hard, hideous cathedral. Near it, topping Schinkel's noble Old Museum, more wild horses struggle with wild men, while, beside the beautiful, serene flight of steps, an Amazon and a warrior, both mounted, are forever trying to transfix a tiger and a lion, the latter by a sculptor of the savage name of Wolff. And finally, looking down the vista of Unter den Linden, that reach so characteristic of the far-seeing, purposeful Hohenzollerns, the clear-sighted catch a glimpse, past Frederick the Fighter, of a third quadriga and a fourth Victory, sublime on the Brandenburg Gate.

Save for some dim frescoes in the porch of the Old Museum and for the green cupola of the castle, the Lustgarten suffers from Berlin's chronic dearth of color—a dearth that has driven the makers of cheap postal-cards to the desperate expedient of printing the black dome of the cathedral red and the gray steeple of the Gedächtniss Kirche sky-blue.

The snobbishness of Berlin is amusingly typified by the new auto-sprinkler which plies in the Lustgarten. It is capable of squirting fifty feet with fatal accuracy, soaking chimney-sweeps and draymen, but neatly sparing army officers and gentlemen in silk hats, who walk dry-shod like the Hebrews through the Red Sea, with a wall of water on each hand.

The Hohenzollern fondness for mottoes finds vent on the cathedral and the castle, while the statues of the princes of Orange and counts of Nassau stand there dauntless and beautiful, like true Princetonians over such sentiments as "Nunc aut numquam," "Patriæ patrique," and "Sævis tranquillus in undis." These latest additions to Berlin's bronze elect are well conceived and executed, with more of mellowness and atmosphere than one meets with in earlier Berlin sculpture. They were evidently modeled with the inner eye turned toward King Arthur and his blessed iron company at Innsbruck.

The finest views of the castle are from the Burg-Strasse, across the river. Seen from a point opposite the cathedral, the northern façade of the ancient Hohenzollern home takes on an austere but very real beauty, lightened by the grace of the ivy-clad Apotheke, with its oriel. It takes time to appreciate this building, but it

wears like a true-hearted, steadfast Berliner after you have learned to discount his failings. Sometimes the plain, eastern façade is very friendly beyond the throng of barges along its water-front; and even the royal stables are a goodly sight from here on a sunny morning, topped by the Gothic spire of the Church of St. Peter.

But best of all is the view in June from the Elector's Bridge, with the bit of tree-embowered garden at the southeastern corner of the castle, the vines clothing the ancient walls to the very top, and trailing over the embankment into the water; the monumental columns and portals of the southern façade; and the green cupola coming out slightly above the mass with an inimitable effect, while the Fountain of Neptune in the square throws rainbow mist about the glistening water-folk, and the Great Elector in bronze rides with a true Roman nobility on his bridge, coolly satisfied with the outlook. This is Berlin's greatest monument, and it seems almost a part of the castle itself, for both were largely the creations of the greatest of Prussian architects, Andreas Schlüter, and both are among the finest examples of baroque art in Prussia.

There is a suspicion of legend hanging about this bridge, for the story goes that Schlüter, on discovering that he had forgotten to fit the Great Elector's horse with shoes, jumped into the Spree and was seen no more. But, in spite of this defect in equipment, old Frederick William, every New Year, jumps his horse over the heads of the fettered slaves and rides as light as a shadow through the city to find how the seed of his sowing has thriven and how the young Hohenzollerns have been upholding the family record.

In 1750, when Frederick the Great had finished his new cathedral, the bones of all his ancestors since Joachim II had to be shifted from the ancient vaults to the new. "Frederick, with some attendants, witnessed the operation," writes the historian Preuss. "When the Great Elector's coffin came, he made them open it; gazed for some time in silence on the features, which were perfectly recognizable, laid his hand on the long-dead hand, and said, '*Mes-sieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses.*'" How like the famous scene at Potsdam a few decades later, when Napoleon stood



by Frederick's leaden coffin, saying, "If this one were alive, I should not now be here."

The castle was begun in 1443 by Frederick Irontooth, the second Hohenzollern elector, but the oldest remaining part, the round tower near the Elector's Bridge, called "The Green Hat," was built by Joachim II in 1538.

The interior is not enlivening. You ascend a long, inclined plane of brick called the Wendelstein, and shift into felt overshoes, wherein you shuffle through an interminable line of flashy festal chambers. There is the Red Eagle Room, with its wooden replicas of the silver melted up by Frederick the Great in his dire need; the Knights' Room, with a chandelier beneath which Luther stood at the Diet of Worms; the Room of the Black Eagle; the Room of Red Velvet; the Chapel; the White Hall; and so forth. The only unoccasional paintings in evidence are a few third-rate Italians outside the White Hall, and these, as the guide declared, are soon to come down. The only old masters are two Vandykes, which look quite appalled in the barbarous wastes of the picture-gallery.

There are other views from the Burg-Strasse almost as engaging as those of the castle. It is good to stand near the William Bridge and see, beyond the flapping, green eagles of the Frederick Bridge, the National Gallery riding high above its foliage, which allows a glimpse of the impressive double stairway and the warm browns of the Corinthian façade.

It is a startling adventure to find a barely tolerable view of the cathedral, a building which, as Lübke declares, "looks as if it had been taken from a box of toys." This welcome experience did not come to me until my sixth visit to Berlin, and even then I was guided by a painting of Alfred Scherres, seen on the way. But the painter had undeniably found a spot beside the Circus Busch where it is pleasant to linger at twilight or on a misty autumn morning. In the foreground, on a flotilla of roofed-over barges, are the lively colors and sounds and the sweet odors of a pear market.

Across the dusky, sparkling Spree the tree-fringed colonnade of the National Gallery leads the eye to the rising and falling rhythm of the Frederick Bridge,

whereunder the river winds, gray and gleaming, past the vivacious cornice of the stock exchange. And above the flowing lines of the bridge rises, with its repulsive details mercifully hidden by the mist, the huge, dark dome of the cathedral, really noble and impressive for once, and composing finely with the cupola of the castle.

To remember that the cathedral cost almost \$3,000,000 and covers a larger area than Cologne minster, and then to look at it, is an experience that makes the heart sick. True, it expresses in a way the present character of Berlin—its cold asperity and self-consciousness. But one wonders whether a beautiful church in its place might not be doing more to make the city human and lovable. It was erected between 1894 and 1906 to take the place of the former pitiful little cathedral, which possessed no architectural distinction, and was sadly dwarfed by the majesty of the castle on the one hand and of the Old Museum on the other. It is supposed to express the present Emperor's architectural taste; for it is said that he made many changes in the plans, and signed them with his name.

It is a relief to turn away and watch the children playing about the great, red granite basin in the Lustgarten, and to marvel at the costumes of the Spreewald nurses—the short, scarlet, balloon skirt overspread by a snowy apron. There is a mere pretense of sleeves, and the gay neck-cloth is set off by a brave, triangular spread of linen head-dress, fringed five inches deep.

The museums of Berlin have for their Director-General, Dr. Wilhelm Bode, whose fine feeling and determined will have here been almost supreme. Thirty years ago they were poverty-stricken, but the genius of Bode has made them one of Berlin's chief glories; and that is true not only of the art collections, but also of the Agricultural Museum, the Arts and Crafts, the Costume, Ethnological, Hohenzollern, Marine, Mining, Natural History, Postal, and Provincial museums.

The statues of the Old Museum consist chiefly of late Roman sculpture of no special importance, but "The Praying Boy," an early Greek bronze, would be a worthy companion to the most famous statues in Munich's Glyptothek. Here



are superb collections of antique gold and silver, of Greek and Roman gems and cameos, vases, and terra-cotta statuettes.

A passage leads across the street to the New Museum, a homely building devoted mainly to Egyptian art and plaster casts. But its print collection is the richest and best arranged in Germany, and particularly strong in the works of Dürer and Rembrandt. Best of all is the set of Botticelli's illustrations to the "Divina Commedia," so vividly described by Arthur Symons in "Cities of Italy."

In the National Gallery, Hohenzollern influence becomes apparent in the prominence of huge, military scenes and royal portraits. But, with all its faults, the collection ranks next to those of Munich and Dresden as an exhibit of modern German painting. It is rich in Menzel and Böcklin, in Defregger and Lenbach and Marées; while, of the younger generation, Kuehl, Von Uhde, Leibl, Hans Herrmann, Skarbina, and Liebermann are well represented. The sculpture stands far behind the painting, but Max Klinger's "Amphitrite" is a work in colored marbles that takes rank with his Beethoven in Leipsic.

It was an odd coincidence that the altar of Pergamon should have been unearthed by a German and sent to found a Pergamon Museum in warlike Berlin. For the frieze depicting the battle of the gods and the giants is not only our most nearly complete relic of Greek sculpture, a worthy mate to the Elgin Marbles, but it is also our fiercest piece of ancient plastic fighting.

The Kaiser Friederich Museum should rather be called the Bode Museum, for it is a monument to the genius of its director. A few weeks before the day set by the Emperor for its official opening, Dr. Bode was taken seriously ill. But from his bed, with the aid of photographs and water-colors, he actually directed the furnishing and decoration of the entire building, the hanging of the pictures, and the arrangement of the sculpture, finishing his task within the time appointed. It is due to him that the gallery ranks third in Germany and that it is the first in equipment and arrangement. Indeed, among the collections of the world it is second only to London's National Gallery in the balance and completeness of all the schools of

painting. Bode's idea of placing Renaissance sculpture among the pictures is brilliant, and is being wisely adopted in other galleries.

Space allows a mere word of description. The most important works of the old Netherlandish schools are the famous Ghent altar piece by the Van Eycks, and the "Nativity" by Van der Goes; of the old German school, Holbein's portrait of Gisze and Dürer's of Holtschuh, two of the best known of all German pictures. With their Fra Angelicos, Botticellis, Signorellis, Massaccios, and Da Forlis the elder Italian schools are more complete than the Renaissance, and more characteristic of the serious, scholarly Prussian collectors; but the Renaissance boasts four Raphaels, the "Fornarina" of Del Piombo, a masterpiece of Del Sarto, Leonardo's "Ascension," and marvelous portraits by Giorgione and Titian. The later Netherlandish schools are specially rich in Rubens and Vandyke. Here are the largest collections of Rembrandt and Hals outside of St. Petersburg and Haarlem; while, among the Spanish canvases, are Murillo's most satisfying religious work and a famous Velasquez portrait. The collection of medieval and Renaissance sculpture is the most complete of its kind in the country.

This gallery stands at the head of the Spree Island, and on two of its three sides the windows give on the water. There is a peculiar charm in watching the unpretentious, old-fashioned waterway slipping quaintly, imperceptibly through the city of blood and iron, of science and hard thinking, of peremptory officialdom and rapid transit. While the buildings and streets of Berlin remind one everywhere of the recent kings and emperors, the Spree still keeps a hint of the day of Irontooth, who refused the crown of Poland for the sake of old-fashioned righteousness; of Albrecht Achilles, who leaped alone over the walls of Gräfenburg and kept five hundred armed men at bay until help came; of Joachim Nestor, the astrologer; and of the Great Elector, who, watchful above the river, still tries to guard the city's oldest part from a too ruthless modernity. And this is only fair, for he started the mighty movement which has made Old-World romance exotic in Berlin.



Rude barges filled with timber or enameled bricks are poled laboriously up and down the shallows by patient men with low brows and dark skins; descendants, perhaps, of the original Wendish inhabitants of Brandenburg Mark, figures that sweep the imagination back to the time when Henry the Fowler stormed the heathen fort of Brannibor, long before "Wehrlin," "the little rampart" in Bo-Russia, or "Near-Russia," began to show symptoms of growing up into Berlin, the capital of Prussia and of the German Empire.

Old Kölln, the island in the Spree containing the castle, the cathedral, and the principal museums, was first mentioned in 1237, seven years before its neighbor, Old Berlin, eastward across the river. The sister towns were of small importance, and there was not so much as a ripple on the surface of history when, in 1411, they both came under the control of Frederick Irontooth. Johann Cicero made Berlin the permanent Hohenzollern headquarters in 1488, and two centuries later the Great Elector laid there the foundations of modern Prussia.

The Fischer-Strasse, running southeastward from the Kölln Fish Market, contains some surprises for the adventurer, and the Nussbaum restaurant will give him a thrill, with its genuine tree, its sharp, picturesque gable, and the hint of Renaissance half-timber wall peeping forth behind it.

But the part of Berlin that stands alone in its atmosphere of romantic age is the Krögel. From the fish market you cross the city's most venerable bridge, pass the milk market, and turn down a narrow alley between tall, old-fashioned houses, the plaster peeling from their poor fronts, but with flowers and vines in the windows—an alley with a charming roof-line, which bends gracefully down toward the river, where boatmen, their poles braced against a pile, walk their boats up-stream with a curious effect. I am glad to say that water-grasses actually grow at the foot of the Krögel, a strange sight within the limits of this stern city. On one worn, wooden portal one notices a remnant of the beautiful iron tracery of the Renaissance. You pass through an arch by the waterside into a more picturesque alley. On one hand is a house the upper story of

which projects as do those in the streets of Brunswick and Hildesheim, but its corbels must be in the real old style of vanished Berlin, for they are unique. And this house actually lurks in the heart of the German capital opposite a brick wall blessed with a romantic, blind colonnade and the rich patina of ages. Beneath another arch you pause to look through a doorway into a dusky hole where three Rembrandtish broom-makers are dipping straws into a pot of pitch. The glare of charcoal is on their pale, worn faces and dark beards. Two doves coo on the perch just outside the tiny smoke-blackened window. Hasten, traveler, oh, hasten, if you would enjoy the last of old Berlin! For the Krögel will soon be condemned by the same power that periodically scours the statues in the Sieges-Allée.

A sunset on the Spree, seen from one of the upper bridges, is well worth while. The traffic teeming on the glassy, rosy surface where it broadens into a great basin, the bridge-lights stabbing the water between boats, the irregular, old façades of the right bank, backed by the massive tower of the Rathaus and the twin spires of the Church of St. Nicholas; the bulk of the Provincial Museum, the domes of cathedral and castle,—all these compose in the half-light into a picture containing more of the elements of romance than one had dreamed that the city possessed.

Only three of the old churches, all begun in the thirteenth century, are noteworthy. The choir of the Cloister Church is Berlin's most interesting bit of medieval architecture. The Church of St. Nicholas contains monuments of every period from late Gothic to the "Wig Time," as Germans love to call the weak, classical reaction late in the eighteenth century. While St. Mary's is chiefly remarkable for a Gothic fresco, "The Dance of Death," and for the rude stone cross outside, erected in expiation of the lynching of Provost Nikolaus of Bernau in 1325.

From these remnants of medieval Berlin, past the beauty and peace of rare canvases and marbles, the Spree flows direct to the turmoil and fierce energy which the Friederich-Strasse pours over the Weidendamm Bridge. This street is the main channel for Berlin's notorious night-life, which eddies about the Central Hotel and



its vaudeville "Garden." The Café Monopol near-by is a rendezvous for literary bohemia, and the Café Bauer, at the crossing of Unter den Linden, is the cosmopolitan resort *par excellence*. In Tauben-Strasse and the adjacent cross streets lies the "Latin Quarter," full of Moulins Rouges and Bavarian hostelrys, of ball-houses, variety-shows, and small, select cafés that open at two in the morning. A reckless spirit is the mode here, and one often sees this favorite quatrain on the beer mats:

Das Leben froh geniessen  
Ist der Vernunft Gebot.  
Man lebt doch nur so kurze Zeit  
Und ist so lange todt.

("Enjoy your life, my brother,"  
Is gray old Reason's song.  
One has so little time to live  
And one is dead so long.)

The Latin Quarter's brilliant frivolity is almost overshadowed by the dignity of the Gendarmen Markt, the poor twin churches of which were capped by the architect of Frederick the Great with impressive cupolas, and now compose finely with the massiveness of Schinkel's Royal Theater. These churches, the exterior and interior of which are out of all relation to each other, are good types of the insincere Wig style. The market is particularly effective with the moon riding high between its cupolas and lighting Begas's marble monument to Schiller, a brilliant but heartless work. Two tablets announce that Heine and Hoffmann lived in this square.

Leipziger-Strasse, the southern boundary of Berlin's most interesting section, is the main business street. Its store-palaces remind one that Berlin is the leading commercial and railroad center of the continent, and take the mind back along the line of shrewd, businesslike Hohenzollerns who have brought this about. It is no freak of chance that placed the stock exchange opposite the castle and cathedral, or that placed the Ministry of War and the Herrenhaus in the Leipziger-Strasse. For much of Prussia's political success is due to the fact that Berlin is the chief market for money, grain, spirits, and wool. Until recently the English have supposed that they had a monopoly of European business

talent; but now Berlin's rapidly growing industries are making England and even America look to their laurels in iron-founding, the manufacture of machines, railroad materials, wagons, weapons, electrical supplies, and in the chemical and textile industries. And the city knows how to harmonize the practical with the esthetic; one of the great stores was built by the royal architect of museums, Alfred Messel, while the architecture of the Rheingold compares favorably with that of any American restaurant.

From this commercial street, Wilhelm-Strasse leads past the palaces and gardens of the Chancellor, the Foreign Office, the ministers, and the English Embassy to Unter den Linden. In the quality, though not in the quantity, of its activities, Wilhelm-Strasse is considered the diplomatic center of Europe. It is a monument to the ruler who, in spite of his inherited instincts, has preserved the peace of the continent for twenty years.

The masses of marble in memory of Frederick III and the Empress Victoria outside the Brandenburg Gate are regarded with dismay by artistic Berlin, as is the Column of Victory in the Königs-Platz, and to a less degree the Reichstag, whose gifted architect, Paul Wallot, was honored by imperial collaboration. The exterior lacks unity, and the sculpture is monotonously militant; but the interior is a masterpiece of arrangement. The conservative English journalists in their recent visit declared that this interior was worthy of the exterior of the Houses of Parliament, which are, however, unable to seat all of Britain's legislators.

Hamburg's mighty monument to Bismarck dwarfs the Berlin bronze before the Reichstag both in bulk and in spirit; but, on each side of it, the mermen and the fisherfolk are delightfully un-Prussian interludes, while the hawthorns about the Column of Victory add, in June, a grateful glow of color to colorless Berlin.

In the Sieges-Allée, William II hit upon a capital idea, which does credit to his love of education and to his pride in his forerunners. But here again it is recognized that the Emperor fell short, and his family feeling came out too aggressively,—worst of all, that he made the



old mistake of fettering the individuality of his artists, so that there are few works of genius between the Column of Victory and the Roland Fountain, like Schott's "Albrecht the Bear," and Brütt's "Otto the Lazy." There is, by the way, a popular belief that the latter comes down from his pedestal at night and goes to sleep on the stone bench. And this is the pleasantest thing I have heard the Berliners say of the Sieges-Allée, which they have christened "The Avenue of Dolls." One school-master, however, is said to have set his boys a theme on "The Leg-attitudes of the Hohenzollerns." The thirty-two monuments are too close together. The formal recurrence of standing ruler, two Hermes of eminent men, and a semi-circular bench grows monotonous; and it would have been more fitting to have put the warrior family into bronze instead of brittle white marble. Yet in view of the conditions under which the artists worked the average of individual plastic achievement is high.

It is not generally known that the Thiergarten is the private property of the Emperor, and is a remnant of the ancient hunting forest of the Hohenzollerns, which once extended to the castle itself. It is so full of mediocre statues that the people call it the "Marmora See," and declare that there is no room for another piece of marble; yet some of the monuments, like those to Wagner and Queen Louise, are excellent.

Although it is hard to find a spot in the Thiergarten free from the sound of cabs and trolleys, yet it is to me one of the most delightful of city parks. Its chief charm lies in the beauty of its venerable trees, in the many ponds and streams filled with water-fowl, in the flowers and shrubs, and the constantly changing delight of its vistas. On coming hither from the tastelessness of the Sieges-Allée, one is impressed with quite another phase of the Hohenzollern character—its genuine love of nature, merely hinted at in the Thiergarten, and which finds its complete expression in Potsdam.

There is another park which is quieter, simpler, more idyllic—the grounds of Schloss Charlottenburg. You pass the Technical High School, a model of its kind, and, as you walk westward, the people grow friendlier, the houses older, and

you see an occasional alley or court that is almost picturesque. Color creeps imperceptibly into the architecture, and the castle, with its high, graceful dome, is in a warm orange tint that reminds you of Sans-Souci.

Back of it, in a lengthy line, stand busts of Roman emperors and their wives, with their usually official features relaxed, as is proper on a suburban jaunt. The grass grows long with a delicious informality in the half-neglected grounds, damp and delightful as though it knew nothing of officialdom. One feels that one may even venture to set foot on it without starting Prussian fulminations. And one likes to think of those royal dead lying in the lovely mausoleum amid this red-tapeless nature after their etiquette-trammelled lives.

THE Zoölogical Garden at the southwestern corner of the Thiergarten is one of the most complete and best organized collections of animals in the world. But the human animal, here as everywhere, is the most interesting exhibit. The "Zoo" seems always full of Berliners, and is an excellent place to study that remarkable species.

When I speak of the Berliner, I do not mean the highest stratum of Berlin society; for the gentleman and the gentlewoman are fairly constant types the world over. I mean the person whom the young clerk, fresh from the provinces, sets about imitating; the person whose origin is recognized the moment he enters any European café; the person with whom the stranger in Berlin has exclusive dealings.

The Berliner inclines to military standards in appearance and character, very much as official Berlin does. A smooth, determined chin, a daunting glance, a right noble pose, a rapid stride, are all the mode. An upturned mustache has recently been *de rigueur*, and one notices with joy that even the bronze mermen on the Heydt Bridge possess the imperial "string-beard."

One of the Berliner's most trying characteristics is his superiority. He has known the latest joke at least ten years. Do not try to tell him anything or to strike from him the least spark of enthusiasm; for news is no news to him: he was born



blasé. His eleventh commandment is, "Let not thyself be bluffed," his life motto, "Nil admirari." In conversation he instinctively interrupts each fresh subject to deliver the last word upon it, and to argue with him is to insult him. There is something cutting in his speech. Perhaps Voltaire's influence on the great Frederick, the critic-king, started this dreadful habit, which seems to grow with indulgence. It is a curious coincidence that the first performance of Goethe's "Faust" should have been given in Schloss Monbijou, the home of the Hohenzollern Museum, for it would almost seem as though the Berliners had modeled their daily speech after the caustic, sneering, telling style of the engaging villain in that drama. They have little humor, but much wit of the barbed, barracks variety. And their target is the universe.

Of a cross-eyed man they say: "He peeps with his right eye into his left waistcoat pocket"; of one with a large mouth: "He can whisper into his own ear"; of a pock-marked person: "He sat on a cane-bottomed chair with his face."

In the "Germania," Tacitus describes the North German's love of solitude, his custom of settling far from high-road and neighbor. And this most reserved and independent of all Germans has changed little at heart since Tacitus. Many of the Hohenzollerns have possessed this quality, but none more than Frederick the Great. "He had," wrote Carlyle, "the art of wearing among his fellow-creatures a polite cloak-of-darkness . . . a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity; able to look cheerily into the very eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them."

The Berliner is unapproachable and outwardly cold. He is prudish about showing emotion, and considers the *gemüthlich* Bavarian effeminate. True, allowance must be made for the disappearance of human qualities among the people of a metropolis; but Berliners are far less friendly than Parisians or Londoners.

The most merciless critics of Berlin, however, are its own citizens.

"We are become such dreary people," writes Naumann, "that we are almost dead of inner cold. We are rich in knowledge, and beggars in feeling. We are

become too withered for boundless offering, for love unto death, for sacrifice and devotion, for prayer and eternal hope. We have been taught that we must be sapless, heartless half-men if we would stand on the summit of the times. Alas! this barren, this parched, this pitiful civilization!"

Aggressiveness has ever been a leading Prussian trait, and without it the history of Europe would have been quite different. But this quality has often shown to poor advantage, as when Frederick William caned the shrinking Potsdam Jew, exclaiming, "I'll teach you to love me!"

The city swarms with uniforms. The citizen brings the manners of the camp into his daily life, and, in lieu of an epaulet, goes about with a chip on his shoulder. In the shops it is common for the clerk to inquire sneeringly, "Is *that* all you're going to buy?" The man on the street directs you on your way as if proposing a fight to a finish, and the museum guard shadows you like a sleuth.

In the Museum of Arts and Crafts I had an experience characteristic of the city. A pile of five-cent catalogues lay on a table in the main hall. I thought of investing, but my hand was still on the way when, from fifty feet behind, came the roar of a guard: "Don't touch! Those cost money." There is a favorite Berlin motto apropos of this quality:

Bescheidenheit ist eine Zier,  
Doch kommt man weiter ohne ihr.

(Humility has charm, no doubt,  
But one can get ahead without.)

Though the Berliners are their own most extravagant critics, they will not tolerate disparagement from any one else. The other Germans call them "aufgeblasen," which is to be interpreted, "pneumatic." A popular story is apropos: "Ah," cried the provincial, "behold the beautiful full moon!"

"Pshaw!" sniffed the Berliner. "That's nothing at all to the full moon in Berlin."

Their esthetic standards are reflected in the homes and the dress of the people, and not long ago Diotellevi, an Italian critic, maliciously wrote, "Their



ideal in domestic architecture is that of the universal exposition." Over-ornamentation, and discords in colors, materials, and styles are the fashion. In this connection A. O. Weber, the most popular of recent German satirists, has uttered a telling word:

Berlin's a place that makes me laugh—  
Marble and plaster, half in half;  
A city that reminds me ever

martinets. A socialist once declared that it took half of all the Germans to control the other half. This is truer of Berlin than of any other place I know. There even the street-sweeper wields his official broom like a scepter, and adopts a peremptory and contemptuous tone toward the mere civilian. The sign *Verboten!* (Forbidden!) is more common than the posters of America's favorite articles of



Drawn by K. O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

#### PALACE OF THE REICHSTAG, FRONTING THE KÖNIGS-PLATZ

Of some sublime, some howling swell  
Who wears a smart, black frock-coat never  
Without high rubber boots as well.

But the beautiful new statues of the princes of Orange show that the taste of official Berlin has improved of late. And that the taste of the Berliner has made a corresponding advance is evident in the charming new cement houses of Charlottenburg, in the great retail store in the Leipziger-Strasse, and in the villas of Grunewald.

Finally, before turning to the more agreeable side of the Berliners, it must be remarked that they are unconscionable

commerce in New York. The city is superbly governed, but with a nagging, tedious, impudent paternalism that is at first amusing and then oppressive to one whose ancestors never formed the habit. There is a true story of a Berlin conductor and a lady who was standing with a lap-dog in her arms.

"Sit down!" cried the conductor.

"But I prefer to stand."

"Sit down!" he shrieked, forcing her into a seat. "Lap-dogs must be carried in the lap."

Because their unpleasant qualities are on the surface, and their admirable ones are below, the Berliners do a grave injustice





Drawn by K. O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE OLD MUSEUM (IN THE DISTANCE), AS SEEN FROM THE  
BASE OF THE MONUMENT TO EMPEROR WILLIAM I

to the rest of Germany. Many foreigners go first to the capital, are repelled by the people they first meet, and hasten on to France or Italy with the idea that all Germans have corrosive tongues and the manners of a drill-sergeant. Whereas there is no wider difference in temperament between the people of Naples and those of Warsaw than between the citizens of Munich and the citizens of Berlin.

There is a story of a Thuringian woman who was asked if she had seen Berlin. "No," she replied; "I have never been abroad."

In fact, their countrymen regard the Berliners with almost as little sympathy as though they were foreigners. In Leipsic, the word "Prussian" means "angry"; in Thuringia, "exacting"; in Altenburg, "in strained relations"; in Erfurt, "obstinate"; and in South Germany, "raging."

Yet when one comes to know the Berliners, it is not hard to discount these irritating, superficial traits and to love the people for the splendid, enduring qualities that lie so deep. What was said of Bismarck might apply to the typical Berliner. He is like a flannel shirt that scratches at first, but in the mountains you can wear no other. The Hohenzollerns have worn so well that they have, as a rule, been more beloved in old age than in youth.

It takes years to make a friend of a Berliner, but then you have a friend indeed. His chief virtue is his uprightness, his sturdy sense of duty. When the Great Elector was urged in turbulent times to marry, he responded, "My dagger must be my bride until this task is done." Frederick the Great said: "It is not necessary that I live; but it is necessary that I do my duty." The first Emperor had "no time to be tired," and his noble Empress



Augusta was fond of saying, "Empires pass; God alone remains."

Principles like these are the foundation of the Berliner's character. No other city in the world has such an honest and efficient administration. Of an annual municipal report, Professor Richard T. Ely writes, "One finds it difficult not to believe it a description of some city government in Utopia."

Forty-four thousand citizens take part without reward in the administration of affairs, and these include the foremost Berliners. There is no body of men more public-spirited, more really benevolent, more imbued with the idea of progress. And over 2000 of the 2,000,000 inhabitants are members of local charity commissions which have discovered how to help the poor without imposing degrading conditions.

In the gift for organization and in executive talent the Berliners rival their rulers; and they bore a leading part in forming the Tariff Union of 1833, in making education compulsory, in agrarian

reform, in the conscription movement, and in the unification of the German Empire.

"Berlin is new, all new, too new," exclaimed Huard in his recent caricature, "Berlin comme je l'ai vu,"—"newer than any American city, newer than Chicago, which is the only city comparable to it in the prodigious rapidity of its development." Indeed, in freshness, in youthful energy and initiative, the Hohenzollerns and the Berliners are more like Americans than like Germans. And in the matter of municipal comfort they have left us far behind. Public utilities are managed by the city, and are such models of efficiency, cheapness, and profitableness as to make an American sick with envy. Every street is thoroughly cleaned in the small hours of the night, and the humblest pavements are as immaculate as the asphalt of Unter den Linden. It is possible that such splendid results might have been reached in a kinder way; but after years in Berlin the advantages of the system neutralize one's irritation at being over-governed.



Drawn by K. O'Fynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE BRIDGE OF THE ELECTOR (KURFÜRSTEN-BRÜCKE) OVER THE SPREE, WITH  
THE RIVER FRONT OF THE ROYAL CASTLE AND THE CATHEDRAL





Drawn by K. O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE CATHEDRAL AND THE FREDERICK BRIDGE FROM THE CIRCUS  
BUSCH ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE SPREE

The Berliners have inherited their masters' love of independence—a reason for the periodic friction between ruler and subject. This quality of the North Germans (whose ancient names were derived from words meaning "sword" and "warrior") made them the most obstinate opponents of the Roman rule, and led them to embrace Protestantism long before the rest of Germany. And in Berlin to-day the Protestants outnumber the Roman Catholics by nine to one.

Like their Emperor, the people of Berlin have an earnest desire for culture, and, like him, are constantly trying to make encyclopedias of themselves. Though

the city has produced few artists of the first rank, it has been more fortunate in begetting scholars and philosophers, and has always succeeded in inducing genius to come and work in its unfavorable atmosphere, although such men as Goethe and Mendelssohn have denounced the anticreative spirit of the place.

Though the Berliners are such virulent self-critics, they are their own most devoted adorers. So it is not strange that they abuse in set terms the princes after whom they have patterned—and love them as their own souls. It is touching to see the devotion in the faces of the crowd as the Emperor every morning leaves the



Chancellor's palace, or as he drives in Unter den Linden down an avenue of hatless, beaming subjects. I recollect a characteristic scene. The Emperor was taking the air on foot, followed by two adjutants, the Empress trotting to keep up with his vigorous pace. Lined along the curb ahead were forty droshkies, their rabid, anti-imperialistic, socialistic drivers drooping on their boxes or lolling inside. The first man to spy his Majesty gave a sharp hiss, and the whole line, with more alacrity than I had ever before noticed in them, leaped to the ground and devotedly swept off their shiny, water-proof hats, while the Emperor, greatly amused, strode along, saluting as

regularly as though he were chopping a cord of wood.

The damp, misty climate has undoubtedly had a disagreeable effect on the character of the people, for the city is in the latitude of Labrador and lies low, near that fog-breeder, the Baltic. During one stay of seven months I had no more fine days than I could count on my fingers.

But a mellow, perfect bit of autumn weather creates the illusion, by sheer force of contrast, that Berlin is one of the most ravishing places in the world. One can dream in the parks or wander along the streams, filled with the *dolce far niente* of Fiesole or Sorrento. And the people, the harsh, corrosive Berliners,



Drawn by K. O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE LANDWEHR CANAL WITH THE POTSDAM BRIDGE, AS SEEN  
FROM THE KÖNIGIN-AUGUSTA-STRASSE





Drawn by K. O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

#### THE JANOWITZ BRIDGE OVER THE SPREE

seem suddenly to secrete a little of the milk of human kindness. On such a day I have seen a group of wry-faced Prussians run into the street and help a weak horse to get his load over the ridge of the Frederick Bridge. Such moments are wonderfully effective against their somber background, and the most engaging sight I have ever seen in the city was that

of a little, green bell-boy in his brand-new uniform, being kissed on the sly by his dear mama behind the Palace Hotel.

After a day of Berlin's best weather, the sunset along the Landwehr Canal is beyond praise. From the confusion and din of the Potsdamer-Strasse I came out upon a scene at the bridge as unreal as a





Drawn by K. O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

#### A GREAT RETAIL STORE IN THE LEIPZIGER-STRASSE

vision—a suddenly flashed symbol of the good, true heart of Berlin.

I shall never again look with a careless



Drawn by K. O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

#### IN THE THIERGARTEN

eye upon the Potsdam Bridge after having seen that sky flaming behind it in a deepening crimson. And when I stood on the Cornelius Bridge, watching in the unrippled surface the inverted pyramids of rosy and pale-blue sky framed by the dusky softness of the leaves; when I saw a curl of pale-blue smoke rising from an apex broken by a single magnificent tree, as though the sun itself were smoldering away, and, in the watery foliage, two high lights, picked out by the arcs on the bank, I praised God for letting His great out-of-door loveliness into the heart of that self-contained, repellent city.

Framed by the trees the cold, Romanesque, Berlin-like spires of the Memorial Church took on a more than earthly glamour. I walked down stream to watch the moored boats, never so picturesque as then; to contrast the Zoo's broad blare of yellow light with the radiance dying in ever fainter bars of azure, rose, and robin's-egg blue above the luscious curve of the bank; to enjoy the pronounced splashes of liquid light reflected from the bridge behind.

A launch puffed into the sunset with a jet of creamy smoke, sending the brazen ripples vibrating to the rhythm of the sensitive, beauty-loving human hearts for whom the scene was made.





From a photograph by T. H. Voigt, taken in 1907

EMPEROR WILLIAM II



# A POINT OF HONOR

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

THE sick man, with a sobbing sigh, turned his head on the pillow and closed his eyes. At the sight, the doctor, at the foot of the bed, turned on his heel with a brisk, boyish movement, the tight lines of his finely scored face indefinitely softening into relief. But the girl, at her father's head, did not stir. She was young and tall, with a little, imperious head that wore its bright hair consciously, like a crown. She had a small, fair, irregular face, very lovely; perplexing, too, in its mingling of inherited force and dignity with a sort of wilful helplessness.

The doctor, after a brisk turn about the room, came and stood behind her, looking over her shoulder at the old man. It was then that he noticed that the tense figure of the girl was trembling. Suddenly, standing behind her, he laid a hand on each of her shoulders.

Something in his touch communicated his relief to the girl. With wide eyes, and a movement that was almost violent, she turned about to look up into his face; and then, all at once, she had wilted like a crumpled rose-leaf against his breast.

That was the decisive moment. The doctor himself scarcely knew how it had happened. She had not fainted; he had not intended it. So many things had entered into it—his own strain, Winifred's immeasurably greater. If she had not been thoroughly unstrung, it would not have happened; and yet, he admitted, with a smile in the momentary somberness of his eyes, it had to come sooner or later.

He drew a sharp sigh. He was a man of forty; she was nineteen. That in itself was a cause for misgiving; but that was not his gravest anxiety. What if—

Well, the unspoken question had come to haunt the doctor through his days. It lay down with him at night; it rose with him in the morning. It went with him

through his round of calls; it sat beside the patient in his office. Strangely enough, he was not a man familiar with the wrestlings of the spirit. His instinct had always been to keep out of disagreeable and morally difficult things rather than to get out; and the one incident in his life in which that instinct had failed him had served to intensify the natural tendency. For many years he had lived in a world of his own creating, a sort of unmoral world, into which the more intimate questions of the spirit scarcely entered. It was a realm of the mind, and of the will in the service of the mind. Not an easy world, certainly: one could read that in the extreme thinness of his tall figure, in the many gray hairs about the temples, and in the intricate lines of the thin, fastidious face, with its delicate strength of chin, its kind eyes, and its dominant nose. But it was a world he gloried in.

He was rich in that unique idolatry of which people make their physician the hero. He had some enemies—men who resented his womanish delicacy of physique all the more because it seemed somehow justified by his masculine ability and success. Occasionally, too, they resented their wives' irrational faith in his power; but even envy itself could find nothing further to resent, for his moral record was immaculate. People wondered, of course, why he did not marry. He lived in the pleasant little brick cottage which served him for both home and office, with the silent old woman who had been his housekeeper ever since he had established himself in the town twelve or fourteen years before.

"Emma," he said to her one evening, as he paused in his impatient way on the top step, "if any one calls for me, say I shall be back in an hour." His motor runabout was at the curbstone.



Acquaintances he met that evening found him absent-minded. For the most part, he stared straight ahead without seeing them, or glared at them with no sign of recognition. He went on through the pretty town without stopping. The soft *chug-chug* of his little motor kept time to the throbbing of his thoughts. He was presently alone on a road that ran like a buff-colored ribbon out into the high, green plains, rich with purple-flowering weeds, parallel with the distant mountains on the sky-line. The world was spread out around him like a crystal mirror, reflecting the face of an eternal beauty. The Rockies, golden-buff in the evening light, stood out, as if cut from agate, against a sky of opal. The doctor drew a deep, sharp breath, and gazed about him.

He was as keenly alive as a pagan to the beauty of the world. The thought shaped itself in his mind, and instantly assumed its relation to his other thoughts. He must have been born a pagan at heart, he reflected impatiently. Most men do not live until they are forty to have their first experience of a moral struggle, he told himself. And with his history! The thought was keenly disquieting. He turned away from it. After all, why should he not go on as he was going?

Winifred? Ah, yes; that was it. He had not thought he was capable of such tenderness as the child had called up out of his heart. It was her utter trust, the extraordinary force of her innocent passion, that had shaken him. Yet, surely, she would not love him any less if she knew. With the thought, as always, came the terror that turned him cold, and the sick disgust that unmanned him at the notion of dragging anything unclean into that soaring temple her girlish love had built for him.

How her insistent love had lighted up the chambers of his heart—so empty that he had not even realized their emptiness! And, almost without his own volition, he had let it move on toward its fulfilment. A week—only a week to decide, and to face the consequences! Worse still, to see Winifred face them! With an inward groan he bent his head forward, and let the little machine out to the top of its speed. The road was good; the blithe mountain wind raced across his face; but

Winifred, with her sweet, searching eyes and her soft, uplifted mouth, always innocently eager to be kissed, sped beside him.

He remembered the first night he had been summoned to the old professor's. He could see the fine, tortured face and the white hair of the old man, and the child standing beside him—the fair, petulant, brave child, who stood at her post without flinching, and when the danger was past raised her passionate eyes to the doctor as if he had been a god. Through all the five years since then he had been summoned very often to the old man in his attacks. It had come to be a matter of course for him to fight through the dangerous moments of the old man's life, with Winifred, white-faced, but watchful-eyed, standing like a steady little subordinate at his elbow. The fine, frail, courageous old professor, mortally afraid of the enemy whose power he would not acknowledge, always said that half the battle was over when he heard the doctor's step on the walk. And Winifred? Winifred had adored him and appropriated him so naturally at fourteen that he had quite failed to foresee, consciously, what would happen.

He had begun to foresee it, vaguely but persistently, only a few weeks before that night of the decisive moment. He had been prescribing for the old man, who was ailing; and just as he was leaving, her father startled him by asking him to prescribe for Winifred. The doctor had looked at her with sharp, professional eyes; had put to her quick, probing questions; had found something vaguely amiss; and Winifred had smiled wanly at his severity, with a look that baffled him. He had ended by prescribing a tonic and more exercise, and had gone his way, puzzled, and indefinitely perturbed. And then, after that night that had settled matters, she had characteristically told him what the trouble had been.

"And you looked at my *tongue*—as if that were a vital organ—Old Doctor Stupid!" she began, with her pretty jeering. She had clasped her slim hands behind his neck, and leaned away from him, looking up into his eyes with a soft derision. Then, with one of her sudden turns of mood she took one of his hands in her own and held it above her heart,



where he felt its strong beating. "It beats too hard," she said gravely. "It was wearing out."

That had settled the doctor completely. But as he went to the old professor with the news, he felt suddenly sorry for the frail old man. Winifred was all he had—Winifred, with her mother's eyes. And she was so young! "I'll most gratefully leave you Winifred, doctor," the old man had said, with a sad smile at his own selfishness. So they had agreed between them, the two men, to leave it indefinite. And, at the moment, the doctor had thought himself almost willing: was she not already his very own?

It was a summer night, and Winifred was awaiting the end of the interview, sitting on the steps, half-hidden by the trellis and the lilac-bushes which grew beside it.

She was in one of her gentlest moods, when she seemed to him like a veritable child. He sat down beside her, and drew her to him.

"What did he say, master?" she whispered, her arms about his neck.

"That he can't spare you yet—dear," he answered, not at all disturbed by his news. He bent his head and brushed her lips with a peculiar, absent tenderness, as a preoccupied man caresses a dear child while he follows his thoughts.

Winifred struggled free. She looked about to cry; instead, she made a face at him. "Oh, I did n't mean to leave him—*stupid!*" she cried. And through the rest of the evening she nestled brooding at his side, coax as he would he could get no word of enlightenment out of her.

But the next evening when he came she ran to him, and put up her soft, wilful mouth for kisses, her arms about his neck. "Can't you come *here* to me, master?" she whispered, and then hid her face on his shoulder. At last, when he had coaxed her to let him lift it, like a burning rose, and wipe away the tears, she talked to him quite frankly.

"I want you all the time," she said with wilful passion. "It's so long waiting till evening, and then so often you don't come—you can't come! And when you do come, and they send for you and take you away from me, I hate them—the poor, poor sick people! It's wicked for me to do that, and you don't want to make me do anything wicked, do you?

And it's bad for me besides, master; it really is. It's ruining my disposition—and it makes my heart beat. But if I could have you every minute they don't need you,—every little minute,—I'd be so good and so grateful! Oh, I hate you for making me beg you!" And then she tried to wrench away from him; and the one desirable thing had seemed to him just to be able to keep her there against his breast.

So it had been arranged at last. In the interval of uncertainty Winifred had kept him in a continuous fume of uneasiness. She had never once pressed her point, and she had continued to make faces at him in the old way when he displeased her; but she had grown steadily paler and thinner and more listless, and sometimes he caught her smiling at him in a wan, inscrutable way that set him wild with a nameless apprehension. Yes, he had good reason to know something of the vital hold Winifred's passion had taken upon her. Surely it was not in human nature deliberately to shake such a faith. It would be shaking the tender tree of her life at its roots. Then, suddenly, something spoke decisively in the man's spirit.

"That is why you must tell. Your honor against her faith—they must balance."

What was it that spoke? The man did not know. He only knew that at last he had been beaten. He must tell Winifred. But how? Bitterer, almost, than the original struggle was the recoil of his pride when he tried to find the words in which he should tell her—Winifred, of all the women in the world! It seemed monstrous, impossible. What had Winifred to do with the crude miseries of a boy of twenty, twenty years ago? Indeed, what had he to do with them? Yet, alas! the boy had been himself. And surely there was something in the fact, in that white wrath of his single-hearted youth, that was less sordid than, the common words he must tell it in. The last wave of hot, rebellious sickness that rolled over him left him weak, but feeling strangely clean and free. The one thing he could do was to try to make Winifred understand.

Off in the east the full moon was rising, broad and mellow-gold. As he looked at it, the man's face, always refined in feature, took on a spiritual fineness to



match. There seemed something fundamentally brave and noble about the world. And Winifred? He drew a sobbing breath. He would do what he could; that fundamental goodness must take care of Winifred.

He sat at his desk that night until long after midnight. Just as he was finishing the last sheet his desk telephone rang, and after a brief dialogue, he took his hat and case and went to answer the night call.

This, in part, was the letter:

"LITTLE child, if you suffer when you read this, please know that I have suffered, too—oh, so long! But I will not keep you waiting; I will tell you what I have to tell you, and explain, as much as may be, afterward.

"It is something about my early youth; it happened before you were born, I suppose. I was a medical student in Richmond. There was a girl at the place where I boarded, the landlady's daughter. A dark, handsome girl she was, little child, and I was in love with her. Never mind how or why; those are questions I have not been able to answer for many years. I see now that the love did not go very deep. It was what is called infatuation. Nevertheless, she was a good girl when I went there, and she promised to marry me.

"Among others, there was a young doctor boarding at the same place. He was somewhat older than I, had influential connections, and was already successful. He was a friendly, handsome, open-faced fellow, whom I liked. The girl, the landlady's daughter, liked him, too; she grew to like him so much that she broke her engagement to me. And then, one night, when I chanced to be in my room at work, she came to my door and knocked. I saw instantly from her face that she was in great agony, which she was trying to conceal. She asked me to come to the sitting-room, and I followed her at once. I remember how she sat down uncertainly, her hand fluttering at her throat, her eyes wide with misery and terror. And, remember, I loved her. She handed me a little empty bottle. 'I've taken it,' she said; and then she told me why.

"We tried to save her; but she died that night. A few weeks later, the man's

engagement was announced. His fiancée was a handsome young woman whom the other girl had known only as she saw her sometimes getting in and out of her carriage.

"One night there was a sort of informal banquet, celebrating the close of the year's work at the medical school. I had never been given to drinking; my absorption in my work had kept me from any special temptation. But now I had got to the point where I would do anything to forget the horrible obsession of hate that possessed me. Even if I had not cared for her, the injustice of the thing would have maddened me, or so I believed. We had been drinking till after midnight, when a number of other fellows happened in. He was among them. Up to this time I had kept out of his way. Now the mere sight of him sobered me; but it was a sober madness worse than any drunken frenzy. Everything about him I had liked—the easy prosperity, the frank friendliness—I cannot describe their effect upon me. The others were congratulating him upon his approaching marriage. Then somebody referred jokingly to his past record. Not to the poor girl who was dead,—God knows, that must have slipped out of their drunken brains for the moment, or even they would have kept silent,—but to other girls like her. He stood with his hands in his pockets, and laughed. And I shot him. And I was as sober as I am to-night.

"I was convicted, imprisoned, and shortly afterward, pardoned. Winifred, Winifred! I have told you. It is nineteen years ago, and even yet the taste of that disgrace is in my mouth. Even yet I cannot be as much ashamed of the crime as I am of the unutterable self-abasement of those six months. As soon as I was out, I came to this Western country, where nobody knew me—where nobody yet knows.

"The rest you know. Since then I have kept a record for conduct such as few men can show. But I know—I have become strangely aware since I have known you—that my morality has been singularly selfish and prudential—only an intense moral fastidiousness. I have been a moral man without being a good man. My repentance—you see I am doing my



best to be honest with you, Winifred—has been of a curious kind all my life since. I think you would hardly have called it repentance. I have suffered all these years, at intervals, a sort of spiritual nausea, an intolerable disgust at having been involved in anything so sordid and shameful; a resentment against the irony of circumstances, or of my own nature, that involved me in it. That has been my strongest feeling. But I have not dwelt upon it, even in my repentance; I have put the recurring memory aside, with the most passionate antipathy. I was thinking this evening that I must have been born a pagan; my dislike of moral uncleanness seems esthetic rather than spiritual. And you cannot imagine how this feeling has grown and intensified since I have loved you—aye, since you have loved me, I'd better say. I had almost forgotten it was there, this ugly old secret, until I met you. Your utter trust has finally made silence intolerable.

"I wonder if the fear that you might some day chance to discover it, and have a horror of me for not telling, has entered into my decision at all? Oh, little spotless child, I don't know! But I think not, I really think not, Winifred. I could have risked anything rather than drag this old corpse of shame into the snowy room of a young girl's life. Ever since that time of my early manhood I have kept such things, with a sort of passionate distaste, out of my own life. So I can appreciate better than most men what I am doing when I bring this into yours. You cannot dream how I dread its effects upon you, whatever you may decide to do with me.

"I have said that my repentance has been chiefly intellectual, chiefly esthetic. That was true, I think, until to-night. To-night, when I decided to tell you, my heart, worn by its long anguish, seemed aware of new forces; I seemed to know what you good people mean by 'God.'

"I have lived the anguish of a moral struggle, little one, though so late; try to borrow a charity beyond your years and experience, and be merciful to me—and to yourself! And yet, Winifred, that strange, imperious *goodness* in you makes me mortally afraid. I cannot help thinking that all these comparatively comfortable years will be the greatest offense in

your sight. I know you will keep on loving me if you can; but, oh, my dear! perhaps you cannot.

"There is but one thought that brings me any comfort. Whatever you decide to do with me, you will respect me a little, at least, for my tardy confession. You would have had a horror of me if I had married you, and you had never known, when you found it out in the future life, I think. You see, I hardly know what I am saying, Winifred.

"One word more. You will forgive me for waiting so long. I had not made up my mind I must tell you till to-night. I shall send this to you in the morning. To-morrow, early, I must go over to Manitou; I shall be gone until dark. And to-morrow evening I am coming to you. Don't talk to me about it, Winifred, I beg you. I think I could not bear a word of it upon your lips. And if you mean to send me away, I shall need no further punishment. But if you will let me take you again into my arms, oh, little spotless child! I shall know all I can bear. In spite of all I have said, I can't help hoping. But, oh, I dread the shock of this for you!"

THAT was the letter. The next evening when the doctor, worn and restless and haggard, walked up the path between the lilac-bushes, the figure crouching on the steps flew like some white bird to his arms.

"Oh, master!" she breathed sobbingly, "I could n't have waited for you another minute. I—I know I should have *died*!"

He sat down on the bench behind the trellis without a word, and took her in his arms. At last he felt her draw a comforted child's shuddering, restful sigh.

"Is it all right, Winifred?" he whispered hoarsely, summoning all the voice he had.

"It's all right—now," came the muffled voice from his shoulder.

Something fell to the veranda floor with a sudden clatter in the stillness. It was her little watch, which had slipped from its fastening at her belt. He stooped to pick it up, but she stopped him imperiously. "Listen!" she said remorsefully. "I'm afraid that wakened him! Do you hear anything?" She tiptoed to the long window and looked in.



Instantly the doctor was on the alert. Long habit drove everything else, for the time being, from his mind. "Another attack?" he asked sharply.

Winifred looked at him wonderingly. "Did n't you know?" she whispered, as she came back and nestled again beside him. "I supposed Emma had told you. It's been an awfully bad one. And we could n't get you, and the other doctors don't know anything, and I thought my heart would stop with fright. I knew you could do everything else, but—" she looked adoringly up into his eyes—"I was n't sure you could bring the old angel back from heaven!"

"I'll step in and take a look at him," said the doctor, anxiously. "Do you know what they gave him? Who was it? We must watch the after effects, you know." Then, after a few quick steps, he turned back to her. A spasm of pity and remorse crossed his face as he bent over her. "You've had an awful day, Winifred," he said.

For a moment she shivered, looking piteously up at him with fascinated, backward-gazing eyes. Then she resolutely banished the lingering horror, and, smiling up at him with a wan, indomitable sweetness, she took his hand and pressed it against her cheek. "But now that I've got you back again, nothing matters," she said bravely.

THEY had been married a fortnight, and Winifred had again demonstrated her power of amazing the doctor. He was aware of a foolish longing to keep her always in his sight. One day he came home a trifle early to luncheon, and found her in the library, dusting the chairs and tables with a matronly air.

"You're getting demoralized," said Winifred. "What do you mean, a busy man like you, by coming home early to lunch—and me, like Mrs. Joe Gargery, with an apron that never comes off?"

He stood on the threshold, with a hand on each doorpost, and looked in at the fine, mellow old room. The old professor's books—what a distinguished array of them! And the handsome, plain old furniture, and the girl, so absurdly young,

in the midst—his girl, his wife! It was a crisp, early autumn morning, and there was a pleasant, purring fire in the grate. It seemed the very shrine and sanctuary of the home-making spirit. His eye rested upon the open piano, littered with Winifred's music. He suddenly had the inspiration to ask his wife to play for him. She had not played for him since he had the right to ask her with authority.

"I'm dusting," said Winifred, perversely, with an air of great absorption.

"I'll dust; you go play." He kissed her cheek as he took the duster out of her hand.

For a moment Winifred stood watching his elaborately conscientious movements with delight. Then, with a sudden dutifulness, she went to the piano and began to play.

The doctor dusted happily away, the incongruous implement behaving clumsily in his hand. Then suddenly he stood arrested, with the duster in mid-air. In moving a book, he had uncovered a letter. It was addressed to Winifred. He noticed that the handwriting was familiar before he realized that it was his own. The seal had not been broken.

The doctor stood staring at it. Then suddenly the facts fell into their true relations in his mind. The servant had been careless; in the fright of the old professor's sudden illness, the letter had been forgotten. Winifred, then, had never seen it. That was the important thing; Winifred did not know.

For a moment the room seemed to spin around. Winifred's golden head was a bright blur in his sight. Then he stepped quickly to the grate and dropped the letter into the coals. He stood watching it burn.

Presently his wife looked over her shoulder at him as she played. "What are you burning?" she asked with a prettily exaggerated assumption of censorship.

The doctor resumed his dusting. "An old love-letter, of course," he said. "What else should a man burn when his wife's back is turned?"

And Winifred, her eyes upon her music, tilted her rosy chin and smiled loftily.



# ON ALEXANDRA'S ISLAND

BY EVELYN VAN BUREN

ALEXANDRA and Poppy May were friends. Poppy May danced in the ballet at the Tivoli, and Alexandra sold flowers on the little stone islet that lay in the tumultuous sea of traffic between Hyde Park and St. James's Park.

Poppy May crossed from St. James's Park one warm noonday and bought Alexandra's stock of primroses. She proffered a half sovereign. It took all of Alexandra's pennies to make change.

"Thanks orfly," Poppy May said politely, and lifting her dainty white frock, mounted a halting omnibus, and rode away.

"P'ff!" said Alexandra, "what side!"

She secretly remarked Poppy's mist of yellow curls and light blue eyes. Her own eyes were bewilderingly uncertain in color, and only frequent immersion in the sprinkling-can subdued the rebellion of her hair.

Poppy May came again. She was sweet and pale. Alexandra's cheeks were rounded and pink and freckled. She stared rudely. Poppy May took the flowers from her lingeringly.

"They 're for Miss Letitia Earle, 'oo leads the ballet and I 'm no end fond of," she ventured. "I dance at the Tiv, you know."

Alexandra's eyes widened. Her mouth pursed in a whistle of wonderment.

"Friday nights," Poppy May added with friendliness, "the ghost walks, so Saturdays I get the bo'quet an' ride 'ome at night."

"You darncce at the Tiv, I s'y!" exclaimed Alexandra.

"It must be sport 'ere," supposed Poppy May, agreeably, "'avin' the flowers an' lookin' about; never dull—what?"

"Never," Alexandra admitted.

Poppy May had only verified her con-

viction that there, between Hyde Park and St. James's Park, opposite St. George's Hospital, looking up busy Piccadilly-way, was *the* place to have a stand.

"And my word," Poppy went on animatedly, her eyes falling upon a sun-dimmed placard across the flower-basket—"by specul apointmunt to hir royal hiness queen Alexandra," it read. "Really?" questioned Poppy May.

Alexandra beckoned. Their heads met over the flower-basket. Poppy May could hardly believe her ears.

"The Queen stoppin' 'ere in disguise to buy your flowers!" she marveled.

"Sh!" Alexandra cautioned. "She 's 'ardly certain I recognize 'er, an' is certain I would n't tell if I did; I can see by 'er manner."

"Quite right," whispered Poppy May; "you would not be'ray 'er."

"Do what?" demanded Alexandra, eagerly.

"Give 'er aw'y," Poppy explained—"be'ray 'er."

"She drives out of St. James's Park," went on Alexandra.

"From Bucking'am Place," Poppy May saw that clearly.

"Stops, leans out, speaks soft, and points out the flowers. 'Andin' them to 'er, I gets near. She smiles through her veils. 'Thanks, little 'un,' she s'ys. She 's all in black. The smell of 'eaven is all about 'er inside the carriage. I close the door—*bang! whiff!* she 's orf." Alexandra waved toward Hyde Park. "It 's gone on fer some time now."

"I 'd love it to 'appen to me," sighed Poppy May.

"Pre'aps, somed'y," mused Alexandra.

"Could it be becorse you 're named for 'er?" Poppy suggested.

"Might. Queens knows everythink. We 're all nine of us gals, an' nimed fer



roy-al-ty. Mar did it," said Alexandra, modestly; "she 's 'igh hideas. The baby, 'ad she been a boy, would 'ave been Edward fer 'is Majesty an' 'Arry fer dad—Edward 'Arry. Edwina 'Arriet mar 'ad to mike it."

Poppy May was impressed. "Think of it!" she said. A color stole into her pale cheeks.

"I would n't tell *everybody*," said Alexandra, remarking the effect of her confidences. "So *you* darnee at the Tiv'?"

"Jolly fagged I get, too, sometimes, an' to-d'y I 'ate goin' indoors an' 'opping about," said Poppy May, dismally.

Alexandra laughed. "But I 'd love to know 'ow," she admitted.

"I could show you a few steps," Poppy suggested.

Alexandra instantly placed the matter upon a business basis.

"Every Saturd'y your choice of me flowers mikes the leadin' loidy's bo'quet to p'y for the steps you shows me."

And the friendship of Alexandra and Poppy May began.

MR. JACKIE TIBBIT was an omnibus-driver and passed Alexandra's island many times every day. He admired her. He plied her with delicious gifts of seed-cake and marchpane, and volubly likened her to her flowers. He had asked her to become engaged to him.

"I 'll think it over, Tibby,"—Alexandra eyed him impishly and twirled on heel, brazenly munching his sweets,—*"You are a 'andsome boy."*

He *was* handsome, anybody could see that. His eyes were like night, and so were his slender mustache and hair.

"Don't larf!" he urged fretfully, flicking his whip at her flowers. "You 've 'ad time enough."

He had asked Alexandra before. In proposing from the driver's seat of an omnibus, he felt at a disadvantage.

"Stand quiet and answer me," he said.

Alexandra stood quiet. She thoughtfully licked the marchpane from her fingers.

"'Ow about that Spanish fereign blood you s'y you 'ave in your veins?" she began.

"It 's there roit enough," assured Mr. Tibbit. Alexandra began a meditative little two-step. "There yer go, 'oppin' about ag'in," objected he.

"Can't 'elp it; I 'm a-learnin' to darnee," said Alexandra; "I m'y go in fer it."

"G' on!" urged Jackie Tibbit. "The bus is fillin'; answer me; s'y yes or no."

"Yes or no," gurgled Alexandra. "One an' two an' three—four," she counted her steps.

"You 'ave good manners," remarked the irritated lover.

"Thank you," said his tormentor. "You look like a Spanish thundercloud. It 's knowin' of your fereign blood which mikes me 'esitate. Yer might—"

"'E might lose 'is berth along o' your nonsense," interrupted the conductor, swinging from the back of the omnibus. "I 've pulled the bell-rope about four times now."

"Give it another, now do," urged Alexandra. "Buck up, Tibby!" she called. "I 'll think it over."

She sank down beside her flower-basket. "'E *is* 'andsome," she admitted, in justice to Mr. Tibbit. "'E loves me *madly*, an' buys tip-top sweets; still," she wisely added, in justice to herself, "I 've 'eard 'ow them Spanish conceals weapons—daggers, in their wais'cuts. Fancy me married to Tibby, an' 'e gettin' a bit vexed with me, an'—" Alexandra shuddered.

She suddenly saw herself dying at the feet of Mr. Tibbit, while he stood over her, fatal dagger in hand.

"Oh, Tibby!" she gasped. Then the vision passed. She giggled. "What things I do think of! 'E would n't do *that*, per'aps, but I 'll talk 'im over with Poppy May."

She had never thought of telling Poppy May about him, the dancing lessons were too engrossing.

"Poor old Tib!" She yawned and stretched luxuriously.

Her head sank drowsily back over the rim of her flower-basket and little face upturned to the sun, Alexandra gently dozed.

A commanding "Whoa!" awoke her.

She sat up, bewildered, and staring straight into a pair of blue eyes contemplating her from the driver's seat of an omnibus.

"What yer lookin' at?" she demanded, blinking.



"You," replied the young driver, frankly.

"You 're a new un," said Alexandra.

"My first trip," he answered, politely raising his hat.

Alexandra suddenly caught up hers, which had fallen into the flower-basket, and drew it down, hiding her face from his persistent gaze.

"I must 'ave dropped orf," she explained.

"The 'eat," said he; "feelin' drowsy meself."

Further polite remarks, addressed to the top of Alexandra's hat, elicited no response. The bus moved on. Alexandra sprang to her feet.

"Not fer crown-jools would I 'ave 'ad 'im—any strynger—catch me nappin' at me stand." She hovered vexedly over her watering-pail like a sparrow, dipping and chattering, getting herself to rights.

"'E 'll pass back in no time—oh, it breaks me 'eart!" as the swift application of a pocket comb brought only a rebellious crackling from her bushy locks.

A bit of white tulle, carried in her pocket for dressy occasions, if a little stringy, made a fetching bow beneath her chin.

"Ah, 'ere 'e comes!" She quickly readjusted her hat at a killing angle. "Now let 'im stare!"

"I s'y, Miss,"—he spoke twice before she seemed to hear,—"[a button'ole](#), if you please."

Alexandra affectedly studied his complexion.

"Pink, I fancy, fer you." She quickly arranged and handed up a boutonnière of primroses.

He bent for them; he looked into the upturned, sparkling little face; a deeper pink suffused her freckled cheek; her audacious eyes fell. He proffered a new shilling; he sniffed the flowers ecstatically.

"It 's a lucky shilling," he said. "These little flowers are worth more to me than—"

"Piccadilly Circus—Piccadill-ee!" sang the conductor, and pulled the bell-rope.

The new driver raised his hat.

"I s'y," the conductor, an old acquaintance, hoarsely whispered to Alexandra behind his hand as the bus drew out, "Mr. Cecil 'Emingw'y, Esquire"—he in-

dicated the driver—"as a fetchin' w'y, what? The gals all likes 'im; m'ybe that ain't the first buttin'ole 'e 's bought to-d'y." He laughed knowingly.

Alexandra's eyes grew dark and serious.

"I 'd 'ave thort I was the only un ever," she mused as she gazed after the broad shoulders swaying atop the vanishing bus.

She pondered. "I sell flowers to the Queen, I 'm nimed fer 'er, I can darncie; Poppy May of the Tiv ballet learnt me 'ow, an' is me best friend. What gal," she demanded of the universe, "can 'e know up to that!"

"AN' so, I 've knowed 'im a month," Alexandra concluded in confidence to Poppy May, "an' I 've got to like 'im more 'n I love darncin', more 'n I love sellin' flowers to the Queen—more 'n anythink."

"An' you believe 'im false?" questioned Poppy May, "in spite of all the pleasant things 'e s'ys an' does?"

"I fears it," Alexandra answered regretfully; "I 'm told so."

"It 'd about kill you if 'e is?" Poppy May wished to know accurately.

"I—I would n't let it," said Alexandra, bravely.

"Then listen to me," her friend began: "I 'd love an arfternoon 'ere, sellin' flowers. As for Mr. 'Emingw'y, I 'll *try* 'im. I 'll s'y I 've bought you out. I 'll s'y—oh, just leave 'im to me." Poppy May smiled.

"An' what about me?" wondered Alexandra.

"You," said Poppy May, "will go to the Tiv, tell 'em I 'm ill, an' you 'll darncie in my plice."

Alexandra caught her breath and did an ecstatic hand-spring.

"Lor' love a duck!" she apologized, shaking herself to rights and dusting her hat. "I did n't mean to do that, Poppy May."

"You don't always think," excused Poppy May, sweetly. "Now mike 'aste. The others 'll 'elp you. You know all my steps. You 'll fall in line—mind the music, and it 's simple enough. Be orf."

"If 'e goes on with you," began Alexandra.

"I 'll tell you, an' you 'll throw 'im over," said Poppy May.



"You know you *are* pretty," Alexandra pondered.

"Yes," admitted Poppy May; "but it should n't count if 'e truly loves you."

"'E 'll pass in 'arf an hour or so; you 'll know 'im," explained Alexandra, "by 'is good looks, an' of course 'e 'll arsk for me. 'E wears a blue cravat an' a diamond stick; also 'is 'air curls—"

"Now you *must* go," urged Poppy May. "Inquire for the stige door; inquire for everythink you don't understand. Oh, it *is* a lark!" and she embraced her friend and pressed her onward.

"I 'll look for you 'arf after five," she called to Alexandra, who, from the top of an omnibus, threw back frequent anxious glances at her little island.

Poppy May sighed with the pleasure of adventure.

"I 'ope she comes; I long to see the Queen—to 'and 'er flowers."

She glanced discreetly toward St. James's Park. It was not so much for Alexandra's love-affair as for the fond hope of beholding her Queen in disguise that she had schemed. Treading on tip-toe, holding back her dainty white skirts, and sprinkling the flowers, Poppy May was hailed from the top of an omnibus.

"I s'y."

With the first glance she knew him, he was so handsome. His black astonished eyes devoured her, his smile showed a row of pearly teeth below a slender, dark mustache. Poppy May's little heart jumped, and then she recalled her friend and her mission.

"Where—" began the dark one.

"Alexandra?" Poppy May lifted shy blue eyes. "She 's sold out to me."

He did not reply. His smile indicated complete satisfaction with the arrangement. He stared eloquently. He touched his cravat, shook down his cuffs, and sighed.

"She 'll be missed," said Poppy May, shyly pulling at her yellow curls.

"Do you care for chocolate cigars?" he irrelevantly asked; "they 're nice uns."

"Don't mind," said Poppy May, and he tossed her six in a tinfoil band.

"Rather sweet," she laughed, reflecting, "and intended for Alexandra."

"D' you 'know," said he, softly, "I think you 're the prettiest gal I ever see, an' I don't care 'oo knows it."

It was so daring that Poppy May again lifted her eyes inquiringly, uncertainly.

"Oh, I mean it," he answered her look. "An' *she* 's sold out, an' *you* 'll be here *every* d'y?" He was ardent.

But there came no answer from Poppy May.

"'E *seems* to mean it," she whispered after the 'bus had rumbled away. "If 'e does,"—her heart gave another little jump; then,—"but that ain't fair—Alexandra owns up to likin' 'im orfly. 'E ain't for me."

Solemn-eyed, Poppy May sat down beside the flower-basket and tried a chocolate cigar. It was not an apparition, then, that met her eye, but Alexandra actually approaching with dash and style in a hansom-cab from Piccadilly; Alexandra who alighted upon the island, paid the cabby, and waved him away as he said:

"Thank y', me loidy."

"Poppy May," she began breathlessly, "I could n't. I own up, I 'm not so sporting as you; I 'ad to come back, an' seemed as 'ow I could n't do it fast enough."

Poppy May stared in bewilderment.

"I started game enough. I asked me w'y to the stige door, an' found it, an' looked in, an' turned about an' ran." Alexandra was startled at her own actions. "Suthink queerlike come over me; I could n't 'ave darnced a step."

"Stige fright that 's called," explained Poppy May.

Alexandra breathed relief, finding it had a name.

"Anythink 'appened?" she asked.

Poppy May's pretty, pale face flushed.

"Well?" Alexandra moved impatiently.

"D' you like 'im—orfly?" Poppy leaned forward, chin in hand.

"I s'pose so," admitted Alexandra.

"Seen 'im?" she asked eagerly.

Poppy May nodded and looked away.

"Lor' love us! out with it! Can't yer see I 'm—" Alexandra broke off, and stepped nearer, eying Poppy May—" 'E *is* false, an' yer don't want to tell."

Poppy May nodded again.

"Well, you thort out this idea; now tell me," Alexandra cried out.

"I 'm sorry I did it," Poppy May's voice quivered. "I was n't thinkin' 'arf so much of 'im as of seein' the Queen; I wanted to be in with 'er like you."



"G' on! What about 'im?" Alexandra hovered over the unhappy Poppy May, shifting from one foot to the other.

"'E drove up an arsked fer you," was the reluctant answer. "'E gave me these." In Poppy May's agitated grasp the chocolate cigars had sadly softened, "an' arsked if I 'd be here every d'y now."

"G' on," urged Alexandra.

Poppy May hung her head. "An' that I 'm the prettiest gal 'e'd ever see," she added guiltily. "I 'm sorry, Alexandra."

"It was *your* idea," reiterated Alexandra, angrily; "you *are* prettier 'n me. Another gal, an' it might be different. I ort to a-knowed—"

"'E ain't worth 'avin'," cried Poppy May, spirit reviving.

"Don't yer think 'im 'andsome? Don't yer think 'e 'as a pleasant w'y? Could n't you like 'im?" Alexandra was relentless.

Poppy May did not reply.

"You *do*," accused Alexandra; "you do."

Poppy May got up.

"It 's 'arder for us both than I ever dreamed," she said wisely. "'E is 'andsome and pleasant, an' I might 'ave liked 'im, but I *won't*." Poppy May's blue eyes were misty. "'E could n't 'ave mide me speak to you as you 'ave spoke to me."

"Poppy May, oh, Poppy May,"—she said, pleading and grieved,—“I did n't mean it! I lost me 'ead,—I 'ate 'im."

"I could scratch out his eyes," said Poppy May, embracing her friend with sympathy. "Let 's forget 'im, ducky."

"Let 's eat 'is chocolate cigars," suggested Alexandra, bravely bearing up.

"They 're in a mess," Poppy May said, opening her hand.

The sight brought laughter to mingle with Alexandra's tears.

"'Ere chuck that an' listen, I 've no time to waste." It was the voice of Alexandra's old acquaintance, the conductor.

He swung over the island from the back of a bus and beckoned. The girls approached him eagerly.

"Your friend Mr. Cecil 'Emingw'y, Esquire, 'as been called 'ome to see 'is par, which is ill. 'E wishes partic'lar you should know. 'E sends you this,"—he tossed a little package to Alexandra,—and laughed at his own witticism—"with 'is love an' kisses."

He was ignored.

"Forget me not," Poppy May read excitedly from the card Alexandra handed her for inspection.

Then she looked from Alexandra's sparkling eyes to her fingers.

"My word!" she said.

Alexandra held a tiny ring wound and twisted into a marvelous gold A.

"I must s'y," admitted the conductor, calling back, "'e ain't sent a ring to any other gal, or word about 'is par—by me, that is."

Poppy May and Alexandra stood staring in wondering interrogation. Simultaneously they arrived at a conclusion.

"'Is eyes?" began Poppy May.

"Blue," from Alexandra, eagerly.

"'Air?"

"Curly; not black," Alexandra breathed quickly.

"'Air, eyes, mustache, not *black*," cried Poppy May—"not black?"

"No, no, no!" shrilled Alexandra. "It 's Tibby; Lor' blimy, it 's Tibby back from 'is 'oliday."

And like a frantic pigmy she gavotted in glee. She caught at Poppy May.

"Oh, you 'll mike a 'andsome couple—oh, Poppy May!"

Poppy May had then to rest against the flower-basket and to be fanned by Alexandra. She was pale, and her heart went *pit-a-pat*.

And so, as in a dream, she saw a carriage glide from St. James's Park and stop at the island; a veiled lady lean forth, and Alexandra with perfect understanding choose her freshest blossoms to be gathered into the lady's hands. Poppy May was sure of her smile, her whispered words, and then Alexandra stood before her, fingering a new five-shilling piece.

"'Arf fer you, Poppy May," she said, her eyes shining.

It covered the amount of her afternoon's loss at the theater, but that was not why Poppy May smiled.

Alexandra slipped down beside her. "I love it," she held up the finger with the new little ring, "more 'n seein' the Queen." She marveled confidently.

"Wonder if I would," mused Poppy May, and the eyes that were black as night came back to her, and Poppy May covered her face and giggled foolishly.

"I know 'ow you feel," sympathized Alexandra.





## THE RENT VEIL

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

Author of "The Prison of Affection," etc.

WITH an oppressive feeling that he was doing precisely what was expected of him, Christopher Royce rejected various agreeable possibilities of spending the late hours of the afternoon, and went to call on Hersey's sister. In the first place, she *was* Hersey's sister, and Hersey was sensitively vigilant as to her receiving her social dues. Toward himself, too, Royce was aware that her intent had always been peculiarly gracious. Moreover, Agnes Hersey knew that he had only just arrived from Italy, his work for a time completed, and that he was to a large extent at leisure. It was for so many reasons appropriate that Royce should turn off at Fifty-third Street and present himself for the kind and punctilious inquiries with which Hersey's sister would examine the eight months he had been away. He strove, therefore, to acquire the look of one who meets the occasion half-way as he entered the coldly furnished, thinly curtained room where Agnes Hersey was talking with a group of women who were, he saw, professionally accustomed to this manner of passing their time.

But it was pleasantly characteristic of Agnes Hersey that she promptly devoted herself to the severer of her visitors, allowing Royce to talk with the one woman with whom conversation seemed desirable—a tall young creature of unstinted personality whose head leaned a little arrogantly against the slightly sloping back of her chair. His first fastidious glance had

caught her profile, which he thought undistinguished. Or it was, at least, without delicacy; its short, blunt lines tilted queerly upward, and the piquant chin was too strongly drawn. It was a face that Royce would have been able to dismiss easily had it not been for the look of astonishing unreserve with which her full, brown eyes swept him, and which he oddly found that he had no wish to escape.

"I have been wondering about you, Mr. Royce," she began, a little too assuredly. "Why do you come directly home from your galleries and things without stopping to amuse yourself? Are your arms heaped so high with the fruits of diligence that you are afraid they will spill?"

Royce, displeased, stammered something irrelevant. The least that one could expect within the hospitality of Hersey's sister was to be taken seriously.

"I have n't made a mistake, surely? You *are* Christopher Royce, are n't you? I hoped I should meet you when I came here to-day."

"Then Miss Hersey has—"

"I believe it has been Ned, mostly. You know he talks of you interminably. He has told you of me, but I suspect you did n't catch my name just now. I am Lorraine Morland."

Royce flushed and looked at her squarely. "You can't be," he said.

"Why, what was your idea of me?"



Certainly Ned Hersey could never have told you I was 'pathetic'? That was n't the reason you did n't want to meet me?"

"I've always been in the way of allowing a margin for Hersey's enthusiasms. So sometimes it happens that I leave too much. Nevertheless, I've wanted immensely to meet you; you're quite wrong."

Her low laughter graciously clothed her speech; and she seemed constantly to catch it up and let it fall again, like the thin drapery that a beautiful woman indifferently draws over her bare shoulders, then lets slip lightly away. "I wish you might be able to get used to me," she said, without embarrassment, "because I want tremendously to know you. And your voice sounds as if you could."

Royce allowed a second to pass without replying, and she adroitly seized the silence. "After all, this was n't a fortunate time for us to meet, I know. I remind you—don't mind my saying this, Mr. Royce, I feel it so strongly—of the crippled things that have been begging from you in Italy. Something like the tourist formula must be in your mind: you don't mind *giving* your friendship to a blind creature, but you hate to have it extorted. Is that it?"

"What Hersey told me of you," Royce said slowly, "was incredible. I could not believe that I should not pity you, and pity, to all of us, is so intolerable. But you have somewhere an ample vision—"

"I thought you would understand," she began, then broke off as Agnes Hersey, radiant with self-effacement, joined them. In a few moments more Lorraine Morland was gone. Royce, puzzled, watched her walk to the door, her arm in Agnes Hersey's, but her step confident. She carried no suggestion of dependence.

"I knew so well that *you* would appreciate her," smiled Agnes Hersey.

"I'm not sure that I do. It's all a little too uncanny. And I find that her eyes dismay me. They seem to see."

"They're so wonderful, are n't they?" agreed Agnes, eagerly. "Yet for a long time, since she was a little girl, they have been of almost no use to her, and for—I can't tell you just how long, perhaps six months or so—she's been altogether blind. Poor Ned has been so touched by it. Of course he's told you all about her long

ago. He clings so to the little hope we all have that she may not be blind always. It's such a curious case that nobody knows. But, oh, she lives so brilliantly in her darkness! To me she seems streaming with light." It was the tone in which Hersey's sister spoke of settlements and charities and all her tender, selfless passions.

"You pity her, then?" asked Royce, quite coolly.

"Why, how can you ask? The sublime way she meets it does n't lessen that."

"She has great courage." Royce stopped and meditated. "But I can't pity her," he added with conviction. "Really, I can't feel anything of the sort."

Pity is, however, an emotion that lacks consecutiveness. Its passionate spurts find relief in blank periods. If Royce had pitied Lorraine Morland, he might never have seen her again.

What he did experience in thinking of the girl was, so far as he could define it to himself, an extreme discomfort. It was true, as she had guessed, that there had seemed to him at first an actual indelicacy in displaying her infirmity to strangers, tacitly demanding sympathy, services, concessions. But her abundant personality could not confine itself within the familiar, timid, crippled rôle; it might be that there was something magnificent in her refusal to attempt it. Still, behind her ostentatious bravery there lay something that mystified and perhaps repelled him. He did not know what it was; so, inevitably, he went to see her to find out.

As he stood outside her door for the first time he was amazed to find how keenly he dreaded the meeting. Within, it seemed that the house must be like a great, hushed sick-room. Here, where she lived, the horror of her blindness could not be escaped or disguised. He would have to pity her, here. He could not coldly endure seeing her with such significant little props about her as her blindness might demand. Nor could any blind woman, however straightforward, resist the contriving of a shade of dramatic appeal in her own intimate background. Already he could see her hands flutter pitifully out toward the conveniences lying near her. He could see in her face the expectation of flowers which he should have brought her, and which she would,



with artful habit, have touched wistfully and laid to her cheek. Fortunately, he had no flowers. She would have to arrange something else.

Her face glowed, however, from a walk she said she had just taken, and she sat unaffectedly in an everyday sort of chair with commonplace things about her. Even her hands, though they were delicate, artist's hands, forbore pathos. Royce forgot his panic, and surrendered himself with frank pleasure to the influence of her voice and the stimulus of her amusing talk. It was artfully managed talk, he was aware of that, implying all the companionable mental qualities in the listener. Without reserve, Royce was enjoying himself. Only now and then an unspeakable pang tore through him. It had to do with the terrible consciousness that the woman opposite him was blind.

A moment's silence finally on both their parts, at the announcement of another guest, was a curiously frank admission that the interruption was unwelcome, even though the interrupter was their common friend, Ned Hersey. Hersey's anxious eyes, as he entered, did not see Royce; they were fastened intensely on Lorraine Morland as though they longed to wring something from her. He brought, too, what Royce considered the distinctly banal gift of some violets, and Royce watched, hating himself for watching. But without pressing them to her face, Miss Morland placed them a little carelessly in her belt.

"Why do you ask me how I am, Ned?" she asked, with a suggestion of petulance, "when you know I am always riotously well? Nowadays I'm really too well because those dear, reckless Warners take me motoring so much. You know, Mr. Royce, that it's for blind people motoring was invented. It restores one's pride so, the exhilaration without the least dependence on somebody else, the delicious danger without a bit of effort."

"Lorraine, you are not able to help or save yourself. How can you be so foolish, how can you *dare* to risk your life—" Hersey began excitedly.

"I suppose because my father is willing, and there is no one else whom I need consult," she said in a cool tone that made a little silence and sent Royce compassionately away. The suspicion that the little

scene had been planned for his own illumination seemed to him, the next moment, absurdly fatuous.

That night, still wrapped in the stimulating new sense of companionship that the afternoon had given him, Royce took a long walk alone. His perplexity had arisen, he told himself, from the fact that at their first meeting he literally had not seen Miss Morland. His narrow preoccupation with the delicate and spiritual types for which he had always had a fastidious preference had blinded him. Moreover, it is by no means with the first glance that one arrives at the significant or the beautiful. No sooner did one realize this vital woman than more fragile creatures seemed for the first time inadequate. She, too, had soul, or spirit, or whatever it might be called; but it did not stare out, half-sheltered, like a lantern on a windy night; it glowed deep within her, reticent and inviolate.

It happened that their friendship faced a leisurely winter. Royce, ostensibly busied with proof sheets and consultations of many sorts, said that it would be necessary for him to defer his next sailing until spring. He often saw Miss Morland at her own house, less often at the Herseys'. With Agnes Hersey, the desire to lead other people to admire Lorraine was constant and irresistible. But her brother's adoration had become pretty thoroughly tinged with despair; he was growing haggard in his effort to get used to the idea that Lorraine Morland would never marry him. Royce, looking on, wondered at the singular extent to which the Herseys' devotion to their friend was interwoven with misunderstanding. Agnes's conception of Lorraine demanded, he told her, a Gothic frame; it was saintly, attenuated, unreal. It was Ned's quite commonplace obsession that she was frailly feminine, adorably in need. How odd it was that he alone had been able to grasp her, to see that, apart from her fascinating variousness, her dramatic flexibility of temperament, it was, after all, her simplicity that set her superbly apart. He found, too, that he came to resent the Herseys' care for her, the minuteness of their attentions. Since she herself frankly gloried in the powers she had, it was an insolence to remind her of the one she lacked. He exulted in her—exulted till



he longed to sing aloud. That must be an inert and pallid world of which Lorraine Morland was not the vivid center.

It was curiously possible for Royce now and then to see Lorraine without thinking of her blindness at all, so gay and stalwart was the spirit she brought always to the bridge of their intercourse. Nor had any lament ever crept into her own confessions. At other times, the pity that he had at first complacently withheld from her submerged and suffocated him. Yet he, too, had spoken no word of it. Once only she had told him that she was scarcely more regretful of her lost sight than vain of the new competence of her hands, through which she was able to get a dimmed, smothered vision of the world. They were long, slender, eloquent hands—an actress's hands, Royce told her.

He deferred, because his nature was not impetuous, the inevitable confession; and when it at last sprang from him, he was perhaps not wholly surprised that he had so slight resistance to overcome. Indeed, he had dimly known somewhere deep within him that there would be joy in her eyes when he told her. But he did not know why she gave a little, muffled cry and would say nothing until he begged her miserably to tell him in so many words that she cared. "From the first moment," she whispered, but would not look up through those strange tears that came, Royce supposed, from one of the forever inexplicable springs of womanhood.

Usually scant of speech, Royce had a torrent of words to tell her what had drawn him to her. Others were stupid enough to content themselves with her brilliancy and accomplishment. What he had first divined, then found, then worshiped, was the luminous childlike soul that she chose to shroud in many strange gauzes. But she—what, after all, could she know of him? With all her subtle divinations, how ignorant she really was of the man she had been brave enough to love.

"I ought not to accept it of you," he protested, in the first exaggeration of his humility. "Lorraine, eyes tell us almost everything; you cannot really know me. My very face might be abhorrent to you; it may be scarred with weakness or baseness or cruelty—"

"Ah, I know what you are like," she assured him, solemnly.

He persisted. "There is a way that you can tell. Your hands can see for you. Come, let them search my face, feel what is there and tell you. Oh, where are they, dear? Why do you hide them? Are they afraid of me?"

She turned her face away. "Don't ask me," she begged, the gladness strangely gone from her. "I do not need to know more than I do. Don't ask me to do that."

"Then let it be for me, instead," he pleaded. "Let it be because I want you to."

But her obduracy plainly cost her so much, her mysterious suffering was so unfeigned, that Royce was obliged to yield; and accepted her rueful dismissal in a confused chagrin that was shortly absorbed by that keen, white flame so newly kindled within him.

It returned later, however, again and again. The girl's former heroic confidence seemed to have turned to uncertainty, caprice, and tears. It was almost as though the woman to whom Royce had given his love had died in the moment of its acknowledgment. It was even hard to recall, nowadays, the earlier Lorraine's exuberance and zest in life. Their extinction called out in him a new tenderness, but his bewilderment remained unsoothed. Always, now, whatever her mood or manner of speech, it was as if a great fear lay upon her. The obvious explanation of it all was that she was aware of having too rashly surrendered, that she did not really love him. Yet, this, in some way, Royce could not make himself believe.

"I had not supposed that anything in the world could quench or subdue you, Lorraine," he at last ventured to say to her. "Can it be that you are afraid? And is it—of me?"

She closed her eyes with a little shudder. "It may be that it is of you," she said slowly. "At least—I am afraid—of disappointing you, of not making you happy."

"I can forgive that fear. But it is a very foolish one. Let us destroy it."

"You see, Christopher, there will be so many years. And you will get so tired, perhaps, of my dependence on you. If it were only a little, little different; if I



could see again,—only a little glimmer,—I should not feel—”

“And I did not even suspect that that was your grief!” he exclaimed, profoundly touched. “Dearest, I have been much too completely under your spell.”

In April, Royce was to sail again for Italy. They were to be married, he and Lorraine, a week before. Upon his world lay more than the traditional enchantment. It had been so easy for the detached young man to assume that he would never marry. His earlier romanticism had been undisturbingly cool and impersonal, and the course long urged upon him by anxious relatives, that of marriage with a “practical little wife” who would materially minister to him while chaining him to one tedious spot, had failed in the least degree to menace his cheerful freedom. But to take this wonderful blind woman by the hand and lead her about the world, to devour constantly without ever exhausting the joy of her sweet dependence, was a project that had utterly captured his long-reluctant imagination. Into what paths of delight would he not lead her exquisite helplessness! Beyond all this, he had a characteristic satisfaction in the individuality of his romantic destiny. The joy that had descended to bless him he fully believed no other man had known.

But for the most part, during these weeks, his dreams were dreamed alone. Duties and friends that Lorraine appeared to think important kept her from him, and when she was at home, Agnes Hersey was, he resentfully pointed out, always with her, urging sweet, superfluous services. Nor, when they were alone together, could he feel sure that her happiness was not in some degree a simulation. But on one point he had no doubt: whatever the girl’s fanciful fears and struggles might be, they would vanish from the time that he would have her as his own.

On the morning of the last day in March a quick, warm wind blew across the park, encountered the hesitating Royce, and swept him, he persuaded himself, toward the Morlands’ house. Lorraine would be occupied, but he, on the other hand, was lonely. He found, however, that her concern was the entertain-

ing of Ned Hersey, who had mournfully come to bring his wedding present in person and at an hour when he had supposed he would find Lorraine alone. If Royce had had an excuse for retreating, he would have done so; it seemed cruel to take poor Ned’s one hour from him. The three sat together at the inner end of the long library up-stairs. Opposite them, the long, low window stood open. All about them hovered the soft, unnamable scents that spring mysteriously distributes. Faint sounds, delicate suggestions of happiness, came in on the warm wind. They seemed very near together, these three. Even the dejected Hersey laughed and grew gay, and Royce felt with each moment a more tingling and imperious joy. Lorraine’s head lay against the back of her chair, as on the day that Royce had first seen her, and there was again a shining audacity in her smiling face. Her long, delicate hands were clasped about her knee. But if there was indifference in her attitude, there was none in her voice and laughter. The two men who loved her delightedly watched the sudden emergence from her long, mysterious constraint.

As they sat talking, the far-off fragment of sky grew suddenly bluer, the soft wind became cool and sharp. Royce did not notice the change, but Hersey frowned anxiously. “You will be cold, Lorraine,” he urged. “Let me get you a wrap.”

“Purely as an indulgence to you, Ned,” she laughed. “I am full of warmth. But if you want to put a scarf about me, you dear grandmother, you shall. Look in the room across the hall, and I fancy you may find one.”

As Hersey left the room, the wind deepened into a strong gust. On a table near the open window stood a tall, slender vase filled with some pale roses that Royce had sent. Caught in the wind, the vase toppled suddenly, threatened to fall.

“Oh!” Lorraine cried out quickly, and Royce followed the direction of her eyes. A second later the vase was overturned, and the roses strewn the floor; but Royce’s iron look was not upon the trivial disaster. It gripped, instead, Lorraine Morland’s eyes—the eyes that had seen the flowers before they fell.

Vainly they tried to escape him, the eyes that were trapped, betrayed, shamed. But he held them ruthlessly. There was





PAUL JULIEN MEYLAN

Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"ROYCE'S IRON LOOK . . . GRIPPED . . . LORRAINE MORLAND'S EYES"



an unspeakable agony where Royce had always before seen innocence and candor. And it was that ignoble agony that is born of shame and fear. Fear,—ah, now he knew why she had been afraid,—and the knowledge was too terrible to face. He turned away as Hersey, who had been absent only a few seconds, reëntered the room, and stopped in confusion.

"Amazingly weatherwise you are, Ned," said Royce, with perfect naturalness. "See what the wind did while you were away. I'll pick it up. Or, no; there's nothing to pick up. Everything is shattered. It's odd what a little gust of wind can do. I'd better close the window, don't you think, Lorraine?"

Her lips parted, and she tried to answer. When the words would not come, Royce spared her, crossed the room, and shut out the air. Then suddenly the room seemed too close and narrow for the three. In dumb, awkward wonder, Hersey went away and left the others alone.

There was a long struggle before Lorraine could speak, and even then she could not look at Royce.

"It is so different," she said in a thick, unnatural voice, "jumping from the end of a plank and being pushed over. One minds the violence so much, even though the end is just the same. Still, it was n't fair to me, that wind; for in an hour or two more you would have known. I should have told you. Do one thing for me, I beg of you—try to believe that this is true—that I should have told you."

Royce looked at her without answering. A faint little smile came to her lips—a smile of scornful understanding.

"Perhaps you will believe," she insisted, "after all. Then there is another thing that you must know—that I did not mind it—all the lying—till you came. I enjoyed it. It is such a delirious, delightful thing, though you will never know it, always to play a part. Life seemed so tame without it. People were so wonderfully easy to manipulate, and they applauded me so. I loved the zest and the power.

"But when you came, you spoiled so much for me. Life was different—is n't it incredible?—after the first time that I met you at poor little Agnes Hersey's. It was n't a bit dramatic any more. It was only—you. But lies are such sticky,

prickly things, so hard to get rid of! If you try to get rid of them, they get to be still more sticky and prickly; they torture you all the time. There was such a difference, you see, between deceiving *you* and amusing myself with the people who were there before.

"I suppose that it seems simple enough to you what I should have done. I should have told you and sent you away. But I was n't that kind of woman then. I had n't loved you long enough. I had to wait until you gave me the strength, for I drank it in from you, Christopher, every day, the courage that I needed to cast you off. To-day, at last, I had it. It made me very happy. I had the lies all gathered up in my hand, ready to be flung away, when this happened—and your eyes hated me—I shall always see them—and the end of things has come."

Royce had listened more and more intently. His eyes were strained as though he saw her through a thousand veils. "You mystery!" he said, wondering. "Where did it come from, the strange spirit in you? You don't belong here and now."

"Oh, I think so." She found courage to smile at him. "There is a race of us; but we live obscurely. You would not have known me; how should you recognize others? We are not evil. We do no real harm. We may even give pleasure. I did—before you came."

"And since?"

"Oh, since then I don't belong to the ancient race any more." She shivered as though a cold wind had come near her. "Will it be any satisfaction to you to know that you have released me from that kinship? Good-by—releaser. You will be able to forget all this. And I am able to pray that it may not take too long."

But Royce was looking at her in a new fascination. He stammered and hesitated.

"Oh, that's not like you!" she cried out. "Not to feel that this *is* the end—that we could not go on. But I cannot talk about it any more. You must go—soon—now—"

Royce went slowly to the door. "It is n't so easy to make an end," he said. "We've played with things that reach too deep—we both are going to know how deep," he finished, and left her. And she knew that it was not the end.



# ENTERTAINING A PRINCE

A STORY OF WESTERN CANADA

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

AS soon as the news was bruited up and down Roland Avenue, that typically Western thoroughfare, trade at the mayor's shop showed a perceptible increase. Mayor Pink was a nice little man and a born grocer. He was conspicuous for the domestic virtues, and his speech was innocent alike of initial h's and terminating g's. He went direct from the counter to the council-chamber, and exchanged his grocer's apron for the gold chain of office, so to speak; because there was no gold chain in Blackfoot as yet.

Conversations of this trend might have been heard over the counter almost any time during those few days:

"Those prunes you sent me last week were all dried up, Your Worship."

"Very sorry, Mrs. 'All. I 'll see that it don't occur again."

"Send me a pot of marmalade and a tin of wafers. I hear that a member of the royal family is coming to town."

"Yes, Mrs. 'All; 'Is Royal 'Ighness Prince 'Arold is passin' through Blackfoot next week. What else, Mrs. 'All?"

"Let me see—two pounds of butter; and see that it is perfectly fresh, Your Worship—and—you 'll have to entertain him, won't you?"

"Yes, we 'll 'ave to give 'im a reception. We 're 'avin' a little meetin' on Thursday night to discuss the arrangements. Can I send you a package of that Golden Sky coffee, Mrs. 'All?"

"No, indeed! It 's more than half chickory, Your Worship. I suppose you 'll shake hands with him."

"Indeed, you 're mistaken, Mrs. 'All. Senator Cochrane won't 'ave no other brand in 'is 'ouse. Yes; as the represen-

tative of the citizens of Blackfoot, I shall 'ave to receive 'Is 'Ighness."

"Only fancy! Well, send me two pounds, Your Worship; but if it 's no better than the last—he sure to get a place where I can get a good look at him."

"That I will, Mrs. 'All."

THE meeting of the reception committee was held up-stairs in the fire hall on Thursday night, as the citizens' band happened to be using the council chamber for their weekly practice. In addition to the mayor and the city clerk, there were present Aldermen Sam Puffer, Hank Wills, and Telfair; also Major Coombs of the militia; and last, but not least, the redoubtable Cappy Gunn of the fire department, the time-honored master of ceremonies on such occasions. It was Cappy Gunn who, when the Prince of Wales passed through Blackfoot two years ago, got up that highly successful luncheon at Corey's short-order restaurant, opposite the station. Corey put out an extra supply of fly-paper in honor of the royal guest; and the "Eye-Opener" printed a story to the effect that H. R. H. thought it was a kind of currant cake. But no one takes the "Eye-Opener" seriously.

Besides, Blackfoot had outgrown all that sort of thing. We have now Alderman Telfair, who was a great society man in the East, a leading citizen of Tuscarora, Michigan, to show us what to do. The alderman was not slow in perceiving the need of just such a man as himself on this occasion; and he rose to it manfully, taking the program into his own hands, and so impressing the other members of the committee with the propriety of his



suggestions that not a voice was raised in protest, not even the voice of Sam Puffer, who represented the unregenerate old-timer's element. Cappy Gunn was conciliated by being given *carte blanche* in the matter of decorations—up to two hundred dollars.

It was indeed a proper program that they drew up. As Blackfoot's only city hall is also the police court, it was quickly decided that holding the exercises there would be to call up unpleasant associations for some of the invited guests, and the band-stand in the railway gardens was chosen for the scene of the fête. It was decided to have all the little girls in white pinafores and red sashes, and as many of the little boys as could be made presentable, massed below the stand to sing patriotic airs accompanied by the Salvation Army band, which was more reliable than the citizens'. Then, after the addresses had been read, it was arranged to take the Prince for a little drive about town, visiting the abattoir and the new brewery by the way, and ending with a review of the Blackfoot fire department, out of consideration for Cappy Gunn.

Oh, the knotty questions that were discussed at that meeting! For instance, the red carpet: the longest strip in town would not nearly reach from the station platform to the band-stand; and the committee was in grave doubt as to the propriety of allowing His Royal Highness to risk wetting his feet in the grass. Then there was the warmest kind of a discussion over what the children should sing; it was a tie between "Canada, My Canada," and "Rule, Britannia!" It was not known for sure that the Salvation Army could play these secular tunes. First one member of the committee then another lifted up his voice in a more or less wobbly rendition of his favorite song, to show the others how it would go. The firemen down-stairs, thinking that some one must be "setting 'em up" to the committee, poked their heads through the hole in the floor to make sure they were not missing any refreshment. Finally, there was that most delicate question—What should the members of the reception committee wear? When this was brought up, Alderman Telfair glanced anxiously at Sam Puffer: the old cow-puncher's expression was both eloquent and ominous.

The mayor averted an immediate explosion by hastily saying that of course 'igh 'ats were the thing, and he was going to wear one; but he would leave it to each member to suit himself in the matter.

Alderman Sam Puffer had taken no part in the discussion hitherto except to register his disapproval of the entire proceedings by spitting disgustedly to the right and left. His silence was the more remarkable in that there was a standing feud between him and Alderman Telfair, who was running this affair. Telfair represented the new order of things that was making Blackfoot a commercial center of the West; Sam Puffer was a relic of the roaring past when Blackfoot had been the wildest town in the lee of the Rockies. Telfair was all that was respectable and pious, Sam Puffer all that was disreputable and profane. It is true that Cappy Gunn and Hank Wills were old-timers, too; but they found it profitable to accept the material benefits of the new régime. Old Sam stood alone for the old hard-swearing, hard-riding, hard-drinking days of the past, when everything was owned in common; he hated the stout, "baby-faced tenderfoot," as he called him, who was always for doing the respectable, and yet could skin you out of the gold in your teeth. Yet he was a good deal in awe of him, too.

The little mayor breathed a sigh of relief when the meeting broke up without any unpleasantness. As for Sam Puffer, he made straight for the bar of the Royal Hotel, and there, with his elbow on his own particular corner of the mahogany, he rapidly engulphed several somethings to take the sickly taste out of his mouth, and then proceeded to lay out a program for the Prince as he would carry it out. It would surely have proved a liberal education to the royal youngster.

The great day dawned splendidly, and all Blackfoot turned out except the bed-ridden. Evidences of Cappy Gunn's taste and ingenuity were to be seen on every hand, particularly in the striking banners stretched across the street, with mottoes of his own composition painted in fancy letters on cotton: "Welcome to Blackfoot," "Come Again," "God Save the King"—the same kind of banners that are tacked on the side of picnic busses. In the railway gardens, which lie between





"THE BATH"

PAINTED BY HUGO BALLIN

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)







Front Street and the C. P. R. tracks, was a complicated scheme of flags which had been hastily borrowed from a town His Highness had previously visited; and was in turn to be forwarded down the line immediately after the ceremonies. Cappy Gunn, who had had long experience in these matters, believed in an accidental, "bunchy" effect; and he had certainly obtained it with the flags. The centerpiece of his composition was the bandstand, of course: there that somewhat chopfallen mountain lion which couches in the Blackfoot bar on ordinary days occupied the place of honor on a table, with potted flowers ranged around, and those handsome chairs from the hotel office in a circle, presumably so the guests could sit and look at the beast.

In the foreground the gardens were thronged with fluttering white "pinnies"; the select of Blackfoot, including the mayor's best customers, took up places on the other side of the band-stand; and the general public was roped off in the rear. The bishop's ample calves, distinctly aware of their importance in holding up the representative of the national church on this momentous occasion, occupied a position apart on the lawn; and Cappy Gunn, wearing a greasy uniform and an air of anxious importance, and turning over a quid large enough to last him through the ceremonies, was everywhere at once. Over the fence, in the street, waited a squad of mounted police, businesslike and soldierly in their red tunics, each man sitting stiffly on his splendid horse with his carbine on his knee.

On the other side of the gardens lay the railway platform, and here, a full half-hour before the train was due, gathered the members of the reception committee, variously and wonderfully attired. The mayor's hint had been sufficient to cause silk hats of rare species to bloom on every head except one: Alderman Hank Wills wore a new frock-coat of his own design, reaching to his calves and of an extraordinary satiny sheen, and the top of *his* stalk bore a low-crowned bowler. He was delighted with the sensation he caused, and blew his nose loudly and frequently into an immense bandana handkerchief. Among other little novelties of costume might be mentioned Alderman Canning's dress waistcoat, worn

over a brilliant, spotted shirt bosom, and Alderman Porter's famous lemon-colored shoes. It was a handsome aggregation, and the mayor was proud. Sam Puffer was not in evidence.

During the long wait, the committee stood around, perspiring freely and very much at a loss whether to take its gloves off or put them on—or take them off again. Alderman Telfair, the oracle of etiquette, constituted himself guard of honor to the red carpet, the wonderful brilliancy of which fascinated all the stray dogs in town. But at last the whistle of the royal train was heard from up the valley, a spasm of expectation shook the crowd, and those of the reception committee who had their gloves on nervously began to pull them off, while those who had their gloves off attempted frantically to get them on. The little mayor felt that his great hour had arrived; a bright red spot appeared on each cheek, and his lips moved tremblingly over the little phrases of welcome he had committed to memory.

What was his dismay at this moment to behold old Sam Puffer loaf down the platform, an only too familiar figure in his old brown suit, with his battered cow-puncher hat on the back of his head, his thumbs stuck in his waistband, and the inevitable ragged cigar between his teeth. This was a sorry sight for royal eyes. The mayor shuddered. The little man, for all his nervous manner, was not lacking in courage; he and the burly Sam Puffer had had more than one passage at arms in the council-chamber, in which the mayor had not always come off second best; but there was no time to do anything then, for at that moment the royal train swept into view.

It was a gorgeous train of seven, shiny cherry-colored cars, the pride of the great railway which built it. It flashed past the waiting committee—sleeping, dining, stateroom cars, wide-windowed, and luxurious, culminating in the wonderful royal car "Ulster," with the King's arms splendidly emblazoned on its sides and two little royal standards fluttering over the observation platform.

The train came to a stop with the rear platform resting mathematically opposite the sacred red carpet. The reception committee stood on one foot and then the other. Two nice-looking young men



jumped off, cast a quick glance around, then pulled themselves aboard. There was a wait of half a minute while the reception committee coughed nervously. Alderman Hank Wills relieved his pent-up feelings by a sonorous blast into the red handkerchief. Then a third lad, younger and less sure of himself than the first two, descended from the car somewhat awkwardly and stood by the steps, blushing furiously. He was of less than medium height and boyishly slim; he wore a plain dark suit and a little derby, which may have been the latest thing in London, but was considered very much out of date in Blackfoot.

There was a disconcerting pause. No one knew exactly what to do next. The young man seemed to be of two minds, whether to advance or retreat, like a child on the threshold of a roomful of strangers. Finally the mayor, feeling that the situation hung on him, stepped forward and politely asked:

"Is 'Is 'Ighness comin' off?"

The young man turned pinker still.

"Why,—I—I," he stammered.

The little mayor, realizing his mistake, turned very pale. But how was he to have known better? The photographs of the young man in the newspapers had pictured him both broad and tall in his resplendent uniform. Every word of the mayor's little speech forsook him, of course; only the tradesman's instinct remained. He whipped off his hat and, moving toward the gate to the gardens, murmured:

"Step this way, please."

The procession moved down through the lane of townspeople, the members of the Prince's suite, who seemed to have difficulty in concealing their amusement at something (could it have been the costumes of the committee?) falling in behind with the aldermen. Alderman Telfair, the well-fed apostle of progress in Blackfoot, took care to secure a place close to the royal back, on which he fixed his eyes with an expression of wistful awe, which, in one so stout, was almost pathetic. Last of all, in his old, brown suit, chewing his cigar with a derisive leer, came old Sam Puffer.

When the people began to cheer, the young Prince took heart of grace again. This was something he knew. The fixed

smile and the gracious, unseeing little bows to the right and left were part of his education. The people, delighted with these evidences of affability, redoubled their huzzas; and the Prince, encouraged in turn, patted everything on the head, so to speak, from the littlest girl in a white pinny, who shrank awestruck from the royal hand, to the chop-fallen mountain lion in the band-stand. He walked very slowly, as he had been taught; and chatted animatedly with the little mayor, whose cup of happiness was running over. The occasion was now an assured success; he forgot Sam Puffer lurking in the rear.

When the procession reached the band-stand, the Salvation Army struck up "God Save the King," and all the white pinnies lustily lifted up their voices. The east half was a full bar ahead of the west half, while the band was somewhere in between; but their loyalty was indubitable. The young Prince stood at the edge of the stand and beamed down on them, turning to the mayor continually to express his gratification. He knew his part. When the children finished their song, the mayor read his famous address, which had been shown around town during several previous days. It was a wonderfully engrossed affair, with mysterious little water colors down one side, and topping the whole, an emaciated Britannia in a sort of red wrapper sitting on sheaves of grain.

"To 'Is Royal 'Ighness Prince 'Arold. On be'alf of the citizens of Blackfoot, I desire to express to Your Royal 'Ighness," etc. The h's clattered on the band-stand floor like peas. But the address was exactly right; it breathed stertorous, beef-and-beer, prayer-book loyalty in every line. There was neither a word more nor less than was expected.

When the mayor concluded, the Prince's equerry handed the young gentleman his answer; and he read the set phrases in a charming, boyish voice, that drew the hearts of all who could hear, and somehow made them sorry for the lad who was obliged to endure such silly ceremonies day after day. His reply answered the address so squarely, paragraph by paragraph, that it seemed quite magical to his hearers, unless it happened to occur to them that a copy of the mayor's address might have been sent up the line.



There was a rousing cheer when the Prince finished reading and the Salvation Army enthusiastically struck up something: it was hard to say just what, but they were not accustomed to secular airs. The mayor introduced Prince Harold to the various local celebrities in the bandstand. He, the mayor, was now miserably aware of the bulk of Sam Puffer, half-hidden by a flag, and effectually blocking egress from the bandstand. A dozen futile plans to steer the royal guest safely past the profane old cattle-puncher who feared neither God nor prince suggested themselves; but in vain: the mayor felt in his bones that something would happen—and something did.

He delayed the evil moment as long as possible. He showed the Prince the glorious peaks off to the west, he pointed out this object and that in the street below. He steered the Prince all round the stand, hoping to draw Sam Puffer out of his corner and then slip past. But old Sam bided his time. Finally the Prince's gentlemen began to grow uneasy, thinking the mayor had lost his head through stage fright: the equerry softly inquired if they should not proceed. Then there was no help for it; and the mayor moved perforce to the head of the steps, taking care to keep between old Sam and the sacred person of royalty. He was silently praying to his respectable gods to come to his aid; but this time they heard him not.

Old Sam stepped out and bared his great head respectfully.

"Your Royal Highness—" he began.

The boyish Prince smiled his fixed smile and took a polite listening attitude. The little mayor was in an agony. The mild introduction disarmed him and confirmed his worst fears. The next words were enough—

"You 've rounded up your steers and corralled 'em in good shape," continued Sam; "now come and have a bit of a blow. A young feller like you ought to be havin' a whale of a time seein' God's own country. I don't believe yeh are, and I 'm goin' to give it to yeh, if yeh 'll let me."

Sam paused to spit over the rail, and a horrible silence fell on the group in the bandstand. The Prince looked extremely red and flustered: his education evidently

had not provided for this combination of circumstances. The little mayor made as if to brush past with his charge; but old Sam put forth a great ham of a hand and held him where he was. Sam had been holding himself on the snaffle up to this, as his purple face clearly showed. When he broke out again it was as if the reins were loosed a trifle.

"I 've kep' my mouth shet all this time because I 'm in a minority, and I did n't want to do nothin' to queer the show. But I don't want yeh to think we 're *all* a crowd of blank-blank old women what don't know no better than to trot out a bunch of squawkin' little dish-washers to amuse a young feller like you.

"Come with me, Prince, and I 'll show yeh a man's fun. I got a little mare down the street with a disposition like Mary Magdalen after she got religion. She kin take us out to my ranch in twenty minutes. Out there I got a bunch of blank-blank cow-punchers as 'll throw a crazy steer in more ways than you have names, and in less time than Your Royal Highness takes to spit. And I brought a lot of Sarcees over from the reservation to ride races fer yeh. The blank-blank redskins will break their blank necks for half a dollar."

When Sam concluded his invitation, the silence on the bandstand was as thick as cheese. The young Prince was in an agony of embarrassment. One could see by his eyes that he longed to accept, and was restrained only by the fear of political complications, that bugbear of young princes. He did not know whether Sam Puffer was a supporter of the present government; and of course Sam was not. An old campaigner in the Prince's suite, a famous general, who, in his mufti, looked like a farmer, attempted to relieve this intolerable situation. He threw back his head with a shout of derisive laughter, exclaiming, "Capital! Capital!"

The other members of the Prince's suite took their cue from the old soldier, and promptly joined in the burst of ridicule at old Sam's expense. The ridicule of this high-toned crowd was the one thing that could daunt the old cow-puncher. He fell back a step discomfited. But in so cleverly choosing the means to squelch Sam, the wily general neglected to calculate the effect on his young charge. The



Prince was a kind-hearted lad, and the distress occasioned by the sight of Sam's discomfiture supplied just the needed fillip to his initiative. The unnecessarily loud laughter nettled him. He turned to his party and said spiritedly:

"This gentleman has been good enough to extend an invitation. I should like to accept it."

"But, Your Highness," expostulated the equerry, "we have only two hours longer here. A drive through the streets, with a visit to the brewery and the abattoir, has been arranged."

"Very much obliged, I am sure," re-

turned the Prince, calmly; "but I should prefer to omit the abattoir and the brewery." He turned to Sam. "Will you lead the way, Alderman? I should like to see your mare."

Five minutes later Prince Harold was speeding Sam's mare over the Weasel Head Trail en route to the Puffer ranch, while his host leaned back with an arm extended on the back of the seat, luxuriously puffing a royal cigar. Away behind on the prairie trailed a miscellaneous lot of lords, a mayor, aldermen, newspaper reporters, and officers of His Majesty's army in hired rigs.

## THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

BY HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL

FAIR on our garden terrace, dear,  
Amidst the winter snows  
Blossoms the Christmas Rose;  
And Christmas Day will soon be here.

The summer flowers long since are dead,  
But now its time comes round,  
And from the frozen ground  
In snowy bloom it lifts its head.

The garden waste it heedeth not,  
Nor yet the cruel blast,  
But bravely holdeth fast,  
And maketh fair that one sweet spot.

Almost it seems to me to say:  
"Whatever others think,  
However others shrink,  
Why, I must bloom for Christmas Day.

"Though small indeed my offering  
Of beauty and of praise,  
In His appointed ways  
I 'll pay my tribute to my King."

Fit emblem, dear, it is of you  
To whom like charms belong;  
So modest and so strong,  
Unselfish, dutiful, and true!

So with the Christmas roses, dear,  
My thoughts of you I blend  
And with my greetings send;  
For Christmas Day will soon be here.





"THE HOLY FAMILY"

PAINTED BY FRANK A. DU MOND







# THE PIE AND THE PIRATE

BY ALBERT LEE

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

## I

THE broad windows of the spacious, old-fashioned, tile-floored kitchen were wide open to the gentle June breeze that blew in from the garden and got itself all tangled up in the somewhat disheveled locks of a very pretty young woman, apparently busily engaged in some sort of culinary operation. Over her dainty summer frock she wore a big apron; her sleeves were rolled to her elbows, and her arms were spattered with flour. Every minute or two she knelt before the stove, opened the oven door, glanced within, frowned, slammed the door back again, and then stamped her foot impatiently as she glanced quickly up at the clock. There was obviously some connection between the flight of time and her efforts at baking.

Between peeps into the oven she would rush to the kitchen door and gaze down the flower-bordered path as far as she could see—as far as the turn where it disappeared behind a great bush of bobbing hydrangeas. Satisfied with her inspection, she would rush back to the oven, and again look eagerly in upon her undertaking.

At length she seemed satisfied with the conditions observed, and protecting her hand with her apron, she reached into the stove and pulled out—a pie. It was a large, fat, bulging pie, a sort of mansard-roof pie; and from the speed with which she set it down upon the floor, it was unquestionably a very hot pie. She thrust the tips of her little pink fingers into her mouth, frowned once again, and then proceeded hastily to close all the drafts and the dampers.

Another swift glance down the path,

and back she went to the pie. She picked it up, carried it over to the ice-box, and set it directly upon the ice. Then *bang!* went the door of the ice-box, there was a flutter of skirts, and *bang!* went the door of the kitchen, as this very pretty young woman rushed away and pattered rapidly up-stairs to her own room.

Almost immediately, however, she returned, and with unrelaxed vigilance made it her duty to scan the suspected path once more before proceeding about her business. In one hand she carried a bundle, consisting apparently of a number of small, heavy objects, done up in a handkerchief; in the other she held a bottle of liquid glue. These she placed upon the kitchen table and again sought the pie. It was not quite so cool as she would have liked to find it, but placing the pie upon the table, she took up a sharp knife and began slowly to remove the top crust. The next step in the odd procedure was to scrape out into a bowl all the luscious fruit that had been baked in the pie. Then she took this delicacy outside, and dumped it into the refuse-barrel without so much as the quiver of an eyelash. The bottom crust was then thrust into the oven, scraped slightly afterward, that it might be as dry as possible, and sprinkled with a bit of flour. A round piece of oiled paper, already prepared, was then laid upon it, and over this a neatly folded white handkerchief.

After one more furtive and breathless inspection of the path, the young woman untied her little bundle. There was a string of pearls; there were two large diamond brooches; other pieces of exquisite design, many of them unquestionably antique; fully ten rings set with brilliant stones in varied style; two gold chains,





Drawn by Orson Lowell

"TED AND BENNY RESTING ON THE WINDOW-SILL IN  
THE ATTITUDE OF RAPHAEL'S CHERUBS"

one set with diamonds; little pins, big pins.

With the greatest of care, our eccentric pastry-cook placed all these jewels carefully upon the bottom crust of the pie, winding and piling them in such a way that they fitted perfectly under the upper crust when she finally adjusted that. She thereupon opened the pot of glue, and with a knife smeared the under edges of the crusts sufficiently to fasten these tightly together.

"When it dries," she murmured with conviction, "it will certainly look like melted sugar." Then she quickly set the pie in the bottom of the ice-box, and hid the glue pot in the closet.

In less than two minutes the gravel path crunched under approaching footsteps, and presently a rotund figure, topped with a dusky, smiling face, appeared slowly from behind the hydrangeas, carrying on one arm a basket full of parcels and waving greenery.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Barbara," exclaimed the old colored woman, "you ain't been a-hangin' round my kitchen all de time I been in de village a-doin' yo' errands!"

"No, indeed, 'Mandy," laughed the girl. "I have not been hanging round your kitchen; I 've been hustling round it. I 've made a pie."

"Ain't I tole you a hunnerd times,



chile, dose han's o' yours ain't 'tended fo' to make no pie? Can't I make pies good enough fo' you-all?"

"Indeed you can, 'Mandy," replied the girl, smiling, and backing into the kitchen in advance of the panting old servant; "but I wanted to bake a pie myself to-day; and I knew you would make such a fuss about it that I waited until you had gone to market."

"You mus' 'a' made a pretty quick pie," commented 'Mandy, glancing about at the orderly condition of her kitchen.

"Well, it 's all done now, anyway," proceeded Barbara, quickly, "and this afternoon I am going to take it down to old Mrs. Parsons."

'Mandy laughed outright. "I ain't sayin' nothin' ag'in' yo' pies, Miss Barbara," she finally observed; "but pore ole Miss Parsons she can't eat no pies, no-how."

Barbara was tempted to add that the amiable old invalid certainly would not be able to eat *that* one; but she merely chuckled at the bottling up of her own secret, and slipped out into the sunshine, leaving 'Mandy to set about the preparation of the midday meal.

## II

THIS process had been barely begun, a few pots and kettles had been placed upon the stove, and the old negress was about to sit down to peel potatoes, when she was startled by two boyish voices shouting in unison, "Hello, 'Mandy!"

Turning quickly in the direction of these sudden sounds, she saw Ted and Benny resting on the window-sill in the attitude of Raphael's cherubs. Ted, fourteen, and Benny, his cousin, twelve, had a capacity for food, especially between meals, which was one of the old cook's chief sources of worry and dismay.

"Well?" she began, non-committally, making a pretense of resuming her work.

The boys meanwhile were moving leisurely into the kitchen and casting their eyes about, seeking what they might devour.

"What you cooking for lunch?" asked Benny, as he peered at the stove.

"Now, you Benny," cried 'Mandy, hastening toward him, "you git away from dat stove! And you, Teddy, you

quit fumblin' round dat basket! Ef you two boys don't git out o' here an' let me do my cookin',"—arming herself with a huge wooden spoon,—"I 'll tell yo' uncle, and yo' father"—this to Benny.

But at about this point in her harangue 'Mandy became aware that the boys were paying no attention whatever to the dire threats she was making, but were standing there spellbound, in the middle of the kitchen, gazing right past her into space. She ceased talking, and turned slowly about to discover what might be behind her.

Standing framed in the doorway was such a figure of a man as 'Mandy had never dreamed could exist outside of the stories they tell to frighten children. He was of medium height, with a great, broad-brimmed, black felt hat pulled down at one side. His long hair fell to his shoulders, and a fierce black mustache drooped over the corners of his mouth. He wore a short coat with brass buttons, and from the top of his broad belt protruded the handles of two wicked-looking pistols. His trousers ended just below the knee, where they were met by the tops of tall sea-boots which were folded back over the boots.

One look at this apparition was enough for 'Mandy. She emitted a sort of guttural sound which might have been an invocation, and made a dive for the nearest door. It is quite probable that she meant to rush into the house for safety; but in her panic she chose the cellar door, and, as this slammed behind her, the boys and the intruder heard a large, fat body *bump-ety-bump* down a long flight of wooden steps and finally crash into a barrel, which, from the resulting sounds, had evidently been filled with empty bottles. After that, there was not a sound.

The boys were not quite so dismayed as 'Mandy, and they presently noticed that, in spite of his fierce make-up, the stranger bore a not unkindly countenance. This impression was strengthened when he took off his hat and remarked in quiet, serious tones:

"I am afraid I have alarmed the cook."

"I guess you 've killed her," ventured Benny.

"They say it 's bad luck to kill a nigger," continued the stranger.

Ted, who had been closely scanning





Drawn by Orson Lowell

"MANDY BECAME AWARE THAT THE BOYS WERE PAYING NO ATTENTION  
WHATEVER TO THE DIRE THREATS SHE WAS MAKING"

their visitor, and who had noted the peculiarities of his costume, now gathered himself together sufficiently to ask:

"Are you a pirate?"

"Yes, young gentlemen," he replied gaily, replacing his hat; "I am a pirate. I—"

"Where is your pirate ship?"

"Not far away," the man explained, waving one arm toward the outer world;

"safely anchored to a fence some little distance back. I thought you might be in need of soap—"

"Soap!" exclaimed both the boys at once, involuntarily looking at their hands, which showed the marks of a morning's unrestricted leisure.

"Not *you*, young gentlemen," quickly interposed the pirate, noticing that he had broached a tender subject; "not *you*. I



meant the household. I thought you might require soap for the floor, for the pots and pans, for general housework."

"Oh," said Benny; and then in a low tone to Ted: "Do you suppose he 's a *real* pirate?"

"He certainly looks like one. Let 's sneak."

But Benny was of sterner heart.

"Are you a *real* pirate?" he asked.

"I am that," the man answered; "a r-r-real pirate, and I 've sailed the Spanish main—" The boys retreated slightly toward the rear of the kitchen.

"But have no fear," he continued pleasantly; "I am not a fierce or a blood-thirsty pirate. In fact, my ways are so mild that they call me 'Gentle Jim.'" With a sigh, Gentle Jim sat down upon a neighboring chair.

"What 's the name of your ship?" began Ted, considerably reassured.

"Ah, my ship," he repeated, "she is the *Saucy Sally*, and a right good ship she is."

"Long, black, with rakish masts?" asked Benny, in a sort of stage whisper.

"No," stammered Gentle Jim, thoughtfully—"no; not quite that. She is smaller. She is only a schooner—a one-horse-power schooner—"

"But there is n't any river hereabouts," objected Ted, somewhat suspiciously.

"Ah, that 's it," admitted the pirate, rising from his chair; "that 's just it. No raging sea or shallow stream may balk the *Saucy Sally* of her prey. Perhaps you would like to see her."

"Indeed we would," came from the boys in one breath.

"Then it will give me great pleasure to lead you to where she is anchored. But first,"—and the pirate assumed a most pained and apologetic expression,—“if I may so intrude, I omitted to breakfast this morning; and it being now nearly noon—"

"That 's right," interrupted Benny, addressing himself to Ted; "it is nearly noon, and we 're hungry, too. Let 's look about and see if we can't find something, and we 'll all go down to the pirate ship and eat."

An examination of the market-basket displayed nothing but uncooked vegetables and well-soldered tins. The next likely spot, naturally, was the ice-box. Ted squatted in front of it and pulled the door

open. The first thing his eye rested upon was Barbara's pie. He seized upon it and held it up to view with a shout of delight.

"Hooray!" cried Benny, "that 's enough for three!"

"Sure," assented Gentle Jim. "Let us go."

"How far do we have to go?"

"Well, the *Saucy Sally* is anchored about a quarter of a mile down the road."

"A schooner on the road?"

"I ought perhaps to have explained," began the pirate, with some hesitancy, "that the *Saucy Sally* is not exactly a sailing schooner. She is a 'prairie schooner'—a sort of wagon, you know, with a big top—"

"Oh!" groaned Benny, casting a look of reproach toward Gentle Jim.

After a moment of reflection, Ted said:

"I 'm thinking it would n't just do for us to carve this pie quite so near the house. You drive your wagon down the road about a mile till you come to the stile; you 'll know the place by the four big chestnut-trees on each side of the road. That 's a good place to eat pie. Benny and I will cut across lots and get there about the same time you do. And, here, you can carry the pie."

Gentle Jim seized the dish greedily, winked at the boys, and set forth rapidly down the path whence he had come.

### III

BENNY was the first to go to the cellar door.

"Hello there, 'Mandy!" he cried gaily, peering down into the semi-darkness.

"Lord o' massy, chile! is dat you?" came hoarsely from below. "Is dat bogie-man gone?"

"Ah, go 'long with you, 'Mandy," put in Ted; "he 's only a pirate; and—yes, he 's gone. How many bottles did you break?"

"Lord a' mighty, boy! how do I know? I ain't moved hair nor hide sence I come down here, I was *dat* skeered."

"That 's all right; but you 'd better come up now. If you don't watch out, perhaps the pirate will crawl in through the coal-hole and chase you up."

Presently she came plodding up the steps and peered cautiously into the kitchen, apparently none the worse for her adventure.



"You sho he 's gone?" she inquired apprehensively, as she made a faint attempt to dust some of the grime off her apron.

"We are going, too, now," added Ted, cheerfully, "so as not to be in your way."

And with the expression of this unanimous sentiment the boys started for the door.

## IV

BUT here Fate still held one more delay in store for them in the form of Barbara, who suddenly appeared from the garden, her arms laden with flowers. Upon seeing the boys, she immediately assumed the elder-sister expression of firmness and severity, and, looking at them fixedly, began her reproaches:

"You two boys in the kitchen again? How many times must you be told—"

But that was as far as she got. When Barbara's eyes finally rested upon 'Mandy's tousled figure, covered with dust and streaks from head to foot, her cap dangling over one ear, her apron half-way round on one side, she gave a gasp, and sank overcome into the nearest chair.

"Don' you look at me, Miss Ba'bra! jes don' you look at me!" began 'Mandy.

"For goodness' sake, what has happened? Have the boys—"

"Oh, no, God bless 'em!" broke in the old cook. "Ef de boys had n't been here, Miss Ba'bra, we might all be daid by now. Dere was a man come here," she continued, growing more and more excited as she told of the apparition.

"Come, come, 'Mandy," interrupted Barbara, stamping her foot impatiently, "what is all this nonsense? What does this mean?"

"Why, nothing, Bob," put in Ted, "except that 'Mandy got scared to death and jumped down the cellar steps. He was only a pirate—"

"And he did not have his pistols in his hands," cried Benny; "they were in his belt."

By this time Barbara had assumed an even more-than-elder-sister expression of severity. 'Mandy was about to continue her explanations, but Barbara held up her hand.

"Hush, every one of you!" she commanded. "Now, if you are not *all* crazy, I want to know what has happened. And

I want you to talk one at a time. Now, Ted, what is this foolishness about a pirate?"

"It 's no foolishness, Bob," replied the boy, earnestly. "He *said* he was a pirate. But he did n't mean any harm. He said to call him Gentle Jim, and he said he only wanted to ask if we needed any soap—"

"A peddler, probably," remarked Barbara, curtly, a light beginning to dawn upon her troubled senses.

"No; he was just a pirate. And he said he was hungry, and—and—" Here the explanation became difficult, and Ted's voice stammered off into an unintelligible muttering. Benny meanwhile had slid around to a safe position near the door.

"And *what?*" asked Barbara, impatiently.

"Well, he was hungry, you know, and he had not had any breakfast, and he really wanted something to eat; and so I looked around to find something for him, and I went to the ice-box, and—"

"And—" repeated Barbara, eagerly, leaning forward in her chair.

"And I just gave him a little something out of the ice-box," concluded Ted, with as much calmness as he could muster.

"*What* did you give him?" asked Barbara, slowly, while cold chills seemed to travel up and down her spine.

"Oh," drawled Ted, "I just gave him a pie that happened to be in the ice-box—"

With an inarticulate cry, Barbara leaped from her chair, rushed to the ice-box, pulled open the door, and finding her worst dread confirmed, put her hands up to her face, and burst into tears.

"My pie!" she gasped. "You gave him my pie! How could you!"

"But, Bob—"

"Where is he? Where is he? Where is my pie?" she cried again and again.

"Why, confound it, Bob, I did not know it was *your* pie; I would not have given it away if I had known it was *your* pie. I thought it was just an ordinary pie. How should I know it was *your* pie?"

"Yes, how should he know, Bob?" ventured Benny, from the doorway. "There was nothing to show it was *your* pie. We did not *taste* it."

But Barbara, on her knees in front of the ice-box, merely rocked to and fro and sobbed.



"Exactly," continued Ted, with unconscious cruelty; "there was nothing to show it was *your* pie. Your name was not signed to it."

"Enough, you little wretch!" cried Barbara. "We must all get it back. Go, both of you, as fast as you can!" She snapped out her sentences between sobs. "Go and get that pie, or don't ever come back to this house. Now hurry!" She

tume was part of his stock in trade, his means of livelihood being the sale of "Pirate Soap."

The *Saucy Sally* was, as Gentle Jim had truthfully said, "a sort of wagon." It was built upon the lines of the prairie schooners of the Forty-niners, only much smaller, being about the size of an ordinary express-cart. In large letters, on both sides of its canvas covering, was



Drawn by Orson Lowell

"WITH ONE MELODRAMATIC SWEEP OF  
HIS BLADE THROUGH THE AIR"

waved them frantically out into the sunlight.

Then she turned to 'Mandy. "You run out to the stable and tell Henry to saddle Nip at once."

V

THE pirate, with his pie in his hands, and a gleam of joy in his eyes, walked blithely away from the big house, down the road toward the shady spot where he had left the *Saucy Sally*.

He was not, of course, as the boys believed, a real pirate, but, as Barbara had surmised, a peddler. His eccentric cos-

played, "PIRATE SOAP." Along the back board was neatly printed *SAUCY SALLY*, and from a little stick overhead floated a small black flag blazoned with a skull and cross-bones. The horse which had drawn this strange vehicle through many miles of rural district was a lean, flea-bitten roan.

Gentle Jim lost no time in setting forth in the direction appointed by the boys. The spot was easily recognizable, for nowhere along the road were there eight such big trees as the chestnuts which stood sentinel at the stile.

The pirate drew up by the roadside, and set about making himself comfortable for the consumption of the pie. He took off his hat and his belt, which he tossed carelessly into the wagon, thus betraying the fact that the fierce-looking pistols were merely pieces of turned wood riveted to the belt, and as harmless. He then drew out an empty soap-box from his load, and, after considerable rummaging under the seat, produced a nicked plate and a knife.

Seating himself upon the inverted soap-box, Gentle Jim proceeded to whet the knife vigorously upon one flapping boot. Moistening his lips, he placed the great, yellow, bulging pie firmly upon his knees, and, with one melodramatic sweep of his blade through the air, picked the central spot of the crust, resting the point of his



knife directly upon it. His eyes were fairly bulging with anticipation, and the incision was just about to be made, when he heard boyish voices halloing in the field beyond. Rising quickly, he saw Ted and Benny scampering toward him through the daisies. His spirits fell. He had half-unconsciously hoped that they might not come. He slipped the pie deftly under the soap-box, and resumed his seat. Then he picked up the plate and set about polishing it vigorously.

"Hello!" cried the pirate, looking up genially as the boys approached.

"Is that the *Saucy Sally*?" was Benny's immediate query, as he stood panting before the canvas-topped wagon.

"That 's the very craft," replied Gentle Jim.

"Barbara was quite right when she said he was only a peddler," observed Ted, scornfully. And then, after a pause, to Gentle Jim: "How about the pie?"

The pirate held the empty plate aloft.

"You were a long time getting here," he said.

"We were held up, or we should have been here as soon as you were."

"I told you, you know," continued Gentle Jim, "that I had not had any breakfast. I could not wait for you all day."

"Then the pie is all gone?" cried Ted. "Gee! Benny, but we 'll get it good from Barbara when we get home!"

Benny made no reply, but pondered sadly over the outcome of their adventure.

"She made an awful fuss about one pie," Ted remarked in an undertone.

"It 's up to you," replied Benny, sullenly.

"You would have *eaten* your share of it, would n't you?" retorted Ted; then turning to the pirate, who still retained his seat on the soap-box, he asked, apparently chiefly for the sake of making conversation:

"What kind of a pie was it?"

"A good pie."

"But what *kind*?"

"Oh," murmured Gentle Jim with some hesitation. "What *kind* of a pie? Why, it was a—a—mince pie."

"Humph!" grunted Ted. "Well, I guess I like mince pie as well as any. That horse of yours is not such a much."

"He 's a good deal to me," returned Gentle Jim.

"What 's his name?"

"Engine."

"That 's a queer name for a horse."

"It 's a good name for *him*. He 's the *Saucy Sally*'s one-horse power, is n't he? That 's why I call him Engine."

"Where do you go from here?" presently continued Ted, feeling perhaps that he ought to get as much information as he could, in case Barbara should put him to another inquisition.

But before the pirate could make a reply, all three were attracted by the noise of hoofs coming up the road; and as they looked in that direction they saw Barbara galloping toward them, followed at an equal speed by a big, bearded man in a buggy, whom the boys immediately recognized as Mr. Beecroft, the local hackman and village constable.

Barbara rode directly up to Ted, reined in sharply, and, leaning forward, whispered:

"Have you got the pie?"

"He 's eaten it," answered Ted, sullenly.

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Barbara. Then turning back to where Mr. Beecroft had stopped, and was now clambering out of his buggy, she merely nodded, and awaited developments.

Mr. Beecroft was a large man with bushy eyebrows and a bushy beard. He looked the part of a pirate even more than Gentle Jim. He also took his responsibilities as an officer of the law very seriously, having so few occasions to assume them. Apparently there had been an understanding between him and Barbara, for he wasted no words on Gentle Jim.

"Here, you," he cried, "the judge wants to see you at his office."

"But—" began the pirate, rising slowly, much bewildered, from his soap-box.

"But nothing!" roared Mr. Beecroft. "Get into my buggy there and explain to the judge."

Gentle Jim was completely overcome by this sudden turn of affairs. He naturally did not associate the galloping lady and the bearded constable with the two boys and the pie. He could not in any way make out what it was all about; and as soon as he tried to inquire, or to make explanations himself, the fierce Mr. Bee-



croft made threatening gestures and bel-  
lowed at him in a manner that defied re-  
sistance. Therefore, at length, Gentle  
Jim moved toward the buggy and asked  
meekly:

"How about my horse and wagon?"

"Those boys 'll bring 'em along,"  
growled the constable. "You boys jump  
in there and follow me."

Meanwhile the pie rested undisturbed  
by the roadside beneath the inverted soap-  
box.

## VI

SOME fifteen or twenty minutes after Mr.  
Beecroft with his prisoner, followed by  
the others concerned, had departed from  
the stile, a young man turned into the  
road from a lane some hundred yards  
above the chestnuts and walked leisurely  
toward the scene of recent excitement. He  
certainly did not belong to those parts.  
No one could have doubted for a minute  
that he came fresh from the city. He wore  
smart flannels and a modish straw hat,  
and in one hand he carried a satchel, on  
which might plainly be seen the initials  
"T. B." He walked along slowly, as one  
who is in no particular haste; and yet from  
the manner in which he constantly looked  
on this side and on that, it might have  
been assumed that he was either looking  
for some one, or that he did not himself  
care to be seen by anybody. When he  
reached the shaded grove of chestnuts, he  
glanced about it in familiar recognition,  
and his eyes, falling upon the soap-box, he  
strolled over to it and sat down, tossing  
the satchel upon the grass beside him.  
With a sigh of relief, he pulled out his  
watch and murmured, "Half-past one."

Then he took from his inner pocket a  
letter, closely written on several sheets of  
paper, which he affectionately unfolded  
and proceeded to read. He had probably  
read this same letter a dozen times that  
morning, and doubtless knew it entirely  
by heart; nevertheless, from beginning to  
end he now took in its contents again:

DEAR TOM: I had another long siege  
with Uncle George last night, and I am at  
last fully convinced, as you have been for  
some time, that it is useless to argue any  
further. They will not see that your affairs  
and mine have no connection with this mis-  
erable litigation that is going on. They per-  
sist in the contention that because your father

chooses to get into a fight with my father's  
estate, I must have nothing to do with *you*.  
Well, that Capulet and Montague attitude  
may have been all very well in the fourteenth  
century, but it does not pass in the twentieth.  
So I surrender to your logic, and am ready  
to take the bull by the horns at once. Both  
Uncle George and Aunt Jane have some sus-  
picion of my determination, I fear, because  
Uncle George announced to me last night  
that I am never to see you again, never to  
write to you, and that, to make things certain,  
I am not to go to the city or to visit any of my  
friends for months to come—"until I get  
over it." Well, it's a pretty dull pastime  
here for me, you may be sure. It's all very  
well for Ted, who is at school eight months  
of the year, and who loves the lonely old  
spot when he gets here; but *I* am ready to  
fly, and I am writing you now, as I promised  
I would as soon as I could make up my mind  
to take the step. After we are married, we  
can talk to Uncle George and Aunt Jane from  
a decided point of vantage.

Now, here is my plan: You are to come  
here Saturday. Take the eight o'clock train  
from the city, and that will land you in the  
village shortly after noon. This train does  
not make a very good connection at the junc-  
tion, but it is the only one that will bring you  
here in time. Be very careful not to let any  
one in the village see you, and dodge any  
passers on the road. I will meet you at the  
stile at two o'clock. That will give us plenty  
of time to get to the village for the afternoon  
train to the city, and I can go directly to  
Molly's. We will telegraph her. We can  
be married Sunday or Monday, for, even af-  
ter my absence is noticed Saturday evening,  
Uncle George can't get out of here, because  
there are no Sunday trains.

Bring with you a satchel of some kind,  
empty, as I shall want to carry away a few  
small things with me, and I cannot leave the  
house with a satchel, of course, without  
arousing suspicion. My method of escape  
is perfectly simple. Saturday morning I shall  
prepare some little dainty, which I shall an-  
nounce I am going to take down to old Mrs.  
Parsons, who lives in the hollow, and who  
has been ill so long. I do this every now and  
then. I will leave the house on my "errand  
of mercy" immediately after luncheon, and  
will meet you at the stile at two o'clock. Be  
very careful not to let any one see you, or  
know of your presence in this neighbor-  
hood. . . .





Drawn by Orson Lowell

"‘SILENCE!’ SHOUTED MR. BEECROFT"

With another deep sigh of satisfaction the young man looked once more carefully up and down the deserted road, folded the letter, and replaced it in his pocket.

He filled his pipe and smoked it. He walked about aimlessly, and the minutes dragged on leaden wings. Two o'clock came and went; but girls, he argued, even when about to elope, are rarely on time. Our adventurer, as was evident from the letter, had started from the city on an eight o'clock train. In his haste he had taken only a cup of coffee and a roll for his breakfast. At the village he had not dared expose himself for the sake of a bite of luncheon. And now it was after two o'clock, and hunger made calls within him.

The sun had moved westward, so that its rays now fell hotly across the soap-box where he had lately been sitting. Tired

of tramping up and down, he turned again to the box, and picked it up to place it in a more suitable spot under the shade of one of the chestnuts. As he did so, the round, fat face of the pie was disclosed to him, and manna never appeared as a more grateful sight to the children of Israel. He picked up the dish and looked at it curiously. It certainly was a real pie. But how did it come under this soap-box?

Yet, after all, the young man was not of an over-inquisitive disposition, and he *was* hungry; and here was a succulent pie. He left the soap-box where it lay, and carried the pie across the road to a grassy bank whence he would obtain a more extensive view down the road.

He ensconced himself comfortably in the grassy shade, drew his pocket-knife from his pocket, and opened the largest



blade. Placing the sharp point directly in the center of the crust, just as the pirate had done, he was about to make the decisive incision, when his attention was attracted by the sound of approaching wheels.

Looking sharply down the road, he saw, to his consternation, a buggy coming rapidly, followed by another wagon which appeared to have a white canopy-top, and still behind this, in a great cloud of dust, a horseman.

He opened his satchel quickly, thrust the pie into it, vaulted over the fence behind him, and scurried along in the opposite direction from the approaching conveyances. But the satchel was heavy; and at once he realized that, as he was bound to return to the place, he might as well leave his impediment there. Without a second thought he tossed it, pie and all, under a bush, and fled to the sheltering safety of the shaded lane out of which he had originally come.

## VII

THE office of Mr. Penwyck, justice of the peace, was located in that gentleman's home in the outskirts of the village. He had, no doubt, already been made aware of the business on hand, for he evidenced no surprise when Mr. Beecroft ushered the pirate into his presence, followed grimly by Barbara and very reluctantly by the boys. That is, he displayed no particular astonishment until, with studied calm, he looked up leisurely from the papers on his desk and discovered the pirate. Mr. Penwyck cocked one eye at him over his gold spectacles, then carefully removed his glasses, rubbed them with a voluminous silk handkerchief, restored them to his nose, and for several moments gazed fixedly at Gentle Jim.

"What is the charge against the prisoner?" he finally inquired with deliberation; but even before Mr. Beecroft could reply, the justice continued: "Is it of giving a theatrical performance without a license?"

"No, Judge," answered the constable; "there ain't no definite charge against the prisoner yet. I apprehended the man at the request of Miss Salisbury. She's the complainant. She'll make the charge, sir."

Mr. Penwyck looked up inquiringly at Barbara.

"I don't know exactly how to put it, Mr. Penwyck," she began slowly.

"What is the charge, please?" repeated the judge.

"I want my pie back," said Barbara with prompt decision.

Mr. Penwyck's brow wrinkled, and he looked up to Mr. Beecroft for a possible elucidation.

"It seems this man took a pie off Miss Salisbury," explained the constable.

"I did nothing of the kind, Judge!" indignantly exclaimed the pirate.

"Silence!" shouted Mr. Beecroft. "You'll get a chance to talk when the judge speaks to you."

"Miss Salisbury," began Mr. Penwyck, with much deliberation, and apparently ignoring the interruption, "if you will be so kind as to tell me in your own way the circumstances which have led to the arrest of this prisoner, the court will no doubt be able to advise you as to the proper charge to bring against him."

Barbara, then, told her story of putting the pie in the ice-box (with an important omission). She felt sure, she added, that the pirate had not eaten the pie; and all she wanted was her pie back.

Mr. Penwyck's frown had been growing deeper and deeper as Barbara progressed with her narrative. When at last she ceased speaking, the judge coughed slightly, and leaning forward on both elbows, began:

"Miss Salisbury, if I understand you correctly, you baked a pie?"

Barbara acquiesced.

"You placed this pie in the refrigerator," continued the judge, "and from this refrigerator it was taken by your brother?"

Barbara nodded again.

"And your brother gave the pie to the prisoner?"

"He says he did," replied Barbara, looking over her shoulder at Ted.

"Young man," inquired Mr. Penwyck, "did you give the pie to this prisoner of your own free will, or did he take it from you?"

"I gave it to him, sir—your Honor—Judge," stammered Ted, with his eyes on the floor.

"Then, Miss Salisbury," continued



Mr. Penwyck, after a painful pause, "I cannot see how the court can entertain any charge of larceny against this prisoner in the matter of this particular pie. Did he take anything else?"

"No, Mr.—your Honor," answered Barbara, feverishly, "but that pie was not an ordinary pie. It is worth more to me than any other pie in the world. I don't want the man punished. I only want my pie back."

"If you please, your Honor," began the pirate, eagerly; but Mr. Beecroft's iron hand was on him again, and a stern look from Mr. Penwyck once more thwarted the cause of truth. The magistrate turned to Barbara.

"I understand perfectly," he declared gallantly, "that the pie you made this morning should be worth more to you, Miss Salisbury, than any other pie in the world. No doubt it was a paragon among pies. But in the eyes of the law, Miss Salisbury, all pies are equal. Might I ask what kind of a pie this was?"

"An apple pie," promptly replied Barbara, with a fleeting recollection of the steaming plateful she had so recklessly cast into the refuse barrel.

"He said it was a mince pie," blurted out Benny.

"Did he?" inquired Barbara, turning to her young cousin. "You see, Mr. Penwyck, I know the man has not eaten the pie. It was apple, and he said it was mince. He has the pie concealed somewhere, and all I want is my pie back."

"Perhaps," observed the judge, cautiously, "the prisoner is unable to distinguish among pies?"

"Oh, I did n't eat it," exclaimed the pirate, recklessly defying Mr. Beecroft. "If you want—"

Mr. Penwyck tapped on his desk for silence, and, facing him, asked the pirate to state the facts as they were known to him.

"What 's the use of going over all that?" he inquired. "If this constable had not been in such a hurry, you could have had the pie long ago. I did n't know the lady wanted the pie. Nobody asked *me* for a pie. I have n't eaten it. I did n't have time. It 's up there on the road now, under a box. I was sitting on it when this man grabbed me."

"I knew he had not eaten it," broke in

Barbara, triumphantly. "I knew he could not have,—” suddenly recollecting herself,—“although it is one of the best pies I ever made. All I want is my pie back.”

"And you say the pie was under a box up the road when you were arrested?" inquired Mr. Penwyck, incredulously, of Gentle Jim.

"It *was* there," replied the pirate, with joyful resentment; "whether it 's there now or not, I don't know."

Barbara turned a trifle pale.

"Can't we go and see?" she asked eagerly of Mr. Penwyck. "Of course if it 's there it 's all right. I believe what the man says, Mr.—Judge; and I know he has not eaten the pie. I feel sure he is sincere in that statement."

It was soon determined that Mr. Beecroft, still retaining Gentle Jim in custody, should return with Barbara and the boys to the place where the pirate asserted he had left the pie—under a box. Mr. Penwyck decided to adjourn the proceedings until such time as the constable could verify the defense offered, and report his findings to the court.

#### VIII

In due time the caravan hove in sight of the chestnut-trees, and as the party came close enough for them all to see the soap-box resting undisturbed in the bright sunshine by the roadside, Barbara made a spurt in advance of the two wagons and leaped to the ground as the buggy containing Mr. Beecroft and the pirate drew up alongside. She lost no time in lifting the box from its place; but, alas! there was nothing beneath it but the bare dust of the highway. A lump came up to her throat, and she might have cried if there had not been four pairs of male eyes fastened upon her. Instead, she looked eagerly into the inside of the box, as if half expecting that the pie might have become fixed to the top, and then threw the thing impatiently aside.

Barbara was sorely perplexed. She pondered deeply, and at length called Mr. Beecroft aside. She confided to the constable the suspicions she entertained, and he wagged his head wisely.

"Now, Mr. Beecroft," she continued, "I want that pie. I am absolutely sure that man could not have eaten it."

"Was it as bad as that, Miss?" the



constable asked, before he realized the indelicacy of his question.

"No, Mr. Beecroft," replied Barbara, with dignity; "but I *know* he did not eat it."

Mr. Beecroft bowed to her superior knowledge.

"That pie is *somewhere*," asserted Barbara, confidently.

The constable involuntarily glanced toward the pirate.

"It is either in that man's wagon or near here," she continued. "I want that pie so much that I will pay one hundred dollars for its return to me."

"One hundred dollars for a pie!" cried Mr. Beecroft.

"I mean that, precisely," said Barbara. "Now you take that man back to the village and search him, search his wagon, open all his boxes and bundles, and if you bring me the pie, I will pay you one hundred dollars."

"Gosh! I 'll do it!" exclaimed Mr. Beecroft.

"If you do not find the pie, and if I do not find it near here after a thorough search, then I shall be convinced that this man told the truth about leaving it under the box, and we may as well conclude that some one else has picked it up."

Mr. Beecroft was so eager to get Gentle Jim to some place where he could go through his clothes and knock the tops off all his soap-boxes that he hardly waited for Barbara to finish speaking.

"I 'll fix *him*, Miss," he said confidently.

"Now, don't be rough, Mr. Beecroft," pleaded Barbara; and addressing the pirate, whom she also thought it would be wise to inform about the reward, she added, "I have offered one hundred dollars for the return of my pie. If you bring it back to me, I will pay you that much money."

"So help me, Miss," cried Gentle Jim, almost in tears, "I don't know any more where that pie is than you do. May I be struck deaf, dumb, blind, and bow-legged, Miss, if that ain't heaven's truth!"

But Mr. Beecroft only frowned and made a noise like a sawmill, and without further parley informed Gentle Jim that he might drive the buggy back to the village while he himself would undertake to follow, conducting the soap-wagon.

"You boys must be hungry," Barbara observed, glancing at her wrist watch, and noting that it was nearly three o'clock.

"It 's long past lunch-time, I guess," ventured Benny, meekly.

"Yes, it is. Now you cut home as fast as you can. I will ride round by the road. Tell 'Mandy to have a cup of tea for me, and see that you waste no time on the way."

Ted and Benny needed no such admonition. They were over the fence and half-way through the next field before Barbara had turned to pick up Nip's bridle. At that particular moment she wanted to get rid of them. She did not care then whether they ever got home or not.

As soon as the boys were out of sight, she set about making a thorough search of the bushes along both sides of the road. It was not long before she discovered the satchel marked T. B. She picked it up with a little cry of joy; for as soon as she caught sight of the initials, she knew that Tom had kept to her commands. He had been there, and he had brought the satchel. He had probably waited until he had become discouraged, and then, leaving his satchel behind, he had perhaps set forth in search of her. Perhaps he had gone on to the house. If so, she had better get there, too.

With these thoughts crowding through her much troubled little head, Barbara turned back to the horse, carrying the satchel with her. There was evidently something in it, for she could feel it sliding and bumping around as she walked. It was probably a book which he had taken to read on the train; but not for the world would she have opened Tom's bag to find out.

Mounting Nip, Barbara set off homeward at a gallop, clinging tightly to the satchel, a clumsy thing to carry, while the thing inside of it rattled and bumped about. As she neared home, it occurred to her that it would be ingenuous at least for her to trot up to the front of the house carrying Tom's satchel, especially as it had the misfortune to bear the letters "T. B." so conspicuously blazoned on its side. She therefore decided to ride around through the back garden to the stables, and to leave the satchel in the tool-house in passing. This was a little old shanty



in an out-of-the-way corner, and it was seldom entered by any one besides the gardener, and he certainly would not molest the bag. Arriving there, she dismounted, ran down the path to the tool-house, opened the rickety door, placed the satchel on a shelf in the rear, and in less than five minutes she was pulling off her gloves in the dining-room, and calling loudly upon 'Mandy for a cup of tea.

## IX

WHEN Tom took to ignominious flight at the sight of the approaching wagons, he kept going until he reached a safe and secluded spot in the lane at a considerable distance from the stile. From where he rested he could see indistinctly through the foliage the eight tall chestnuts and the new-comers moving about beneath them. He concluded that the gathering was a picnic-party,—the hour and the place supported this assumption,—and he heaped maledictions upon the heads of the picnickers, who had chosen this day and this particular spot for their entertainment.

It was obvious that Barbara, coming across the fields, would not risk waiting for him near the merrymakers. It was plain, too, that he could not expose himself to their gaze in an endeavor to intercept Barbara as she approached. Barbara, of course, would wait, concealed as he was, until they left. Meanwhile, why should not he go down the lane to the first farm-house and beg a glass of milk?

He set off briskly, and secured not only a glass of milk, but a large piece of bread and butter besides. When he reached his post of observation again, he had been absent just half an hour; but in that time the picnickers had disappeared. He hastened back to the stile, confident that he would find Barbara there. But he was once more doomed to disappointment.

He soon decided to go right on up to the house and reconnoiter. By the round-about way which he cautiously adopted, it took him about three quarters of an hour to walk from the stile to a turn in the back road near the Salisbury barn. When he had assured himself that there was no one about, he climbed the fence and sat on the top rail, wondering in a melancholy fashion what he should do

next. It was after five o'clock now, and there was no possibility of catching that last train out of the village. And Barbara had said there were no Sunday trains. Also, she had said he must not show himself. Well, he could sleep in a tree over Sunday, and starve or eat berries.

But, as help usually comes from unexpected and unlikely sources, so did it come to Tom in his hour of stress. He had become so immersed in thought that he was rudely startled by the appearance, around the corner of the barn, of Ted and Benny in hot pursuit of a cat, which slid through the fence like a gray streak not two yards from where Tom sat. No more disconcerted than Tom, and much more amazed, were Ted and Benny. They stood in their tracks and glared at him. Tom, however, was quick-witted enough to enjoin silence and to motion them toward him.

"Hello, Mr. Baker!" began Benny.

"What are *you* doing here!" inquired Ted, without ceremony.

"Never you mind," replied Tom, grimly; "I have no time to waste on explanations. Is Barbara in the house?"

"She was half an hour ago."

"I 'll give you a dollar apiece if you 'll go and tell her I 'm here."

They were almost off before Tom could recall them.

"Here," he said—"here are the two dollars," and he passed out a bill to each of them. "I pay you in advance because I don't want you to come back to collect. Understand?"

"Oh, yes, we understand," they shouted, and were immediately off up the winding path, and out of sight.

## X

IT required rather less time than usual for Barbara to travel from the house to the barn, which stood at some distance beyond the flower gardens and the vegetable garden, and down the slope back of the stables.

She rushed down the little path, cleverly dodged Tom's embrace, placing her finger to her lips, and warning him against the possibility of boys in the bushes.

"Oh, no," said Tom; "I have paid them to stay away." And he promptly



took his toll, as every man who has the right to should.

"You ought not to have come," she said reproachfully; but her eyes belied her.

"You ought to have come—to the stile," insisted the young man.

"I did go, Tom," she answered; "but, oh, dear, I have had such a dreadful time to-day! Everything has gone wrong, and I don't know what we shall do. I've lost everything I own."

Tom looked very much puzzled, because he could not see how that affected their particular enterprise. But he only patted her hand gently as they leaned side by side in silence on the fence, and waited for Barbara to explain.

She made up her mind then and there that she would tell him the whole stupid truth, and started in with the story of her pie. She told in detail of how she had made it. She described the coming of the pirate, and did not spare her brother for his impish generosity. Then she told how she had raced to the village and had secured the assistance of Mr. Beecroft; how they overtook the pirate on the road; how the constable haled the man before Mr. Justice Penwyck; and how, there, after much palaver, Gentle Jim had asserted that he had left the pie under an empty box at the stile.

Tom had been listening attentively, his eyes fixed lovingly on poor Barbara's troubled face, a great light gradually dawning upon his own mind as she stumbled along in her narrative. When she reached the point of the pirate's assertion, he simply seized the fence with both hands and leaning backward, laughed so heartily that Barbara grew justifiably vexed.

"I see nothing funny about this, Tom," she continued gravely. "When you consider that the pie contained several thousand dollars' worth of jewels,—all the jewelry I own in the world,—and that this lay under a box in the public road, for any tramp to find, I fail to discover any cause for mirth."

"But the pirate man was telling the truth," sputtered Tom; and—it is well that the boys were not peeping through the bushes.

"I believed he was at that time," gasped Barbara, as soon as she could recover her breath; "but what makes you

think so? We went right back, but there was no pie."

"Because," proceeded Tom very deliberately and seriously—"because the Queen of Hearts she made a pie, and filled it full of jewels. The Knave of Hearts he took the pie; but I can't think of anything that rhymes with jewels, so we will just say that he put it under a box. Then the King of Hearts came along, having an appointment to meet the Queen of Hearts; and, being by nature inquisitive, he rubbered under the box and found the pie."

"You found the pie, Tom!" cried Barbara, putting both hands on his shoulders, and looking him eagerly in the eyes.

"I found the pie," grinned Tom, proudly; and then suddenly remembering the sequel, he groaned, "Oh, my Lord!"

"What's the matter?" gasped Barbara, with a presentiment of evil. "What did you do with it?"

"The picnickers got it," said Tom.

"What picnickers?"

"You see, dear, I was about to cut the blamed pie when I saw some wagons coming. So I put the pie into my satchel,—you know you asked me to bring along an empty satchel,—and I ran away, chucking the satchel under a bush—"

"With the pie in it?" cried Barbara.

"With the pie in it."

"Then I'm the picnicker," she laughed, clapping her hands, and actually jumping for joy. "I found the bag, and brought it back here with me, and there was something bobbing around inside—"

"The pie," interrupted Tom. "Did n't you open the bag?"

"Of course not," returned Barbara, with dignity; "it was *your* bag, was n't it?" Then, after a pause, she added: "But I put it away safely in the tool-house, and now let's go over and get it, and all this dreadful mess will be cleared up. Come on!"

She seized him by the hand, and they ran along together, back of the barn, along the fence, through the flower garden, around a little clump of cedars, until they came within sight of their goal. Breathlessly they rushed on, Tom now in the lead, to the little old shanty. He seized the hasp, pulled open the door with an elaborate sweep, and ushered Barbara into the dark and musty little shanty.



She put her hands confidently up to the shelf. The bag was not there.

# XI

DURING the summer months, old Ephraim Johnson, who claimed some distant relationship to 'Mandy, worked three days in the week on the Salisbury place. His particular task was to weed the garden; not that his assistance was really needed, but rather that old Ephraim needed the assistance. He came late and went home early; and he smoked a very long pipeful in the stable at noontime.

It was customary for 'Mandy, on the days that old Ephraim came to work, to place surreptitiously for him in the tool-house a little bundle made up from the plentiful larder of the big house. Sometimes she gave him cold meat, sometimes tea, or coffee, or sugar. When old Ephraim was ready to go home, he always felt confident of finding a little package of "victuals" stowed on the shelf in the tool-house, where he stopped to put away his hoe.

On this particular day old Ephraim visited the tool-house as usual, and noticed, in addition to the paper bundle, an old satchel on the shelf. He cherished no such scruple as that which had prolonged Barbara's ignorance of the satchel's contents, and promptly took down the receptacle and opened it. He greeted the sight of the pie with a loud guffaw.

"Well, now, ef 'Mandy ain't de cutest ole thing," he mumbled. "She 'lowed as she 'd jes s'prise me 'cause it 's Sat'day night, and make me a pie." Old Ephraim chuckled over his good fortune.

It was apparent to him that the old, discarded satchel was to be thrown away, and that Mandy had placed the pie in it as a little extra delicacy for Sunday. Dropping his parcel of "victuals" into it, along with the pie, he hobbled off down the path, and passed out of the back gate into the road.

Old Ephraim plodded along with a light heart, puffing at his corncob, and pausing occasionally to rest in the shade. It was on one of these sedentary occasions, when he had come within half a mile of the village, that he noticed the approach of a peculiar, white-topped wagon, driven slowly up the incline by a man of strange and unusual appearance.

The horse paused for breath as the wagon came abreast of old Ephraim; and the pirate, who looked sad and weary, nodded a perfunctory "good evening" to the old negro reclining on the grassy bank.

"You shore do look like de real thing," observed old Ephraim, rising and coming closer, that he might secure a better view of the outfit. "What you got in de wagon?"

"Soap," answered the pirate, listlessly. "What you got in the bag?"

"What 's that to *you*?" promptly returned Ephraim.

"Nothing," admitted Gentle Jim. "I only thought it might be something to eat."

The old negro chuckled. "Well, it shore is somep'n to eat," he said; "but I ain't no rest'rant."

"I have n't had anything to eat all day," explained the pirate. "I 'll trade you some soap for a bite of almost anything. Don't you want some soap?" he inquired.

"You ain't eat nothin' all day?" repeated the kindly old negro. "Lemme see what I got heah," he continued slowly; "I dunno 'zackly what I got heah myse'f." He chuckled.

Opening the satchel, he started to undo 'Mandy's paper parcel. But the pirate, who had meanwhile approached, caught sight of the pie, and recognized it by a round, brown lump on one side.

"Where did you get that pie?" he inquired nervously.

"Dey 's some questions," drawled old Ephraim, with a frown of rebuke, "as ain't asked 'tween gemmen. I just *got* dat pie, suh."

The pirate pondered for a moment.

It was surely the same pie that had gotten him into so much trouble; and if the beautiful young lady wanted to pay one hundred dollars for it, she might just as well pay it to him as to the fearful Mr. Beecroft or to anybody else.

"That 's an awful nice-looking pie," he began, trying not to show too much eagerness, as old Ephraim continued to have trouble with the knot of the string around the parcel. "It 's a long time since I have eaten any pie. I 'd give a good deal for that one right now."

"Pie ain't no breakfast food," argued old Ephraim, discouragingly.





Drawn by Orson Lowell

"BARBARA . . . SANK TO THE GROUND AND BEGAN TO CRY"

"How are you fixed for soap?" asked the pirate, ignoring the suggestion.

"Heh?" queried the negro.

"I 'll give you a whole box of soap for that pie. You have to buy soap, don't you?"

"Yaas, suh; I buy a piece o' soap every Sat'day night when I go to the store for my old woman."

"To do the washing with," suggested Gentle Jim.

The negro agreed.

"Very well," continued the pirate, persuasively; "I 'll give you a whole box of soap, best soap on the market, sixteen bars to the box, for *nothing*, if you 'll give me that pie. I *do* just want pie."

Old Ephraim scratched his head, and

glanced up with a shade of suspicion in his eyes.

"No," he said finally; "I got to take dat pie to my old woman."

"Does she know there 's a pie coming to her?" asked Gentle Jim.

"No," drawled old Ephraim; "I can't zackly say she do."

"Well, would n't she rather have sixteen bars of soap than one pie?" argued the pirate. "She can *make* pies, you know, but she can't make *soap*. Now, look here," and he went around to the back of the wagon and pulled out a box of soap, lifted the top, which had already been knocked off by Mr. Beecroft, and displayed the even rows of gaily wrapped cakes to the disturbed gaze of the negro. Old Ephraim scratched his head again,



and looked from the soap to the pie, and from the pie to the soap. He was really in great distress, for what the pirate had said was true. The old woman could *make* pies, but she could not make *soap*, and soap cost money.

"Is it *good* soap?" he inquired cautiously.

"Best in the world," answered the pirate, confidently. "A whole box now, for *nothing*! Just because I want a pie. Is it a go?"

Old Ephraim went over to the box, handled the soap, unwrapped several cakes, smelled them, moistened one piece at the corner, and stirred a bit of lather. Being finally convinced and converted, he grinned broadly at the pirate.

"I guess the old woman won't miss one pie she don't know nuffin' about," he argued; "and I guess I can trade half them soaps at the store for plug tobacco."

The pirate encouraged him in this belief.

"Well, heah 's the pie," old Ephraim concluded, and that peripatetic piece of pastry passed once more into the possession of the pirate, who promptly placed it under the driving seat of the *Saucy Sally*.

He quickly nailed up the box of soap, helped old Ephraim tuck it away under one arm, and with deep satisfaction watched the darky hobble down the road.

## XII

BARBARA very nearly melted into tears when, after a thorough search of the tool-house, it became certain that the satchel was no longer there. Her lips trembled and she uttered a little, helpless, weary groan, and Tom again asserted his rights, and proceeded to perform those offices of comfort which fall to the share of a strong man.

They walked slowly away, around the barn again, and back to their original meeting-place, where, side by side, they leaned solemnly on the top rail of the fence, and Tom tried heroically to figure out what the next best thing to do might be.

To them, in this crisis, came Gentle Jim. He burst upon them suddenly, for the back road was narrow and deep-

shaded, and made a sharp turn just below the barn. The *Saucy Sally* was in full view before either Tom or Barbara could move.

"That 's the pirate man," she said quickly, placing her hand on Tom's arm.

By this time the *Saucy Sally* had heaved to, and the pirate was approaching, hat in hand.

"I am awfully sorry about this morning and Mr. Beecroft," began Barbara, as Gentle Jim drew near.

"Don't say a word, Miss," replied the pirate, good-naturedly.

"Especially," continued Barbara, before the pirate could add another word, "as I have since learned that what you said about putting the pie under the box was absolutely true."

Gentle Jim looked a trifle embarrassed.

"Yes," added Tom, pleasantly, "I found the pie under the box, and took it."

Gentle Jim actually turned pale.

"*You 've* got the pie?" he exclaimed.

"I *found* it," answered Tom; "but, alas! I have n't got it now."

The pirate looked relieved, and turned back toward his wagon.

"No," he said over his shoulder, "I could n't understand how you should *have* it; for *I* have it," and he pulled the battered treasure from under the seat.

"That 's it!" shouted Tom, vaulting the fence. "I recognize it by the brown lump on the side."

He tore the pie away from the pirate before the latter had time to resist, and handed it quickly over the fence to Barbara. Barbara thrust a finger through the crust, and with a little cry of "That 's it!" sank to the ground and began to cry, sobbing just as she had cried when she learned of its loss.

Tom was over the fence again in a second, and Gentle Jim was left an embarrassed spectator, twisting his hat, in the middle of the road. After a while he ventured:

"Is the pie still worth money to you, Miss?"

"Indeed it *is*," replied Barbara, drying her eyes, and letting Tom lift her to her feet. "You shall have the money at once. But tell me how you got the pie."

"Off an old darky," he said, and recounted, with many flourishes, his meeting and bartering with Ephraim.



"The old rascal!" commented Barbara. And then to Tom: "I promised a hundred dollars for the return of the pie. You hold it while I go into the house and get the money."

"Not on your life!" cried Tom, holding Barbara by the wrist. "I'll pay him. And now that we have the pie, we will consider our own escape."

"But we can't get away *now*," Barbara cried. "The last train left long ago. But wait!—" She had suddenly been struck with an idea. "The express stops at the junction at 8:15. It is nearly nine miles to the junction—"

"We'll get that train," interrupted Tom. "We can get off at Farmingdale, and you can go to your cousin's for the

night." Then, turning to Gentle Jim: "Mr. Pirate," he said in a businesslike way, "I will pay you twenty-five dollars if you will drive us to the junction in time to catch that 8:15 express. It is 6:20 now. If it kills the horse, I'll pay for him, too."

Things were certainly beginning to come the pirate's way. He did not hesitate a moment. He turned his wagon and headed it toward the wide world of freedom. Tom and Barbara clambered to the seat beside him, Tom sitting in the middle, holding the pie tightly with both hands on his lap.

The pirate whipped up the old horse, and the *Saucy Sally* glided off into the deep sea of the great highway.



## MY FAITH

BY WITTER BYNNER

**T**HERE is more learning in her lips  
Than in great companies;  
No tower between the stars' eclipse  
Gathers remoter rarities  
Than those that on her brow are rare  
As blossoms in a moonlit air,  
Than those that sparkle on her brow  
Like moonlight on an apple-bough.

Whether she guide me through the days  
Or lead me to the night,  
My step shall be a song of praise,  
An echo of her own delight;  
For now assuredly I know  
(Her mere existence proves it so),  
Though less than ever understood,  
Because of Celia, God is good.

If wise men speak a final word,  
Her silence is a better.  
Yet many a little witty bird  
Is much my Celia's debtor;  
For if she speak or hold her tongue,  
It seems alike a song is sung,  
As though her pause and her remark  
Circled in worship, like a lark.

If truth be not the truth she knows,  
I will not find it out.  
She is my faith and my repose,  
My spirit's forward battle-shout;  
That now, no matter what things be,  
All things are authorized for me;  
For He who blessed my doubting need  
With Celia—is the Lord indeed!



## A NOTE ON MILTON AND KEATS

POETS are the best judges of poetry, and however indifferent the public may be to a poet's work, he has not failed if he has succeeded in enlisting the appreciation of his contemporary fellow-singers: such a reward is more to be desired than much gold. Moreover, whatever fashions there may be in poetry in various ages, the rank of the poets is ultimately fixed by the consensus of the poets that come after them.

Keats's comments on other poets were particularly incisive and illuminating. His letters flash with precipitating suggestions about his art, which play through his deep thought with the effect of lightning through heavy-freighted clouds. Spenser awoke him, Dante inspired him, Homer filled his vision, but Shakspeare and Milton satisfied him. What a superb tribute he makes in saying: "You would lift your eyes from Homer only to see close before you the real Isle of Tenedos. You would rather read Homer afterward than remember, yourself." At one time he wrote, "I read Shakspeare—indeed, I shall, I think, never read any other book much"; and again, "The sonnets are full of fine things, said unintentionally"; and, summing up the great Elizabethan, "He has left nothing to say about nothing or anything."

It is easy to see that Milton had upon Keats a creative influence, which is shown particularly in numerous pages of "Hyperion" and in some of the most sonorous of the sonnets. Indeed, Keats felt that "Hyperion" had "too many Miltonic inversions," but certainly none of those inversions can be spared from that opening passage, which, it will be remembered, Herbert Spencer, in his essay, "The Philosophy of Style," cites for the strength of its poetic expression. Keats's letters contain, however, not much mention of Milton, but such as it is, it conveys the reverence he felt for the great epic poet. Writing from Carisbrooke, he

speaks of having pinned up a print of "Milton with his daughters." Later, from Teignmouth, he says to Reynolds, "I long to feast upon old Homer as we have upon Shakspeare and as I have lately upon Milton." A little later, comparing Wordsworth with Milton, he says of the former:

He is a genius and superior [to] us, in so far as he can, more than we, make discoveries and shed a light in them. Here I must think Wordsworth is deeper than Milton, though I think it has depended more upon the general and gregarious advance of intellect than individual greatness of mind. From the "Paradise Lost," and the other works of Milton, I hope it is not too presuming, even between ourselves, to say that his philosophy, human and divine, may be tolerably understood by one not much advanced in years. In his time, Englishmen were just emancipated from a great superstition, and men had got hold of certain points and resting-places in reasoning which were too newly born to be doubted, and too much opposed by the rest of Europe not to be thought ethereal and authentically divine. Who could gainsay his ideas on virtue, vice, and chastity, in "Comus," just at the time of the dismissal of a hundred social disgraces? Who would not rest satisfied with his hintings at good and evil in the "Paradise Lost" when just free from the Inquisition and burning in Smithfield? The Reformation produced such immediate and great benefits that Protestantism was considered under the immediate eye of Heaven, and its own remaining dogmas and superstitions, then, as it were, regenerated, constituted those resting-places and seeming sure points of reasoning. From that I have mentioned, Milton, whatever he may have thought in the sequel, appears to have been content with these by his writings. He did not think with the human heart as Wordsworth has done; yet Milton, as a philosopher, had surely as great powers as Wordsworth. What is then to be inferred? O! many things: it proves there





#### THE HOLLIS BUST OF MILTON

From a photograph by J. Palmer Clarke of the original bust taken from life, now in Christ's College, Cambridge.

is really a grand march of intellect; it proves that a mighty Providence subdues the mightiest minds to the service of the time being, whether it be in human knowledge or religion.

Once at Leigh Hunt's he saw an "authenticated lock of *Milton's hair*" (the italics are his), and wrote his lines on the event, beginning,

Chief of organic numbers!  
Old Scholar of the Spheres,

in which he vows to write of the great poet in years to come when he shall be more confident through ripeness of intellectual perceptions, and closing,

When I do speak, I'll think upon this hour.

Keats learned much from Milton of dignity and clear poetic expression, but if

there was one quality he had yet to learn and which we may be reasonably sure would have come with the growth of years, it is the majestic repose of "*Paradise Lost*." For no poet ever had more growth in him than Keats, in his twenty-five years of life and his scant seven of poetic composition. His revisions were always improvements and one's fancy may regale itself in thinking how, had he lived to maturity, he probably would have heightened the beauty of even his most boyish work.

Mr. Sidney Colvin has admirably characterized the difference between the two poets, in his penetrating comparison of "*Paradise Lost*" and "*Hyperion*":

The influence, and something of the majesty, of "*Paradise Lost*" are in truth to be found in "*Hyperion*"; and the debate of the fallen Titans in the second book is obviously



to some extent modeled on the debate of the fallen angels. But Miltonic the poem hardly is in any stricter sense. Passing by those general differences that arise from the contrast of Milton's age with Keats's youth, of his austerity with Keats's luxuriance of spirit, and speaking of palpable and technical differences only, in the matter of rhythm Keats's blank

Eden stretch'd her line  
From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
Or where the sons of Eden long before  
Dwelt in Telassar.

But then neither is Milton a match for Keats in work like this:

Throughout all the isle  
There was no covert, no retired cave  
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise  
of waves,  
Though scarcely heard in many a green  
recess.

After the pomp and glow of learned allusion, the second chief technical note of Milton's style is his partiality for a Latin use of the relative pronoun and the double negative, and for scholarly Latin turn and constructions generally. Already in "Isabella" Keats is to be found attempting both notes, thus:



From photographs by Louis A. Holman

THE COTTAGE AT CHALFONT  
ST. GILES, BUCKINGHAM-  
SHIRE, IN WHICH MIL-  
TON LIVED IN 1665

This cottage is now preserved, having been bought by public subscription in 1887, and is the only house connected with Milton which still exists.

verse has not the flight of Milton's. Its periods do not wheel through such stately evolutions to so solemn and far-foreseen a close, though it indeed lacks neither power nor music, and ranks unquestionably with the finest blank-verse written since Milton—beside that of Shelley's "Alastor," perhaps a little below that of Wordsworth, when Wordsworth is at his infrequent best. As to diction and poetic use of words, Keats shows almost as masterly an instinct as Milton himself; but while of Milton's diction the characteristic colour is derived from reading and meditation, from an impassioned conversance with the contents of books, the characteristic colour of Keats's diction is rather derived from conversance with nature and with the extreme refinements of physical sensation. He is no match for Milton in a passage of this kind:



THE TABLET OVER THE GRAVE OF MILTON IN THE FLOOR  
OF THE CHURCH OF ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE, LONDON

With duller steel than the Persean sword  
They cut away no formless monster's head.

Similar Miltonic echoes occur in "Hyperion," as in the introduction already quoted to the speech of Oceanus; or again thus:

Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope  
In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,  
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet  
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies.



But they are not frequent, nor had Keats adopted as much of Milton's technical manner as he seems to have supposed; yet he had adopted more of it than was natural to him or than he cared to maintain.

Keats followed his custom in making many annotations in his copy of "Para-

sense of ease and pleasure poetical Luxury—and with that it appears to me he would fain have been content, if he could so doing have preserved his self respect and feel of duty perform'd—but there was working in him as it were that same sort of thing as operates in the great world to the end of a Prophecy's being accomplish'd—therefore he devoted him-

*The Genius of Milton more particularly in respect to its span in immensity, calculated him by a sort of birthright for such an 'argument' as the Paradise Lost: he had an exquisite passion for what is properly in the sense of ease and pleasure poetical Luxury—and with that it appears to me he would fain have been content.*

### PARADISE LOST.

*so doing have preserved his self respect and feel of duty perform'd—but there was working in him as it were that same sort of thing as operates in the great world to the end of a Prophecy's being accomplish'd—therefore he devoted himself rather to the arduous than the pleasures of Song, solacing himself at intervals with cups of old wine—and those are with some exceptions the finest parts of the Poem. In some places the same exceptions—for the spirit of mounting and adventure can never be unfruitful or unrewarded—had he not broken through the clouds which envelope so deliciously the Elysium field of Verse and committed himself to the Extreme we never should have seen Satan as described.*

*But his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd.*

*There is always a great charm in the things, of great beauty and interest, which the action suggests—(that of Paradise Lost). The first thing which he needs and feels of beauty, and things can be more impressive and dead than the announcement of the action here & now.*

### PARADISE LOST.

*he throws his baby eyes.*

#### BOOK I.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5  
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
In the beginning how the heavens and earth  
Rose out of chaos: Or if Sion hill 10  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues 15  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,  
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou knowest; Thou from the first  
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
And madest it pregnant: What in me is dark

B 2

#### AUTOGRAPHIC NOTES BY KEATS IN HIS COPY OF "PARADISE LOST"

Photographed by Louis A. Holman from the volume owned by the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, and given to his grandmother, Mrs. Dilke, by the poet.

dise Lost." In Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of Keats will be found a transcription of these comments on Milton, the chief of which are here cited or referred to in order to round out the impressions he received from the elder poet. On the opening pages of the volume Keats writes:

The Genius of Milton more particularly in respect to its span in immensity, calculated him, by a sort of birthright, for such an 'argument' as the paradise lost: he had an exquisite passion for what is properly in the

self rather to the arduous than the pleasures of Song, solacing himself at intervals with cups of old wine—and those are with some exceptions the finest parts of the Poem. With some exceptions—for the spirit of mounting and adventure can never be unfruitful or unrewarded—had he not broken through the clouds which envelope so deliciously the Elysium field of Verse and committed himself to the Extreme we never should have seen Satan as described—

"But his face

"Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, etc.



There is a greatness which the "Paradise Lost" possesses over every other poem—the *Magnitude of Contrast*, and that is softened by the contrast being ungrotesque to a degree. Heaven moves on like music throughout. Hell is also peopled with angels; it also moves on like music, not grating and harsh, but like a grand accompaniment in the Base to Heaven.

On the first page of the text he writes:

There is always a great charm in the openings of great Poems more particularly where the action begins—that of Dante's Hell—of Hamlet. The first step must be heroic and full of power and nothing can be more impressive and shaded than the commencement of the action here—

'Round he throws his baleful eyes'—

Again, Keats says with truth and suggestiveness:

A Poet can seldom have justice done to his imagination—for men are as distinct in their conceptions of material shadowings as they are in matters of spiritual understanding: It can scarcely be conceived how Milton's Blindness might here aid the magnitude of his conceptions, as a bat in a large gothic vault.

The whole of the description of the assembling of the hosts—

all the while  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds—

so excites his admiration that he says it "leaves no room for anything to be said thereon but 'so it is.'"

Again he says Milton is "godlike in the sublime pathetic" and "the immediate topic of the poem opens with a grand perspective of all concerned." The fourth book of "Paradise Lost" has "a grandeur of tenderness. Milton in every instance pursues his imagination to the utmost." One passage, he says, "has a dramatic vastness and solemnity fit and worthy to hold one amazed in the midst of this 'Paradise Lost'; and he adds:

How noble and collected an indignation against Kings, "*and for [with?] fear of change perplexes Monarchs*" &c. His very wishing should have had power to pull that feeble animal Charles from his bloody throne: "The evil days" had come to him; he hit the new system of things a mighty mental blow; the exertion must have had or is yet to have some sequences.

And this brings us to another point of likeness to Milton. Keats not only has the same largeness of horizon, and the same touch of tenderness, but he also had the same public spirit and love of liberty. His letters are full of wise comment on affairs, always from an ideal democratic point of view. He saw humanity in the large, and sympathetically, and no one can doubt his sincerity in saying, in a letter to Reynolds: "I would jump down Ætna for any great public good."



## THE FRET OF FATHER CARTY

KELLY AND BURKE AND SHEA AFTER LAST MASS  
ON THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

Author of "Malmorda," "Robert Emmet," "The Fighting Race," etc.

"OH, was n't he hard on poor sinners this mornin'?"  
And his voice, begor! was no silver-tone flute  
When he gave us," said Burke, "the 'third and last warnin','  
With a taste and smell of blue sulphur to boot.  
Arrah! what takes good Father Carty so quarely  
That he preaches of late so mortal crass?"  
Said Shea, "It's surely the gettin' up early,  
And workin' and fastin' for ten o'clock mass."



"The priests," laughed Burke, "are for takin' it aisy  
 As the Holy Father's four white mules,  
 But the bishops and cardinals drive them crazy  
 For spires, marble statues, stained windows, and schools.  
 As soon as ever a mortgage is lifted,  
 They must start out fresh for worry and fret.  
 If they don't, movrone, they are sure to be shifted  
 To a Dago parish that 's spanceled with debt.

"Still the life, I am sure, would suit me splendid:  
 A snug, warm house with your nag at the door,  
 And then, when the ten o'clock mass was ended,  
 To breakfast on bacon and chops galore."  
 "Yis," Shea snapped short, "you would ate, I 'm thinkin',  
 And there your most pious desires would stop.  
 When a man loves food like that, he is shrinkin'  
 His soul to the size of a mutton chop.

"But, lad, if you lay, a ball in your shoulder,  
 Blood-soaked and pain-racked and ravin' with thirst,  
 And a priest with cool words and something colder  
 Was there on his knees beside you—the first;  
 And said as he soothed you, 'The good Lord thirsted  
 And died on the cross for men like you,'  
 Then whispered: 'My son, the rebels were worsted!'  
 You 'd face your God with a smile or two.

"And here it 's: 'Christen the child John Peter';  
 'Pl'ase marry me, Father, to Tim McCann';  
 'Make Pat stop his swearin'; 'Make Julia neater';  
 'Give the temperance pledge to my Turk of a man.'  
 And the vestrymen about debts pursue him.  
 He 's out upon sick-calls tender and bright;  
 All day all the woes of the poor drive through him;  
 He hears their confessions till nine at night."

"Well, well," stammered Burke, "I was only funnin'."  
 "Fun!" thundered Kelly. "Man, hold your whist,  
 And think of the hour that the last fight 's won in,  
 And the priest's face, there in the waverin' mist—  
 The face of a promise beyond the water  
 That rolls to your feet without a sound.  
 Little help is mother or wife or daughter  
 When you know that your soul is outward bound.

"He leaves the red blossoms of life to others,  
 And his feet keep step to no earthly guide,  
 The poor far more than the rich his brothers,  
 The Christ that he preaches has arms spread wide.  
 So, if of a mornin' his temper 's fretful,  
 And whether he fast or whether he feast,  
 While he walks toward God, of himself forgetful,  
 You can see the angel beside the priest."





# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## SOME REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE MILTON TERCENTENNIAL

ANY one who wishes to revive his impression of Milton, at this time of the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of his birth, can find no better means—after that best means, the reading of his writings—than turning to the essay of Lowell on his prose, first published as a preface to the “Areopagitica,” and to the brief address on his poetry by Matthew Arnold, delivered at the unveiling of the memorial window to Milton’s second wife at St. Margaret’s Church, Westminster. Arnold’s address was first published in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for May, 1888. The window having been given by an American, George W. Childs, and Mr. Arnold having recently visited America, this country was much on the speaker’s mind. It was natural, therefore, that he should deprecate what he regarded as an Anglo-Saxon tendency toward commonness, and especially an American tendency to exalt “the average man” and to obscure “the ideal of a high and rare excellence.” He held up Milton as an offset to these tendencies. “In calling up Milton’s memory,” he said, “we call up, let me say, a memory upon which, in prospect of the Anglo-Saxon contagion and of its dangers supposed and real, it may be well to lay stress even more than upon Shakspeare’s. If to our English race an inadequate sense for perfection of work is a real danger, if the discipline of respect for a high and flawless excellence is peculiarly needed by us, Milton is of all our gifted men the best lesson, the most salutary influence. In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction he is as admirable as Vergil or Dante, and in this respect he is unique amongst us. No one else in Eng-

lish literature and art possesses the like distinction.”

Arnold takes it as certain “that Milton, of all our English race, is by his diction and rhythm the one artist of the highest rank in the great style whom we have.” He regards the soul of the mighty power of poetry and art as residing chiefly “in the refining and elevation wrought in us by the high and rare excellence of the great style.” No race needs these influences of “refining and elevation more than ours; and in poetry and art our grand source for them is Milton.” “The English race overspreads the world, and at the same time the ideal of an excellence the most high and the most rare abides a possession with it forever.” Keats’s thoughts about Milton are recorded separately in this number of *THE CENTURY*.<sup>1</sup>

Tributes abound to the example of Milton’s citizenship, and to the high seriousness with which he regarded his calling as a poet. “I was confirmed,” said Milton in the familiar and stirring passage “—I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought *himself to be a true poem*; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy.” In these times of a criticism marked by leniency and appreciation; in these later days of the fear of being caught among those who do injustice to genius; of the reinstatement of fallen reputations; of painting dark things in colors of light; and of finding diamonds in dunghills, it is not useless to look upon a career where character and genius are in splendid harmony.

which he had made no reference in his essay on the portraits of Milton. Professor Masson immediately looked the matter up, and wrote a letter with relation to the bust which was published in this magazine for February, 1876.

<sup>1</sup> In connection with the article referred to, we print a photograph of the Milton bust, at Cambridge, England. Seeing a photograph of this in Sotheby’s “Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton,” we wrote to Professor Masson, calling his attention to the bust, to



Not for a moment should be deprecated the modern tendency to protect so far as possible the memories of men of genius who have given of their best to the world. The world will not forgive those who needlessly soil the names of its benefactors. It is hateful to impute the lower motives, and to exploit the mistakes and failures of those whose ill deeds would never have been bruited had it not been for their nobler accomplishments. But this generous mood, this sympathy with human frailty, this acknowledgment of the law of evolution in the realm of ethics and conduct should not be carried to the point of erecting vices into virtues, of not merely excusing, but preferring, and even honoring those actions which simply demonstrate a lack of moral self-control.

We are not wrong in requiring of our geniuses something more than virtuosity. Virtuosity alone argues no great value in the performance. Some people of little brains or heart are born with the ability to take training in technique in one art or another. For virtuosity in any of the arts such persons deserve credit, but not reverence. Virtuosity is only to be really respected when it is the result of conscientious effort, and is accompanied by judgment, responsibility, sentiment, imagination.

Certain "geniuses" seek excuses for lack of control in their lives by pointing to the lives of great men who have at some time in their careers fallen into self-indulgence. These interested critics of life hold that the very evil in the life of a great artist has deepened and strengthened his art. But it is doubtful whether self-conscious indulgence "for art's sake" is entirely necessary to a successful career. The sense of humor in a "genius" should save him from too strenuous argument along these lines. Artists, like others, may doubtless learn from their forsaken sins; but to use sin to enrich the palette indicates the presence not of good, old-fashioned, Bible "sin," but of something of a much more unpleasant and vicious nature.

An admirable work of art by a person of immoral life does not proceed from the weak and immoral part of his nature, but from the moral and lovely part, from his moments of purity and consecration, from that in him which stands for Tennyson's

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.

And has it ever been known that a sordid, or uncontrolled life, in proportion to its sordidness and self-indulgence, has failed somewhere to affect unfavorably the artist's work? An artist must be devoted to his art with an intensity which sometimes approaches downright selfishness; and yet (leaving out the question of actual viciousness of conduct) if ever an artist allows himself to be entirely self-absorbed,—if he neglects his proper life among men,—he is in vast danger of belittling, of seriously injuring, the very art to which he so passionately devotes himself. If the artist neglects that part of his own nature relating to conduct, he will have to do his work with an ever-dwindling soul; and an artist needs even more than other men all the "soul" that he can lay hold of. It surely is not the duty of every creative artist to mingle in the affairs of society, to help along directly the machinery of betterment, or to take part personally and directly in affairs of state. He may be of a nature that could not well endure the rude shock of affairs. Some of the finest artists who have ever lived, and some of the most useful, have had no calling in this direction. But if they had heard the call, and had not heeded it, so much the worse would it have been for them, and for their art.

On the other hand, would Dante ever have painted in words that marvelous picture of the earthly, the satanic, and the heavenly universe, if he had not sounded by experience the very depths of life. But it is not only the experience of Dante that made him capable of executing his high purpose; it was as well that exquisite, yet austere character, that pure and heroic spirit whose contemplation was ever lifted to the stars,—as Lowell says in his masterly essay,—"the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form."

The poem of "Paradise Lost," like Dante's "Divine Comedy," was the result of the determination of a lifetime. But Milton's epic lost nothing of imaginative fury through the long years of postponement, during which the poet took part in the great conflicts of his time. The soul that he gave to his country in its hour



of need was given back to him mightier than ever.

### THE FINE ARTS TO THE FORE

IT is beginning to be perceived that within the last year or two American Art in its relation to the Government, or perhaps we should say the Government in relation to American Art, has turned a corner. Heretofore the official patronage of painting, sculpture, and architecture has been that of one who gives a commission to an artist, as in the matter of the building of a Custom House, and its adornment with statuary, or the wall decoration of the Library of Congress, with the "far-off event" of the purchase by Congress of some painting of American scenery or of a subject in American history. But with the rediscovery of the long-forgotten existence of a National Gallery of Art and the acceptance by law of the Freer and Evans collections and of the bequest of Harriet Lane Johnston the Government is committed logically, it seems to us, not only to the housing, care, and guardianship of these pictures and the others in its possession, but to a policy of expenditure, with the view of adding to the contents of the National Gallery, as well as of keeping those it has from dust and mildew. However slowly we may advance and against what protests of opposition or even errors of judgment, it looks as though the United States would ultimately reach the theory and policy of European countries, competing with them in the open market for masterpieces of all ages and schools. The Government will, probably, not be content merely to be the custodian of the collections which will accrue to it through the patriotic generosity of connoisseurs: as the public taste and pride in art increase, the ambition will follow to make a braver showing of exhibits so that, with what it receives and what it may purchase, the time may come when the National Gallery at Washington will take no mean rank in the great artistic collections of the world. And why not? For outside of the national archives there are in private hands in Europe or America, changing ownership with almost every generation, pictures of the first order as representa-

tive work, sufficient in number to make a dozen superb galleries. We know of a single library in New York in which hang seven beautiful Rembrandts, an excellent Holbein, an admirable de Hoogh, a Bronzino, and two examples of Franz Hals, and the riches of other American houses in the English and Continental schools is proverbial.

If we are to be put in the way of such a consummation two things are necessary: First, the Government must cease to look upon Art as a luxury of the rich and come to regard it as an educator and refiner, a solace and an inspiration, and the elevating recreation and luxury of the poor. We must abandon our senseless taxation of it, remove our stupid obstacles to loan collections of foreign pictures and learn, to put it crassly, the money value of the ideal. This handicap upon our artists, upon our designers in the field of fabrics, and upon the public taste cannot be removed too soon. Free Art ought not to be made to wait upon the indefinite general revision of the tariff: let us have it at the present session.

Again, the widening interest in Art admonishes us that now is the time to provide for an adequate system of artistic supervision of the government expenditures in the whole range of these activities. New York has derived untold advantage, positively and negatively, from its Municipal Art Commission. What is needed is a national counterpart of that body, an authoritative group of artists, selected by a concensus of the best professional opinion, who shall have the power to veto inartistic works and projects, and who, commanding general respect, shall aid in the formation and direction of public taste. The Government could then refuse to accept collections of mixed value offered to it on the condition that they shall be "kept together," and the tone of the national possessions of art would be immeasurably higher. A new spirit is upon the country. Large fortunes and civic spirit are combining to establish galleries in many cities and the people are eager to follow good models and wise leadership. It behooves Congress to conserve the future of the national art by removing the handicaps of ignorance, interestedness, and graft.





### Jean-Honoré Fragonard, 1732-1806

TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

FRAGONARD—called familiarly *Frago* in his time—was born in 1732 at Grasse, a little town in the south of France near Nice, and died at Paris in 1806. He was the son of a dry-goods merchant, and his parents, recognizing his predilection for art, yielded to his desire to become a painter, and, removing to Paris in 1748, sought to place him under Boucher, then the most noted artist of that period. Boucher, however, took no beginners, but recommended the youth to Chardin, under whom he was accordingly apprenticed. But Frago, whose light and vivacious nature rippled upon the surface, revealed no sympathy with the seriousness of his master. He followed his own bent, sketching and designing in his own way, and would not be repressed. So, after six months, Chardin declared to his parents that he could neither teach him anything, nor get anything out of him. He therefore was again presented to Boucher, and this time Frago took with him some decorative designs he had made, which so delighted Boucher that he readily accepted him. Frago found himself in his proper environment, and his advance was so rapid that within a few years he won the Grand Prix de Rome, and forthwith set out on his departure for Italy. On taking leave of his master, he was admonished by him thus: "My dear Frago, you are going to see Michelangelo and Raphael, but I warn you in friendly confidence that if you take them seriously you are lost." Frago, however, was true to his genius, his temperament leading him to study such Italians as Barocchio, Pietro da Cortona, and Tiepolo. This latter artist influenced him strongly, and, with Boucher, was instrumental in forming his style. Fragonard is regarded as embodying in his fruitful and versatile career, and in the wonderful diversity of his works, the whole genius of the French art of the eighteenth century. He played and glittered upon the surface of things, and is sometimes even regarded as frivolous. His distinctive characteristics are exquisite grace, gaiety, and piquancy of style, with magic of chiaroscuro. He became so much the vogue, and his works were in such high demand, that, in the heyday of his career, he made more than two hundred thousand dollars a year.

The charm of his manner is seen in the engraved example (page 239), which is known under the various titles of "L'Etude," "La Chanteuse," and "La Lecture," and is to be seen in the Caze collection of the Louvre of Paris. As a single-bust figure, it is regarded as the master's *chef d'œuvre*. It is life-size, on canvas, and of a fine, warm, mellow tone. The background is singularly loose and free, and the hands are sketchy, but the face is dwelt over more seriously. This is charming in its lightness and daintiness of expression.

T. Cole.

### A Statement from the Lick Observatory

IN THE CENTURY for December, 1907, page 303, Mr. Percival Lowell published the following paragraph in support of certain theories concerning Mars:

"More stars have been counted in a given region of the sky at the Lowell Observatory than at the Lick in California, a result confirmed by photography, and stars half a magnitude fainter are seen there than at the Yerkes, near Chicago, although the glasses are respectively 24, 36, and 40 inches aperture. Thus, in spite of smaller size, the first is the most efficient refractor in the world to-day."

The last sentence quoted has undoubtedly misled many readers, and duty leads me to publish certain facts bearing on the subject.

Fifteen years ago a Lick astronomer who had never before used a large telescope was asked by the director to leave his special duties (with a 6 1-2-inch telescope) for a few evenings, and use the 36-inch telescope to make charts of the stars visible in certain small regions of the sky.

Mr. Lowell reobserved one of these charted regions in 1905, after he had been using large telescopes for more than ten years in observing difficult objects, and reported having seen a seven-per-cent. greater number of stars than the Lick observer. This is the basis of Mr. Lowell's oft-published claim of superior power for his telescope.

This summer, at my request, Messrs. Perrine and Aitken, two Lick astronomers experienced with great telescopes, devoted three hours to reobserving the western third of the region in question. In this third the early Lick observer charted fifty-one stars. In the same area Mr. Lowell also charted fifty-one. The two recent Lick observers charted



sixty-nine stars, an increase of thirty-five per cent.; and they have no doubt that they could find several additional stars with more time. Nothing has happened in recent years to indicate that the 36-inch Lick telescope has

been equaled or even closely approached in power and efficiency by any refracting telescope smaller than itself.

W. W. Campbell,  
Director Lick Observatory.



### Signal Service

TIME-table! Terrible and hard  
To figure! At some station lonely  
We see this sign upon the card:

\*

We read thee wrong; the untrained eye  
Does not see always with precision.  
The train we thought to travel by

†

Again, undaunted, we look at  
The hieroglyphs, and as a rule a  
Small double dagger shows us that

‡

And when we take a certain line  
On Tues., Wednes., Thurs., Fri., Sat., or  
Monday,  
We're certain to detect the sign:

§

Heck Junction—Here she comes! Fft! Whiz!  
A scurry—and the train has flitted!  
Again we look. We find it—viz.:

||

Through hieroglyphic seas we wade—  
Print is so cold and so unfeeling.  
The train we wait at Neverglade

¶

Now hungrily the sheet we scan,  
Grimy with-travel, thirsty, weary,  
And then—nothing is sadder than

⌘

Yet, cursed as is every sign,  
The cussedest that we can quote is  
This treacherous and deadly line

\*\*

\* Train 20: Stops on signal only.

† Runs only on Northwest division.

‡ Train does not stop at Ashtabula.

§ \$10 extra fare ex. Sunday.

¶ Train does not stop where time omitted.

|| Connects with C. & A. at Wheeling.

⌘ No diner on till after Erie.

\*\* Subject to change without our notice.

Franklin P. Adams.

### Why Not?

(BEING THE PLAIN AND THE RESOLVE  
OF A SCRIBBLER)

I WROTE an epic poem once on Bonaparte  
the Great,  
And told about his influence upon the modern  
state.

I pictured all the qualities that lifted him on high,  
And had a lot of periods about his "avid eye."  
I gave a glimpse of Europe in that mighty  
stirring time,  
And got a deal of other stuff into my lengthy  
rhyme

So full of human interest, and novelty galore,  
There never was an epic writ to equal it  
before;

But when I got my payment for this effort  
superfine,

For my research 't was nothing —only thirty  
cents a line!

I thought I'd next invade the field made  
glorious by Lamb,  
And wrote a pleasant essay full of brilliant  
epigram.

I chose a stunning subject—'t was "On  
Naming Kids" I wrote.

I did a pile of thinking and I gathered many  
a note.

I covered every aspect of the situation sad  
Confronting sorry girlies and the unhappy  
little lad

Who've spent a life of misery, unmercifully  
guyed,

Because to names like Tab-itha and Jabez  
they've been tied;

But when I got my payment for my observa-  
tions sage,

'T was nothing for my epigram, but sixty cents  
a page!

I started next upon a tale, a lively old  
romance

With heroines and heroes fresh from England  
and from France.

I got 'em into perils that would fairly raise  
your hair,



And made them do a lot of things that only  
bravos dare.  
I think I must have shed at least an ocean  
full of gore—  
I know I lopped off villains to the tune of  
half a score.  
The scenery—when dramatized—comprised  
some twenty sets,  
With lots of moats and castles and a dozen  
oubliettes.  
But when I got my payment,—well, now,  
was n't it absurd?—  
'T was nothing for my murders, *but a half a  
cent a word!*

So now I'm going to take a plunge in pure  
philosophy.  
I'll write about "The Is n'tness of Things  
That Used To Be."  
I'll take up economics, and I'll write a pile  
of "guff"—  
'T would take a Sherlock Holmes a year to  
ravel out the stuff.  
I'll take up subtle questions of an ultra-  
social kind,  
And build a wall of paragraphs to stun the  
human mind.  
I'll make it good and heavy,—sort of quick  
narcotic style,—  
With sentences that vary from a yard to half  
a mile;  
And when it comes to payment—well, I hope  
it will be found  
They've reckoned not on thinking, *but have  
paid me by the pound.*

*John Kendrick Bangs.*

## NAUTICAL HAMLET

by  
R.B.B.



With drawings by Reginald B. Birch

SAYS the Steward to the Cook, says he,  
"I'll tell you wot it is:  
This world is but a wale o' tears,  
And if it war n't for Liz  
I'd just jump off into the sea  
And end the ugly biz."



Says the Cook, "Before yer go," says he,  
"Just calkerlate a heap  
Things might be wus where *you 'u'd go,*  
So think before yer leap.  
I ain't by this denying that  
The ocean's mighty deep."



Says the Steward, "That's quite true,"  
says he;  
"When everything is said,  
My plans 'u'd surely be upsot  
And knocked upon the head,  
If arter killin' of myself  
I'd find I was n't dead!"



## Movin' Off

WHAR 'm I goin'? Inter town.  
 Yas, movin' off fer good an' all;  
 Ain't hed no time t' call eroun',—  
 So tired I ken skercely crawl.  
 Yas, givin' up the hull blamed farm,  
 Ev'ry cussed stick an' stone,—  
 I 'm a pesky fool, says Marm,  
 She 's cryin' now, up thar alone.  
 Ev'ry buildin', field, an' acre,  
 Horse, cow, steer, sheep, an' heifer,  
 Is goin' fast ez I ken take her,  
 An' won't be back ag'in,—no, never.  
 Sick? No, not exactly that,—  
 Well enough in bone an' muscle,  
 But spirit 's kinder knocked out flat,  
 Lost the knack t' scratch and hustle.  
 Two years ago that city feller  
 Who bought the place that 's next t' mine  
 Threw up his job as bankin' teller  
 An' started in the farmin' line.  
 'Most ev'ry day he called eroun',  
 Said he thought I 'd know fer sure,—  
 What was best fer shaly groun'?  
 Was potash good ez cow manure?  
 How many pounds uv bone t' use  
 When land was badly choked with weeds?  
 An' did I think the folks would lose  
 Who used the Guv'ment's gift uv seeds?  
 An' did I read the literatoor  
 Uv agricult'ral experiments?  
 An' was the nitro-culture sure  
 T' aid a man uv common sense?  
 His questions sort o' pestered me,  
 An' when I thought I hed enough,  
 I told him I hed no idee

About new-fangled farmin' stuff;  
 An' what was more I would n't touch  
 Them schemes of system-makin' fools,—  
 I 'lowed, I guess I knew ez much  
 Ez them experimental schools.  
 No, he was n't mad by any means,  
 Jest seemed t' pity me instead,  
 And offered all his magazines,  
 "They 'll give ye new idees," he said.  
 I told him then, real sort o' mad,  
 I guess he need n't hev no fears,  
 An' that the knowledge that I had  
 Hed stood the test fer twenty years.  
 An' so we went our sep'rate ways,—  
 He tryin' all his fol-de-rols,  
 Readin' nights an' workin' days,  
 An' usin' heaps o' chemicals.

Wal, now, ye better jest believe  
 There was sum diff'rence in our crops,  
 Mine went t' stalk, an' root, an' leaf,  
 An' sort o' spindlin' at the tops;  
 But his, by gosh! were sumthin' fine,  
 Ev'ry tree from twig t' root,  
 Ev'ry blade, an' stalk, an' vine,  
 Was groanin' under heavy fruit.

It took the gimp all out o' me,—  
 But still I ain't no fool, by gum,  
 I 'm jest a-lightin' out t' see  
 'F thar ain't a job from whar he come.  
 I 'm goin' t' turn the tables roun'  
 An' imitate that city slob,—  
 I 'm jest a-goin' inter town  
 T' get a bankin' teller's job.

George C. Orr.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver  
 "BOY WANTED"